

1888

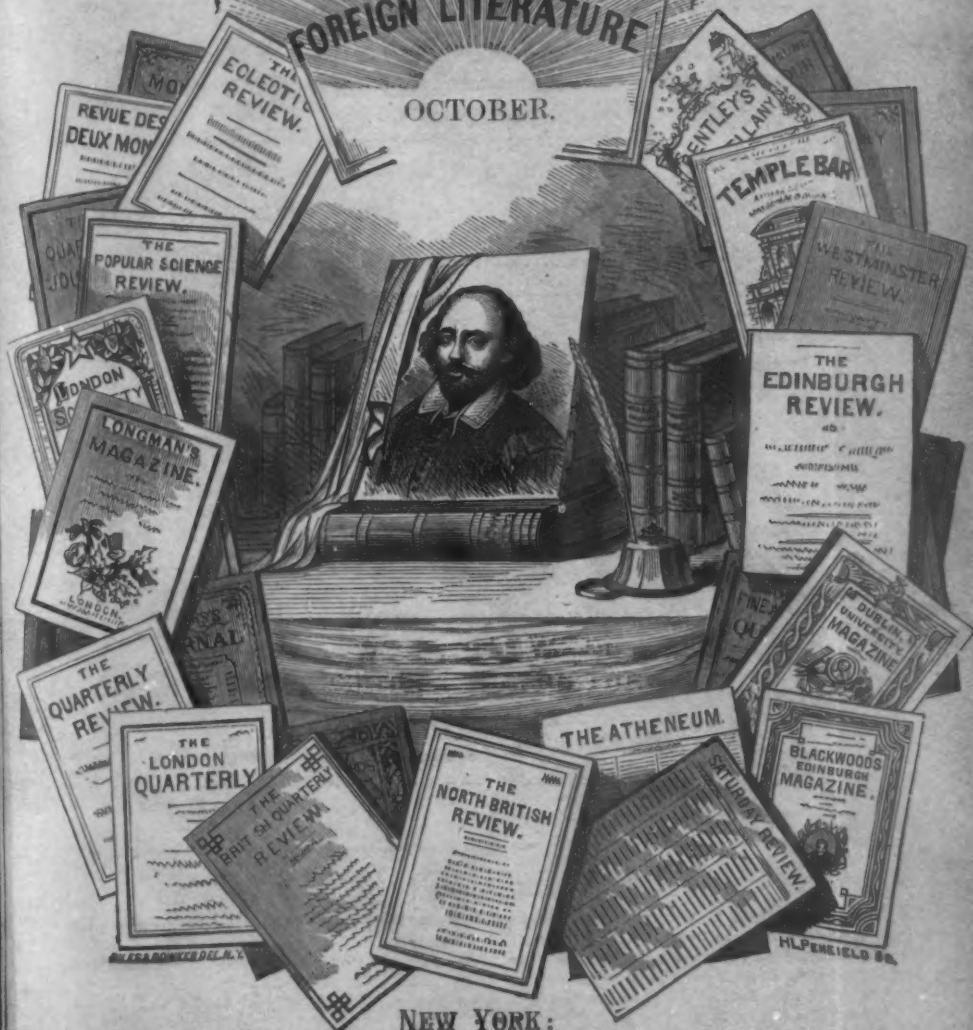
New Series.

Vol. XLVIII.—No. 4.

THE
ECLECTIC
MAGAZINE

OF
FOREIGN LITERATURE

OCTOBER.



NEW YORK:

E. R. PELTON, PUBLISHER, 23 BOND STREET.

AMERICAN NEWS CO., AND NEW YORK NEWS CO., General Agents.

Terms: Single Numbers, 45 Cents. Yearly Subscription, \$5.

Entered at the Post-Office at New York as second-class matter.

CONTENTS OF THE OCTOBER NUMBER.

	PAGE
I. STATE-SOCIALISM. By JOHN BAE.....	493
II. GENIUS AND TALENT. By GRANT ALLEN.....	448
III. HUNGER AND THIRST IN AUSTRALIA. By MOR- LEY ROBERTS.....	458
IV. THE INVITATION TO CELEBRATE THE FRENCH REVOLUTION. By GOLDWIN SMITH.....	466
V. THE MONOTONE IN MODERN LIFE.....	478
VI. ORTHODOX. By DOROTHEA GERARD.....	480
VII. MICHEL ANGELO. By W. W. STORY.....	492
VIII. THE STORAGE OF LIFE AS A SANITARY STUDY. By DR. BENJAMIN WARD RICHARDSON.....	508
IX. ON SOME LETTERS OF KEATS. By SIDNEY COLVIN.....	520
X. THE CHEVALIER DE FEUQUEROLES. By M. M. MAXWELL SCOTT.....	528
XI. RECENT ORIENTAL DISCOVERY. By PROF. A. H. SAYCE	537
XII. WHO WROTE DICKENS'S NOVELS ?.....	540
XIII. TO AN INFANT WITH A WATCH IN HIS HAND. By J. S. D.....	545
XIV. PENNSYLVANIA DUTCH.....	545
XV. THE STOCK-RIDER'S GRAVE. By ROBERT RICH- ARDSON.....	547
XVI. LITERARY DRAM-DRINKING.....	549
XVII. IL DOLCE FAR NIENTE. By CHARLES MACKAY.....	551
XVIII. HANDCRAFT. By SIR JAMES CRICHTON-BROWNE, M.D., LL.D., F.R.S.....	552
XIX. OLD AMERICAN CUSTOMS.—A CORN PARTY.....	565
XX. LITERARY NOTICES.....	569
The Tariff History of the United States—A History of the United States and Its People—Evan Harrington.	
XXI. FOREIGN LITERARY AND ART NOTES.....	572
XXII. MISCELLANY.....	576
The Jesuit Missions—A New Jerusalem.	

PUBLISHER'S NOTE.

We shall be glad if our subscribers will renew their subscriptions promptly, that we may get our mail books in order.

BINDING.—Green cloth covers for binding two volumes per year will be furnished at 50 cents each, or \$1 per year, or sent by mail on receipt of price; and the numbers will be exchanged for bound volumes in library style, for \$2.50 per year, or in green cloth for \$1.50 per year.

CROSBY'S VITALIZED PHOSPHITES.

Bismarck says, "It amplifies bodily and mental power to the present generation and proves the survival of the fittest to the next."

Gladstone says, "It strengthens the nervous power. It is the only medical relief I have ever known for an overworked brain."

Emily Faithfull says, "It makes life a pleasure, not a daily suffering. I really urge YOU to put it to the test."

"Every one speaks well of Vitalized Phosphites."—CHRISTIAN AT WORK.

FOR SALE BY DRUGGISTS, OR MAIL, \$1.

F. CROSBY CO., 56 W. 25th St., N. Y.



Eclectic Magazine

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

New Series.
Vol. XLVIII., No. 4.

OCTOBER, 1888.

{ Old Series com-
plete in 63 vols.

STATE-SOCIALISM.

BY JOHN RAE.

I.

STATE-SOCIALISM has been described by M. Leon Say as a German philosophy which was natural enough to a people with the political history and habits of the Germans, but which, in his opinion, was ill calculated to cross the French frontier, and was contrary to the very nature of the Anglo-Saxons. Sovereign and trader may be incompatible occupations, as Adam Smith asserts, but in Germany at least they have never seemed so. There, Governments have always been accustomed to enter very considerably into trade and manufactures, partly to provide the public revenue, partly to supply deficiencies of private enterprise, and partly, within more recent times, for reasons of a so-called "strategic" order, connected with the defence or consolidation of the new Empire. The German

NEW SERIES.—VOL. XLVIII., No. 4

States possess, every one of them, more Crown lands and forests, in proportion to their size, than any other countries in Europe, some of them, indeed, being able to meet half their public expenditure from this source alone; and besides their territorial domain, most of them have an even more extensive industrial domain of State mines, or State breweries, or State banks, or State foundries, or State potteries, or State railways, and their rulers are still projecting fresh conquests in the same direction by means of brandy and tobacco monopolies. But in England things stand far otherwise. She has sold off most of her Crown lands, and is slowly parting with, rather than adding to, the remainder. She abolished State monopolies in the days of the Stuarts, as instruments of political oppression, and she has abandoned State bounties more recently as

nurses of commercial incompetency. She owes her whole industrial greatness, her manufactures, her banks, her shipping, her railways, to some extent her very colonial possessions, to the unassisted energy of her private citizens. England has been reared on the principle of freedom, and could never be brought, M. Say might not unreasonably conclude, to espouse the opposite principle of State-Socialism, unless the national character underwent a radical change. And yet, while he was still writing, he was confounded to see signs, as he thought, of this alien philosophy obtaining, not simply an asylum, but really an ascendancy in this country. It appeared to M. Say to be striking every whit as strong a root in our soil and climate as it had done in its native habitat, and he is disposed to join in the alarm, then recently sounded at Edinburgh by Mr. Goschen, that the soil and climate had changed, that the whole policy, opinion, and feeling of the English people with respect to the intervention of the public authority had undergone a revolution.

Mr. Goschen had, in raising the alarm, shown some perplexity how far to condemn the change and how far to praise it, but he was quite clear upon its reality, and was possessed by a most anxious sense of its magnitude and gravity. "We cannot," said he, "see universal State action enthroned as a principle of government without misgiving." Mr. Herbert Spencer took up the cry with more vehemence, declaring that the age of British freedom was gone, and warning us to prepare for "the coming slavery." M. de Laveleye, who is unquestionably one of the most careful and competent foreign observers of our affairs, followed Mr. Spencer, and although, being himself a State-Socialist, he welcomed this alleged new era as much as Mr. Spencer deprecated it, he gave substantially the same description of the facts; he said, England, once so jealous for liberty, was now running ahead of all other nations on the career of State-Socialism. And that seems to have become an established impression both at home and abroad. The French Academy of Moral and Political Sciences has devoted several successive sittings to the

subject; the eminent German economist, Professor Nasse, has discussed it—and with much excellent discrimination—in an article on the decline of economic individualism in England; and it is now the current assumption of the journals and of popular conversation in this country, that a profound change has come over the spirit of English politics in the course of the present generation—a change from the old trust in liberty to a new trust in State regulation, and from the French doctrine of *laissez-faire* to the German doctrine of State-Socialism.

But this assumption, notwithstanding the currency it has obtained and the distinguished authorities by whom it is supported, is in reality exaggerated and indiscriminating. While marking the growing frequency of Government interventions, it makes no attempt to distinguish between interventions of one kind and interventions of another kind, and it utterly fails to recognize that English opinion—whether exhibited in legislative work or economic writings—was not dominated by the principle of *laissez-faire* in the past any more than in the present, but that it really has all along obeyed a fairly well-defined positive doctrine of social politics, which gave the State a considerable concurrent rôle in the social and industrial development of the community. The increasing frequency of Government interventions is in itself a simple and unavoidable concomitant of the growth of society. With the rapid transformations of modern industrial life, the increase and concentration of population, and the general spread of enlightenment, we cannot expect to retain the political or legislative inactivity of stationary ages. As Mr. Hearn remarks, "All the volumes of the statutes, from their beginning under Henry III. to the close of the reign of George II., do not equal the quantity of legislative work done in a decade of any subsequent reign" ("Theory of Legal Duties and Rights," p. 21). The process has been continuous and progressive, and it suffered no interruption in the period which is usually supposed to have been peculiarly sacred to *laissez-faire*. On the contrary, that period will be found to exceed the period that went before it in legislative activity,

exactly as it has in turn been itself exceeded by our own time. On any theory of the State's functions, an increase in the number of laws and regulations was inevitable; it was only part and portion of the natural growth of things; but such an increase affords no evidence, not even a presumption, of any change in the principles by which legislation is governed, or in the purposes or functions for which the power of the State is habitually invoked. A mere growth of work is not a multiplication of functions; to get a result, we must first analyze the work done and discriminate this from that.

Now, in the first place, when compared with other nations England has been doing singularly little in the direction—the distinctively Socialistic direction—of multiplying State industries and enlarging the public property in the means of production. Municipalities, indeed, have widened their industrial domain considerably; it has become common for them to take into their own hands things like the gas and water supply of the community which would in any case be monopolies, and their management, being exposed to an extremely effective local opinion, is generally very advantageous. But while local authorities have done so much, the central Government has held back. Many new industries have come into being during the present reign, but we have nationalized none of them except the telegraphs. We have added to the Post-Office the departments of the Savings Bank and the Parcels Post; we have, for purely military reasons, extended our national dockyards and arms factories since the Crimean war, but without thereby enhancing national confidence in Government management; we have, for diplomatic purposes, bought shares in the Suez Canal; we have undertaken a few small jobs of testing and stamping, such as the branding of herrings; but we are now the only European nation that has no State railway; we have refrained from nationalizing the telephones, though legally entitled to do so; and we very rarely give subventions to private enterprises. This is much less the effect of deliberate political conviction than the natural fruit of the character and circumstances of the people, of their pow-

erful private resources and those habits of commercial association which M. Chevalier speaks of with so much friendly envy, complaining that his own countrymen could never be a great industrial nation because they had no taste for acquiring them. In the English colonies, where capital is more scarce, Government is required to do very much more; most of them have State railways, and some, New Zealand for instance, State insurance offices for fire and life. These colonial experiments will have great weight with the English public in settling the problem of Government management under a democracy, and if they prove successful will undoubtedly influence opinion at home to follow their example; but as things are at present there is no appearance of any great body of English opinion moving in that direction.

But while England has lagged behind other nations in this particular class of Government intervention, there is another class in which she has undoubtedly run far before them all. If we have not been multiplying State industries, we have been very active in extending and establishing popular rights, by means of new laws, new administrative regulations, or new systems of industrial police. In fact, the greater part of our recent social legislation has been of this order, and it is of that legislation M. de Laveleye is thinking when he says England is taking the lead of the nations in the career of State-Socialism; but that is nothing new; if we are in advance of other nations in establishing popular rights to-day, we have been in advance of them in that work for centuries already. That peculiarity also has its roots in our national history and character, and is no upstart fashion of the hour. Now, without raising the question whether the rights which our recent social legislation has seen fit to establish, are in all cases and respects rights that ought to have been established, it is sufficient for our present purpose to observe that at least this is obviously a very different class of intervention from the last, because if it does not belong to, it is certainly closely allied with, those primary duties which are everywhere included among the necessary functions of all government, the protection of the

citizen from force and fraud. To protect a right, you must first establish it; you must first recognize it, define its scope, and invest it with the sanction of authority. With the progress of society fresh perils emerge and fresh protections must be devised; the old legal right needs to be reconstructed to meet the new situation, or a new right must be created hitherto unknown perhaps, unless by analogy, to the law. But even here the novelty lies, not in the principle—for all right is a protection of the weak, or ought to be so—but in the situation alone; in the rise of the factory system, which called for the Factory Acts; in the growth of large towns, which called for Health and Dwellings Acts; in the extension of joint-stock companies, which called for the Limited Liability Acts; in the monopoly of railway transportation, which called for the regulation of rates; or in the spread of scientific agriculture, which required the constitution of a new sort of property, the property of a tenant-farmer in his own unexhausted improvements.

This peculiarity of the industrial and social legislation of England has not escaped the acute intelligence of Mr. Goschen. Mistrustful as he is of Government intervention, Mr. Goschen observes with satisfaction that the great majority of recent Government interventions in England have been undertaken for moral rather than economic ends. After quoting Mr. Thorold Rogers' remark, that these interventions generally had the good economic aim of preventing the waste of national resources, he says:

"But I believe that certainly in the case of the Factory Acts, and to a great extent in the case of the Education Acts, it was a moral rather than an economic influence—the conscientious feeling of what was right rather than the intellectual feeling of ultimate material gain—it was the public imagination touched by obligations of our higher nature—which supplied the tremendous motive-power for passing laws which put the State and its inspectors in the place of father or mother as guardians of a child's education, labor, and health" ("Addresses," p. 62).

The State interfered not because the child had a certain capital value as an instrument of future production which it would be imprudent to lose, but because the child had certain rights—cer-

tain broad moral claims—as a human being which the parents' natural authority must not be suffered to violate or endanger, and which the State, as the supreme protector of all rights, really lay under a simple moral obligation to secure. Reforms of this character are naturally inspired by moral influences, by sentiments of justice or of humanity, by a feeling that wrong is being done to a class of the community who are placed in a situation of comparative weakness, inasmuch as they are deprived—whether through the force of circumstances or the selfish neglect of their superiors—of what public opinion recognizes to be essential conditions of normal human existence. Now, most of the legislation which has led Mr. Goschen to declare that universal State action is now enthroned in England has belonged to this order. It has been guided by ethical and not by economic considerations. It has been employed mainly in readjusting rights, in establishing fresh securities for just dealing and humane living; but it has been very chary of following Continental countries in nationalizing industries. When therefore Mr. Spencer tells M. de Laveleye that the reason why England is extending the functions of her Government so much more than other nations "is obviously because there is great scope for the further extension of them here, while abroad there is little scope for the further extension of them," his explanation is singularly inappropriate. England has not been extending the functions of government all round, but she has moved in the direction where she had less scope to move, and has stood still in the direction where she had more scope to move than other countries. And it is important to keep this distinction in mind when we hear it so often stated in too general terms that we have discarded our old belief in individual liberty and set up "universal State action" in its place.

But those who complain of England having broken off from her old moorings, not only exaggerate her leanings to authority in the present, but they also ignore her concessions to authority in the past. English statesmen and economists have never entertained the rigid aversion to Government interference

that is vulgarly attributed to them, but with all their profound belief in individual liberty they have always reserved for the Government a concurrent sphere of social and economic activity—what may even be designated a specific social and economic mission. A few words may be usefully devoted to this English doctrine of social politics here, not merely because they may serve to dispel a prevailing error, but because they will furnish a good vantage-ground for seizing and judging of a principle of government which is to-day in every mouth, but unfortunately bears in every mouth a different meaning—the principle of State-Socialism.

It is commonly believed that the English doctrine of social politics is the doctrine of *laissez-faire*, and our economists are continually reviled as if they sought to leave the world to the play of self-interest and competition, unchecked by any ideas of social justice or individual human right. But in truth the doctrine of *laissez-faire* has never been held by any English thinker, unless, perhaps, Mr. Herbert Spencer. Mr. Spencer's first work, "Social Statics," was an exposition of the theory that the end of all government was the liberty of the individual, was the realization for every citizen of the greatest amount of liberty it was possible for him to enjoy without interfering with the corresponding claims of his fellow-citizens. The individual had only one right—the right to equal freedom with everybody else, and the State had only one duty—the duty of protecting that right against violence and fraud. It could not stir beyond that task without treading on the right of some one, and therefore it ought not to stir at all. It had nothing to do with health, or religion, or morals, or education, or relief of distress, or public convenience of any sort, except to leave them sternly alone. It must, of course, renounce the thought of bounties and protective duties, but it must also give up marking plate, minting coin, and stamping butter; it must take no part in building harbors or lighthouses or roads or canals; and even a town council cannot without offence undertake to pave or clean or light the streets under its jurisdiction. It is only fair to say that Mr. Spencer refuses to be bound

now by every detail of his youthful theory, but he has repeated the substance of it in his recent work, "The Man *versus* The State," which is written to prove that the only thing we want from the State is protection, and that the protection we want most of late is protection against our protector.

This theory is certainly about as extreme a development of individualism as could well be entertained; and though it has been even distanced in one or two points by Wilhelm von Humboldt—who objected, for example, to marriage laws*—no important English writer has ventured near it. The description of the State's business as the business of protecting the citizens from force and fraud, has indeed been familiar in our literature since the days of Locke, and isolated passages may be cited from the works of various political thinkers, which, if taken by themselves, would seem to deny to the State any right to act except for purposes of self-protection. John Stuart Mill himself speaks sometimes in that way, although we know, from the chapter he devotes to the subject of Government interference in his "Principles of Political Economy," that he really assigned to the State much wider functions. When we examine the writings of English economists and statesmen, and the principles they employ in the discussion of the social and industrial questions of their time, it seems truly strange how they ever came to be credited with any scruple on ground of principle to invoke the power of the State for the solution of such questions when that seemed to them likely to prove of effectual assistance.

The social doctrine which has prevailed in England for the last century is "the simple and obvious system of natural liberty" taught by Adam Smith; but the simple and obvious system of

* It is only fair to this eminent man to remember that his mature opinions must not be looked for in his essay, "Ideen zu einem Versuch die Grenzen der Wirksamkeit des Staats zu bestimmen," which was written in his early youth, and never published until after its author's death. Although in this work he condemns all State education, he lived to be a famous Minister of Education himself, and to take a great part in establishing the Prussian system of public instruction.

natural liberty is a very different thing from the system of *laissez-faire* with which it is so commonly confounded. Its main principle, it is true, is this :

"Every man," says Smith, "as long as he does not violate the laws of justice, is left perfectly free to pursue his own interest his own way, and to bring both his industry and capital into competition with those of any other man or order of men. The Sovereign is completely discharged from a duty, in the attempting to perform which he must always be exposed to innumerable delusions, and for the proper performance of which no human wisdom or knowledge could ever be sufficient: the duty of superintending the industry of private people and of directing it toward the employments most suitable to the interests of the society" ("Wealth of Nations," book iv. c. 9).

But while the Sovereign is discharged from an industrial duty which he is incapable of performing satisfactorily, he is far from being discharged from all industrial responsibility whatsoever, for Smith immediately proceeds to map out the limits of his functions as follows :—

"According to the system of natural liberty, the Sovereign has only three duties to attend to—three duties of great importance, indeed, but plain and intelligible to common understandings: first, the duty of protecting the society from the violence or invasion of other independent societies; second, the duty of protecting, as far as possible, every member of the society from the injustice or oppression of every other member of it, or the duty of establishing an exact administration of justice; and thirdly, the duty of erecting and maintaining certain works and certain public institutions which it can never be for the interest of any individual or small number of individuals to erect and maintain; because the profit could never repay the expense to any individual or small number of individuals, though it may frequently do much more than repay it to a great society."

The State is required to protect us from other evils besides the evils of force and fraud—infectious diseases, for example, are in the context mentioned expressly—and to supply us with many other advantages besides the advantage of protection. Some of these advantages were of a material or economic order, and others of an intellectual or moral. The material advantages consist for the most part of provisions for facilitating the general commerce of the country—such things as roads, canals, harbors, the Post, the Mint—or provisions for facilitating particular branches

of commerce; and among these he instances the incorporation of joint-stock companies endowed by charter with exclusive trading privileges; and the reason which, according to Smith, entitles the State to intervene in this class of cases, and which at the same time prescribes the length to which its intervention may legitimately go, is that individuals are unable to do the work satisfactorily themselves, or that the State has from its nature superior qualifications for the task. The intellectual or moral advantages which Smith asks from the State are mostly provisions for sustaining the national manhood and character, such as a system of compulsory military training, or a system of compulsory—and if not gratuitous, still cheap—education; and it is important to mark that he asks for these measures, not on the ground of their political or military expediency, but on the broad ground that cowardice and ignorance are in themselves public evils, from which the State is as much bound, if it can, to save the people, as it is bound to save them from violence or fraud. Of military training he observes :—

"To prevent that sort of mental mutilation, deformity, and wretchedness which cowardice necessarily involves in it from spreading themselves through the great body of the people, would deserve the serious attention of Government, in the same manner as it would deserve its most serious attention to prevent a leprosy or any other loathsome and offensive disease, though neither mortal nor dangerous, from spreading itself among them, though perhaps no other public good might result from such attention besides the prevention of so great a public evil" ("Wealth of Nations," book v. c. 1).

And he proceeds to speak of education :—

"The same thing may be said of the gross ignorance and stupidity which in a civilized society seems so frequently to benumb the understandings of all the inferior ranks of people. A man without the proper use of the intellectual faculties of a man is, if possible, more contemptible than even a coward, and seems to be mutilated and deformed in a still more essential part of the character of human nature. Though the State was to derive no advantage from the instruction of the inferior ranks of people, it would still deserve its attention that they should not be altogether uninstructed."

Compulsory military training and a system of national education would no doubt

be conducive to the stricter ends of all government; the one would strengthen the defences of the nation against foreign enemies, and the other would tend to the diminution of crime at home; but Smith, it will be seen, explicitly refuses to take that ground. The State's duty in the case would be the same though no such results were to follow, for the State has other duties to perform besides the maintenance of peace and the repression of crime. It would probably be admitted, he thinks, that it was as incumbent on the State to take steps to arrest the progress of a "mortal and dangerous" disease as it was to stop a foreign invasion; but he goes further, and contends that it was equally incumbent on the State to arrest the progress of a merely "loathsome and offensive" disease, for the simple reason that such a disease was a mutilation or deformity of our physical manhood. And just as the State ought to prevent the mutilation and deformity of our physical manhood, so the State ought to prevent the mutilation and deformity of our moral and intellectual manhood, and was bound accordingly to provide a system of military training and a system of popular education, to prevent people growing up ignorant and cowardly, because the ignorant man and the coward were men without the proper use of the faculties of a man, and were mutilated and deformed in essential parts of the character of human nature. At bottom Smith's principle is this—that men have an original claim—a claim as original as the claim to safety of life and property—to all the essential conditions of an unmutated and undeformed manhood, and that is really only another expression for the principle that lies at the foundation of all civil and human right, that men have a right to the essential conditions of a normal humanity, to the presuppositions of all humane living, to the indispensable securities for the proper realization of our common vocation as human beings. The right to personal liberty—to the power of working for ends of our own prescribing, and the right of property—to the power of retaining what we have made, to be the instrument of further activities for the ends we have prescribed for ourselves—rest really on no other ground

than that the privileges claimed are essential conditions of a normal, an unmutated and undeformed manhood, and it is on this broad ground that Adam Smith justifies the State's intervention to stop disease and supply education.

Smith held but a poor opinion of the capacities of Government management, and especially of English Government management, which, he asserted, was characterized in times of peace by "the slothful and negligent profusion that was natural to monarchies," and in times of war by "all the thoughtless extravagance" that was peculiar to democracies; but nevertheless he had no hesitation in asking Government to undertake a considerable number of industrial enterprises, because he believed that these were enterprises which Government with all its faults was better fitted to conduct successfully than private adventurers were. On the other hand, Smith entertained the highest possible belief in individual liberty, but he had never any scruple about sacrificing liberty of contract where the sacrifice was demanded by the great moral end of government—the maintenance of just and humane dealing between man and man. For example, the suppression of the truck system, which is sometimes condemned as an undue interference with freedom of contract, was strongly supported by Smith, who declared it to be "quite just and equitable," inasmuch as it merely secured to the workmen the pay they were entitled to receive and "imposed no real hardship on the masters—it only obliged them to pay that value in money which they pretended to pay, but did not really pay, in goods." It was only a just and necessary protection of the weaker party to a contract against an oppressive exaction to which, like the apothecary in "*Romeo and Juliet*," his poverty might have consented, but not his will. Precisely analogous is Smith's position concerning usury laws. Usury laws are seldom defended now; for one thing, money has become so abundant that the competition of lender with lender may be trusted to as a better security for fair and reasonable treatment of borrowers than a Government enactment could provide. But Smith in his day was strongly in favor of fixing

a legal rate of interest, because he thought it was necessary to prevent the practice of extortion by unscrupulous dealers on necessitous clients. His views on truck and usury show that he had no sympathy with those who contend that the State must on no account interfere with grown-up people in the bargains they may make, inasmuch as grown-up people may be expected to be quite capable of looking effectively after their own interest. Smith recognized that grown-up people were often in natural circumstances where it was practically impossible for them to assert effectively not their interests merely, but even their essential claims as fellow-citizens; and that therefore it was the State's duty to come to the aid of those whose own economic position was weak, and to force upon the strong certain responsibilities—or at least secure for the weak certain broad, positive conditions—which just and humane dealing might demand.

Now, in these ideas about truck and usury, as in the proposals previously touched upon for checking the growth of disease or cowardice or ignorance, is not the principle of social politics that is applied by Smith precisely the principle that runs through our whole recent social legislation—factory, sanitary, and educational—the principle of the State's obligation to secure the people in the essential conditions of all normal manhood? German writers often take Smith for an exponent, if not for the founder, of what they call the *Rechtsstaat* theory—the theory that the State is mainly the protector of right; but in reality Smith's doctrine corresponded pretty closely with their own *Kultur-und-Wohlfahrtsstaat* theory—the theory that the State is a promoter of culture and welfare; and if further proof were wanted it might be found in the fact that in his doctrine of taxation he departs altogether from the economic principle, which is popularly associated with the *Rechtsstaat* idea, and is supposed to be a corollary of it, that a tax is a *quid pro quo*, a price paid for a service rendered, and ought therefore to be imposed on individuals in proportion to the service they respectively receive from the State; and instead of this economic principle he lays down the broad ethical one, that a tax is a public obligation which indi-

viduals ought to be called upon to discharge in proportion to their respective abilities. The rich cannot fairly be said to get more good from the State than the poor; they probably get less, because they are better capable of providing for their own defence; but the rich are able to do more good to the State than the poor, and because they are able they are bound.

Such is the social doctrine of Adam Smith, and it is manifestly no doctrine of rigid individualism, calling out for freedom at any price, or banning all interference with the natural play of self-interest and competition. And this doctrine has been substantially the doctrine of his successors as well. It would be beyond our present scope to trace the history of the doctrine of social politics through the writings of the whole succession of English economists, nor is it necessary. We shall choose a representative economist from the group who are generally reckoned the most narrow and unsympathetic, who are accused of having shifted political economy off the broader lines on which it had been launched by Smith, who are counted the great idolaters of self-interest and natural law, and the scientific associates of the much-abused Manchester school—viz., the disciples of Ricardo. Ricardo himself touches only incidentally on the functions of the State, but he then does so to defend interventions, such as minting money, marking plate, testing drugs, examining medical candidates, and the like, which are meant to guard people against deceptions they are themselves incompetent to detect. Moreover, he was a strong advocate for at least one important extension of the State's industrial rôle—he would establish a National Bank of issue with exclusive privileges; and it is not uninteresting to remember that in his place in Parliament he brought forward the suggestion of a system of Government annuities for the accommodation of working men, which was introduced by Mr. Gladstone half a century later, and has been denounced in certain quarters as that statesman's first step in Socialism, and that he was one of a very small minority who voted for a Parliamentary inquiry into the Social system of Robert Owen.

But if Ricardo is comparatively silent on the subject, we fortunately possess a very ample discussion of it by one of his leading disciples, Mr. J. R. McCulloch. When Ricardo died, James Mill wrote to McCulloch, "As you and I are his two and only genuine disciples, his memory must be a point of connection between us;" and it was on McCulloch that the mantle of the master descended. His "*Principles of Political Economy*," which may be said to be an exposition of the system of economics according to Ricardo, was for many years the principal textbook of the science, and will still be admitted to be the best and most complete statement of what, in the cant of the present day, is called orthodox political economy. McCulloch, indeed, is more than merely the expositor of that system; he is really one of its founders, the author of one of its most famous dogmas, at least in its current form, the now exploded doctrine of the Wagesfund; and of all the adherents of this orthodox tradition, McCulloch is commonly considered the hardest and most narrow. There are economists who are supposed to show a native generous warmth which all the severities of their science are unable to quell. John Stuart Mill is known to have come under St. Simonian influences in his younger days, and to have been fond ever afterward of calling himself a Socialist; and Professor Sidgwick, in our own day, is often credited—and not unjustly—with a like breadth of heart, and in publishing his views of Government interference, he gives them the name of "Economic Socialism." But in selecting McCulloch, we select an economist the rigor of whose principles has never been suspected, and yet so striking is the uniformity of the English tradition on this subject, that in reality neither Mr. Mill nor Mr. Sidgwick professes a broader doctrine of social politics, or goes a step further, or more heartily on the road to Socialism than that accredited champion of individualism, John Ramsay McCulloch.

McCulloch's "*Principles*" contains—from the second edition in 1830 onward to the last author's edition in 1849—a special chapter on the limits of Government interference; and the chapter starts with an explicit repudiation of the

doctrine of *laissez-faire*, which was then apparently only beginning to come into vogue in England.

"An idea," says McCulloch, "seems however to have been recently gaining ground that the duty of Government with regard to the domestic policy of the country is almost entirely of a negative kind, and that it has merely to maintain the security of property and the freedom of industry. But its duty is by no means so simple and easily defined as those who support this opinion would have us to believe. It is certainly true that its interference with the pursuits of individuals has been, in very many instances, exerted in a wrong direction, and carried to a ruinous excess. Still, however, it is easy to see that we should fall into a very great error if we supposed that it might be entirely dispensed with. Freedom is not, as some appear to think, the end of government; the advancement of the public prosperity and happiness is its end; and freedom is valuable in so far only as it contributes to bring it about. In laying it down, for example, that individuals should be permitted, without let or hindrance, to engage in any business or profession they may prefer, the condition that it is not injurious to others is always understood. No one doubts the propriety of Government interfering to suppress what is or might otherwise become a public nuisance; nor does any one doubt that it may advantageously interfere to give facilities to commerce by negotiating treaties with foreign powers, and by removing such obstacles as cannot be removed by individuals. But the interference of Government cannot be limited to cases of this sort. However disinclined, it is obliged to interfere in an infinite variety of ways and for an infinite variety of purposes. It must, to notice only one or two of the *classes* of objects requiring its interference, decide as to the species of contract to which it will lend its sanction, and the means to be adopted to enforce true performance; it must decide in regard to the distribution of the property of those who die intestate, and the effect to be given to the directions in wills and testaments; and it must frequently engage itself, or authorize individuals or associations to engage, in various sorts of undertakings deeply affecting the rights and interests of others and of society. The furnishing of elementary instruction in the ordinary branches of education for all classes of persons and the establishment of a compulsory provision for the support of the destitute poor are generally also included, and apparently with the greatest propriety, among the duties incumbent on administration" (p. 262).

He allows State ownership and State management of industrial works, wherever State ownership and management are more efficient for the purpose than private enterprise—in other words, where they are more economical—as in the cases of the coinage, roads, harbors,

postal communication, etc. He would expropriate land for railway purposes, grant a monopoly to the railway company, and then subject it to Government control in the public interest; he would impose many sorts of restrictions on freedom of contract, freedom of industry, freedom of trade, freedom of property, and freedom of bequest; and, what is more important, he recognizes clearly that with the growth of society fresh interferences of a serious character will be constantly called for, which may in some cases involve the application of entirely new principles, or throw on the Government work of an entirely new character.

For example, he is profoundly impressed with the dangers of the manufacturing system, which he saw growing and multiplying all around him, and so far from dreaming that the course of industry should remain uncontrolled, he even ventures, in a remarkable passage, to express the doubt whether it may not "in the end be found that it was unwise to allow the manufacturing system to gain so great an ascendancy as it has done in this country, and that measures should have been early adopted to check and moderate its growth" (p. 191). He admits that a decisive answer to this question could only be given by the economists of a future generation, after a longer experience of the system than was possible when he wrote, but he cannot conceal the gravest apprehension at the preponderance which manufactures were rapidly gaining in our industrial economy. And his reasons are worthy of attention: the first is the destruction of the old moral ties that knit masters and men together.

"But we doubt whether any country, how wealthy soever, should be looked upon as in a healthy sound state, where the leading interest consists of a small number of great capitalists, and of vast numbers of workpeople in their employment, but unconnected with them by any ties of gratitude, sympathy, or affection. This estrangement is occasioned by the great scale on which labor is now carried on in most businesses; and by the consequent impossibility of the masters becoming acquainted, even if they desired it, with the great bulk of their workpeople. . . . The kindlier feelings have no share in an intercourse of this sort; speaking generally, everything is regulated on both sides by the narrowest and most selfish views and considerations; a man and a ma-

chine being treated with about the same sympathy and regard" (p. 193).

The second reason is the suppression of the facilities of advancement enjoyed by laborers under the previous régime. "Owing to the greater scale on which employments are now mostly carried on, workmen have less chance than formerly of advancing themselves or their families to any higher situation, or of exchanging the character of laborers for that of masters" (p. 188). For the majority of the working-class to be thus, as he expresses it, "condemned as it were to perpetual helotism," is not conducive to the health of a nation. The third reason is the comparative instability of manufacturing business. It becomes a matter of the most serious concern for a State, "when a very large proportion of the population has been, through their agency, rendered dependent on foreign demand, and on the caprices and mutations of fashion" (p. 192). That also is a state of things fraught with danger to the health of a community. McCulloch always treats political economy as if he defined it—and the definition would be better than his own—as the science of the working of industrial society in health and disease; and he always throws on the State a considerable responsibility in the business of social hygiene; going so far, we have seen in the passages just quoted, as to suggest whether a legal check ought not to have been imposed on the free growth of the factory system, on account of its bad effects on the economic position of the laboring class. We had suffered the system to advance too far to impose that check now, but there were other measures which, in his opinion, the Legislature might judiciously take in the same interest. It is of course impossible, by Act of Parliament, to infuse higher views of duty or warmer feelings of ordinary human regard into the relations between manufacturers and their workmen; but the State might, according to McCulloch, do something to mitigate the modern plague of commercial crises, by a policy of free trade, by adopting a sound monetary system, by securing a continuance of peace, and by "such a scheme of public charity as might fully relieve the distresses without insulting the feel-

ings or lessening the industry of the laboring classes" (p. 192).

As with commercial crises, so with other features of the modern industrial system; wherever they tend to the deterioration of the laboring class, McCulloch always holds the State bound to intervene, if it can, to prevent such a result. He would stop the immigration of what is sometimes called pauper labor—of bodies of workpeople brought up in an inferior standard of life—because their example and their competition tend to pull down the native population to their own level. The example he chooses is not the Jewish element in the East-end of London, but the much more important case of the Irish immigration into Liverpool and Glasgow; and while he would prefer to see Government taking steps to improve the Irish people in Ireland itself, he declares that, if that is not practicable, then "justice to our own people requires that measures should be adopted to hinder Great Britain from being overrun with the outpourings of this *officina pauperum*, to hinder Ireland from dragging us down to the same hopeless abyss of pauperism and wretchedness in which she is sunk" (p. 422). This policy may be wise, or it may not, but it shows very plainly—what appears so often in his writings—how deeply McCulloch's mind was penetrated with the conviction that one of the greatest of all the dangers from which the State ought to do what it well can to preserve the people, was the danger of falling to a lower standard of tastes and requirements, and thereby losing ambition and industry, and the very possibility of rising again.

"This lowering of the opinions of the laboring class with respect to the mode in which they should live, is perhaps the most serious of all the evils that can befall them. . . . The example of such individuals or bodies of individuals as submit quietly to have their wages reduced, and who are content if they get only mere necessities, should never be held up for public imitation. On the contrary, everything should be done to make such apathy be esteemed discreditable. The best interests of society require that the rate of wages should be elevated as high as possible—that a taste for comforts and enjoyments should be widely diffused and, if possible, interwoven with national habits and prejudices. Very low wages, by rendering it impossible for increased

exertions to obtain any considerable increase of advantages, effectually hinder them from being made, and are of all others the most powerful cause of that idleness and apathy that contents itself with what can barely continue animal existence" (p. 415).

And he goes on to refute the idea of Benjamin Franklin, that high wages breed indolent and dissipated habits, and to contend that they not only improve the character and efficiency of the laborer, but are in the end a source of gain, instead of loss, to the employer. But, although the maintenance of a high rate of wages is so great an object of public solicitude, it was an object which it was, in McCulloch's judgment, outside the State's province, simply because it was outside its power, to do anything directly to promote, because while authority could fix a price for labor, it could never compel employers to engage labor at that price; and consequently its interference in such a way would only end in injury to the class it sought to befriend, as well as to the trade of the country in general. Still, McCulloch is far from wishing to repel the State's offices or the offices of public opinion in connection with the business altogether. In the passage just quoted he expressly makes an appeal to public opinion for an active interference in a direction where, he believes, its interference might be useful; and as for the action of the State, he approves, for one thing, of the legalization of trades unions, and, for another, of the special instruction of the public, at the national expense, in the principles on which a high rate of wages depend.

In regard to the Factory Acts, while he would have the hours of labor in the case of grown-up men settled by the parties themselves, because he thought them the only persons competent to settle them satisfactorily, he strongly supported the interference of the Legislature, on grounds of ordinary humanity, to limit the working day of children and women, because "the former are naturally, and the latter have been rendered through custom and the institutions of society, unable to protect themselves" (p. 426); and he seconded all Lord Shaftesbury's labors down to the Ten Hours Act of 1847, to which he objected on the ground that it involved a

practical interference with all adult factory labor. On the other hand, he was in favor of the principle of employers' liability for accidents in mines and workshops, because there seemed no other way of saving the laborers from their own carelessness, except by making the masters responsible for the enforcement of the necessary regulations (p. 307).

But McCulloch's general position on this class of question is still better exemplified in the view he takes of the State's duty on a matter of great present interest, the housing of the poor. Here he has no hesitation in throwing the principal blame for the bad accommodation of the working-classes of that day, for the underground cellar dwellings of Liverpool and Manchester, the overcrowded lodging-houses of London, and the streets of cottages unsupplied with water or drainage, on "the culpable inattention of the authorities." Mr. Goschen vindicates the legitimacy of Government interference with the housing of the people, on the ground that it is the business of Government to see justice done between man and man. When a man hired a house Government had a right to see that he got a house, and a house meant a dwelling fit for human habitation. The inspection of houses is, according to this idea, only a case of necessary protection against fraud, like the institution of medical examinations, the assaying of metals, or the testing of drugs; and protection against fraud is admitted everywhere to be the proper business of Government. McCulloch bases his justification of the intervention on much broader grounds. Government needs no other warrant for condemning a house that is unfit for human habitation but the simple fact that the house is unfit for human habitation, and it makes no difference whether the tenant is cheated into taking the bad house, or takes it openly because he prefers it. In fact, the strongest reason, in McCulloch's opinion, for invoking Government interference in the case at all is precisely the circumstance that so many people actually prefer unwholesome houses from motives of economy.

"Such cottages," he says, "being cheap, are always sure to find occupiers. Nothing,

however, can be more obvious than that it is the duty of Government to take measures for the prevention and repair of an abuse of this sort. Its injurious influence is not confined to the occupiers of the houses referred to, though if it were that would be no good reason for declining to introduce a better system. But the diseases engendered in these unhealthy abodes frequently extend their ravages through all classes of the community, so that the best interests of the middle and higher orders, as well as of the lowest, are involved in this question. And, on the same principle that we adopt measures to guard against the plague, we should endeavor to secure ourselves against typhus, and against the brutalizing influence, over any considerable portion of the population, of a residence amid filth and disease" (p. 308).

The last clause is remarkable. The State is required to protect the people from degrading influences, to prevent them from being brutalized through the avarice or apathy of others, and to prevent them being brutalized through the avarice or apathy of themselves. It is not what many persons would expect, but here we have political economy, and the most "orthodox" political economy, forcing people to go to a dearer market for their houses, in order to satisfy a sentiment of humanity, and imposing on the State a social mission of a broad positive character—the mission of extirpating brutalizing influences. Yet, expected or not, this is really the ordinary tradition of English economists—it is the principle laid down by Smith of obliging the State to secure for the people an un mutilated and undeformed manhood, to provide for them by public means the fundamental conditions of a humane existence.

McCulloch's position comes out more clearly still in the reasons he gives for advocating a compulsory provision for the able-bodied poor, and a national system of popular education. With regard to the impotent poor, he is content with saying that it would be inhumanity to deny them support, and injustice to throw their support exclusively on the benevolent. A poor-rate is sometimes defended on what are professed to be strictly economical grounds, by showing that it is both less mischievous and less expensive than mendicancy; but what strikes McCulloch is not so much the wastefulness of private charity in the hands of the benevolent as the injustice

of suffering the avaricious to escape their natural obligations. Few, however, have much difficulty in finding one good reason or another for making a public provision for the impotent poor; the *crux* of the question of public assistance is the case of the able-bodied poor. A provision for the able-bodied poor is practically a recognition in a particular form of "the right to labor," and the right to labor resounds with many revolutionary terrors in our English ears, although it has, as a matter of fact, been practised quietly, and most of the time in one of its most pernicious forms, in every parish of England for nearly three hundred years.

Now, on this question McCulloch was a convert. He confessed to the Committee on the State of the Poor in Ireland, in 1830, that he had changed his views on the subject entirely since his previous evidence in 1825. He had formerly been, he said, "too much imbued with mere theory, with the opinions of Malthus and Townsend;" but he had become a firm believer in the necessity and the public advantage of a legal provision for the able-bodied poor, and he strongly recommended the introduction of such a system into Ireland, in the first instance as an instrument of individual relief, but also as an effectual engine of social improvement. He gives the reasons for his conversion partly in his evidence, and partly in a more systematic form in his "Principles of Political Economy." First, Malthus had attributed to the Poor Law itself effects which really sprang from certain bad arrangements that had been engrafted on the English system of relief, but were not essential to it—viz., the allowance system, and the law known as Gilbert's Act, which deprived parishes of the right to refuse relief except in work-houses, and forced them to provide work for paupers, if paupers desired it, at or near their own houses. These two arrangements, in McCulloch's opinion, converted the English provision for the able-bodied poor from what we may term a wise and conditional right of labor into an unwise and dangerous one. In the second place, he had come to see that a legal provision for the poor, instead of having, as was alleged, a necessary tendency to multiply pauperism,

had in reality a natural tendency to prevent its growth, because it gave the landlords and influential ratepayers a strong pecuniary as well as moral interest in producing that result. Its object was thus to establish in every parish a new local stimulus to social improvement, and it was on account of this effect of a Poor Law that McCulloch thought it would be specially beneficial to Ireland, because there was nothing Ireland needed more than just such a local stimulus. In the third place, he had become more and more profoundly impressed with the increasing gravity of the vicissitudes and fluctuations of employment to which English laborers were subject, since England became mainly a manufacturing country, and that unhappy feature of manufacturing industry was his principal reason for invoking legislative assistance. A purely agricultural country, he thought, might be able to do without a Poor Law, because agricultural employment was comparatively steady; but in a manufacturing country a Poor Law was indispensable, on account of the long periods of depression or privation which were normal incidents in the life of labor in such a country, and on account of the pernicious effect which these periods of privation would, if unchecked, be certain to exercise upon the character and habits of the laboring classes, through "lowering their estimate of what is required for their comfortable and decent subsistence" ("Political Economy," p. 448).

"During these periods of extraordinary privation the laborer, if not effectually relieved, would imperceptibly lose that taste for order, decency, and cleanliness which had been gradually formed and accumulated in better times by the insensible operation of habit and example, and no strength of argument, no force of authority, could again instil into the minds of a new generation, growing up under more prosperous circumstances, the sentiments and tastes thus uprooted and destroyed by the cold breath of penury. Every return of temporary distress would therefore vitiate the feelings and lower the sensibilities of the laboring classes" (p. 449).

McCulloch quotes these words from Barton, but he quotes them to express his own view, and their teaching is very explicit on the duty of Government to the unemployed in seasons of commercial distress. In such seasons of "ex-

traordinary privation" the State is called upon to take "effectual" measures—extraordinary measures, we may infer, if extraordinary measures were necessary—for the relief of the unemployed, not merely to save them from starvation, but to prevent them from losing established habits of "order, decency, and cleanliness;" from getting their feelings vitiated, their sensibilities impaired, so that they were in danger of remaining content with a worse standard of living, and sinking to a lower scale in the dignity of social and civilized being. In a word, it is held to be the duty of the State to prevent, if it can, the temporary reverses of the laboring class from resulting in its permanent moral decadence; and as the object of the State's intervention is to preserve the dignity, the self-respect, the moral independence and energy of the laboring class, the manner of the intervention, the choice of actual means and steps for administering the relief, must, of course, be governed by the same considerations. "The true secret of assisting the poor," says McCulloch, borrowing the words of Archbishop Sumner, "is to make them agents in bettering their own condition, and to supply them, not with a temporary stimulus, but with a permanent energy" (p. 475).

The same principles come out even more strongly in McCulloch's remarks on national education. He says, "the providing of elementary instruction for all classes is one of the most pressing duties of Government" (p. 473); and the elementary instruction he would provide would not stop at reading and writing, but would include even a knowledge of so much political economy as would explain "the circumstances which elevate and depress the rate of wages" (p. 474). It was the duty of Government to extirpate ignorance, because, "of all obstacles to improvement, ignorance was the most formidable;" and it was its duty to establish Government schools for the purpose, because charity schools impaired the self-respect and sense of independence which were themselves first essentials of all social improvement.

"No extension of the system of charity and subscription schools can ever fully compensate for the want of a statutory provision for the education of the public. Something of degra-

dation always attaches to the fact of one's having been brought up in a charity school. The parents who send children to such an institution, and even the children, know that they have been received only because they are paupers unable to pay for their education; and this consciousness has a tendency to weaken that sense of independence and self-respect, for the want of which the best education may be but an imperfect substitute. But no such feeling could operate on the pupils of schools established by the State" (p. 476).

There is no question with McCulloch about the right of the State to take steps to forward the moral progress, or to prevent the moral decadence, of the community—or any part of the community—under its care; that is simply its plain and primary duty, though there may be question with the State, as with other agencies, whether particular measures proposed for the purpose are really calculated to effect it.

After this long, and we fear tedious, account of the opinions of McCulloch, it would be needless to call more witnesses to refute those who so commonly accuse English economists of teaching an extreme individualism. For McCulloch may be said to be their own witness; they hold him up as the hardest and narrowest of a hard and narrow school; one of the ablest of them, Mr. J. K. Ingram, who writes McCulloch's memoir in the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, going so far as to accuse him of exhibiting "a habitual deadness in the study of social questions to all but material considerations." We have adduced enough to disprove that statement. The reader of McCulloch's writings is constantly struck to observe how habitually his judgment of a social question is governed by ethical rather than economical considerations, and how his supreme concern always seems to be to guard the laboring poor from falling into any sort of permanent degradation, and to place them securely on the lines of progressive elevation. But perhaps a word may be required about the Manchester school. Mr. Ingram states—and again his statement probably agrees with current prepossessions—that McCulloch occupied "substantially the same theoretic position as was occupied at a somewhat later period by the Manchester school" (*Encyc. Brit.*, art. "Political Economy"). We have seen what

McCulloch's theoretic position really was, and it is certainly not the Manchester doctrine of popular anathema, it is not the *Manchesterisms* of the German schools. But the Manchester men can scarcely be said to have properly had anything in the nature of a general theoretic position. They were not a school of political philosophy—they were a band of practical politicians leagued to promote particular reforms, especially two reforms in international policy which involved large curtailments of the rôle of Government—viz., free trade with other countries, and non-intervention in their internal affairs; but they were far from thinking that, because it would be well for the State to abstain from certain specific interferences, it would be well for it to abstain from all; or that if the State had no civilizing mission toward the people of other countries, it had therefore no civilizing mission toward its own. Cobden, for example—to go no farther—was a lifelong advocate of a national system of education, he was a friend of factory legislation for women and children, and, with respect to the poor, he taught in one of his speeches the semi-socialistic doctrine that the poor had the first right to maintenance from the land—that they are, as it were, the first mortgagees. The Manchester school is really nothing but a stage convention, a convenient polemical device for marking off a particular theoretical extreme regarding the task of the State; but the persons in actual life who were presumed to compose the school were no more, all of them, adherents of that theory than Scotchmen, off the stage, have all short kilts and red hair. And as for that theory itself, the theory of *laissez-faire*, it has never in England been really anything more than it is now, the plea of alarmed vested interests stealing an unwarranted, and we believe an unwelcome, shelter under the ægis of economic science. English economists, from Smith to McCulloch, from McCulloch to Mr. Sidgwick, have adhered with a truly remarkable steadiness to a social doctrine of a precisely contrary character—a social doctrine which, instead of exhibiting any unreasonable aversion to Government interference, expressly assigns to Government a just and proper place in promot-

ing the social and industrial development of the community. In the first place, in the department of production, they freely allow that just as there are many industrial enterprises in the conduct of which individual initiative must, for want of resources or other reasons, yield to joint-stock companies, so there are others for which individuals and companies alike must give place to the State, because the State is by nature or circumstances better fitted than either to conduct them satisfactorily; and in the next place, in the department of distribution, while rating the moral or personal independence of the individual as a supreme blessing and claim, they have no scruple in calling on the State to interfere with the natural liberty of contract between man and man, wherever such interference seems requisite to secure just and equitable dealing, to guard that personal independence itself from being sapped, or to establish the people better in any of the other elementary conditions of all humane living. We sometimes take pride at the present day in professing a distrust for doctrinaire or metaphysical politics, and we are no doubt right; but that reproach cannot justly be levelled against the English economists. They were not Dutch gardeners trying to dress the world after an artificial scheme; that is more distinctive of the social systems they opposed; their own system indeed was to study Nature, to discover the principles of sound natural social growth, and to follow them; but they had no idea on that account of leaving things to grow merely as they would, or of renouncing the help of good husbandry. They had, as we have seen, a positive doctrine of social politics, which required from the State much more than the protection of liberty and the repression of crime; they asked the State to undertake such industrial work as it was naturally better fitted to perform than individuals or associations of individuals, and they asked the State to secure to the body of the citizens the essential conditions of a normal and progressive manhood.

Now this doctrine—which may be called the English doctrine of social politics—seems to furnish a basis of considerable practical value for discriminating between a wholesome and effective

participation by Government in the work of social reform, on the one hand, and those pernicious and dangerous forms of intervention on the other,

which may be correctly known by the name of State-Socialism. But that I must reserve for a subsequent article.—*Contemporary Review.*

GENIUS AND TALENT.

BY GRANT ALLEN.

LET it be granted that a vast deal of nonsense has been talked everywhere in this oblate spheroid of ours about almost every conceivable subject. Yet about none has a vaster amount of nonsense been talked before the tribunal of literature than about the famous old forensic case of Genius versus Talent. The born Genius, its sycophants and adulators continually assure us with nauseating persistence, arrives intuitively, by pure force of natural insight, at such and such a magnificent result—a *Paradise Lost*, let us say, or a *Blenheim Madonna*, or a *Theory of Evolution*; while mere Talent, poor, plodding, purblind, miserable Talent (you should always be extremely hard on Talent, with a few contemptuous crushing epithets, if you yourself wish to be thought a man of Genius), toils after it in vain, with painful steps and slow, groping its uncertain way to minor truths or pettier works by the feeble rays of its own insignificant farthing rushlight. So long as Genius still lives, to be sure, and treads the solid earth, known as Genius only to an appreciative few, it does not generally receive this grateful incense of slavish adulation in its divine nostrils to any intoxicating or dangerous extent. Worship is rarely vouchsafed to contemporaries. But when once the Genius is fairly dead and buried (in Westminster Abbey or the Panthéon, as the case may be) it undergoes forthwith its due apotheosis, and a thousand lips cry out to it straightway in deafening chorus, "Oh, Genius, how beautiful you were; how supreme; how grand; how noble; how consummate! Oh, Genius, how masterly was your touch; how intense your feeling; how cosmical your grasp; how profound and searching and absolute your science! Alas, how infinitely did you differ in your ineffable attributes

from that unequal substitute which alone we have now left among us—poor, plodding, purblind, miserable Talent!" For it is commonly understood among the esoteric worshippers of the exalted Genius that their patron is indeed a very jealous God; that he bears, like the Turk, no rival next his throne; and that he harbors in his breast a special grudge against that inferior and grovelling, but somewhat similar, deity, mere commonplace Talent. He is known to regard himself, with Hebrew exclusiveness, as the original and only genuine divine entity, all others being spurious imitations.

Now it is the misfortune of the world in this matter that the lions have chiefly painted themselves; and as the lion in the fable justly anticipated, they have invariably represented themselves as having very much the best of it. Genius, especially self-conscious Genius, has brought copious ghee to its own image: it has erected an altar to itself, like the *Divus Caesar*, and has insisted strongly upon the need for public recognition of its own glorious and divine attributes. "Fall down and worship!" says Genius, in the imperative mood; and forthwith a slavish world falls down and worships. Byron, Victor Hugo, Lytton, Disraeli, have all told us, with extreme frankness, what we ought to say and think about them. We have been politely requested, in exquisite verse, to vex not the poet's mind with our shallow wit, on the concise if not very flattering ground that we cannot fathom it. Genius, secure of its own Olympic supremacy, has looked down from its airy throne upon the blind and battling multitude below—meaning *us*, of course, who are not geniuses—with a sardonic smile of mingled contempt, beneficence, and pity. And the world, which is very apt to accept men in the long run at

their own valuation (so much the worse for the modest), bows down in the end to self-assertive Genius, and sees in its face all those splendid qualities which Genius itself bids it look and find there. For indeed the world is by nature prone after all to the attitude of worship. It kneels readily. Though it chooses the objects of its adoration in strange places, yet it bends willing knees to the golden calf; and to the golden calf of success and public approbation none the less than to those other assorted golden calves which we know as wealth, rank, title, and position. It may cast mud at its deities when they are young and unrecognized, to be sure,—for who can see divinity in a tweed suit?—but as soon as the voice of the people, which is the voice of God, has decreed them the laurel wreath of common praise and a guinea a line, it will immediately start a Browning Society or a Shelley Society, or, for ought I know, a Ouida Society, too, to give the new cult its appropriate hierarchy. And, above all, where the object of their worship is quite safely dead and buried (for live Gods at times inconveniently disclaim their noisiest votaries), the admirers will swarm around with contagious enthusiasm in their wrath against the prophets of all newer cults, and cry aloud for the space of two hours together, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians," till the town-clerk comes to disperse them.

On the other hand, if any bold iconoclast, sick of this perpetual adulatory hero-worship, this fulsome laudation of the divine afflatus, ventures to hint that Genius after all does not really differ so much from mere Talent—poor but honest and industrious talent—that the distinction is mainly one of degree, not of kind, and that what in its youth was simply called Talent grows with time and repute into genuine Genius—the orthodox worshippers have always their thunderbolt ready forged to crush and annihilate him. "This fellow," they say, with a toss of the head, "being in very truth a born frog, ventures to maintain that frogs, by dint of inflation, can puff themselves out to the dignity of oxen, or that at best there is but little difference of size and build between the two species. That is just because he is a mere frog, and jealous of the

vast superiority of bovine greatness." To be sure, when the oxen themselves were yet but young bullocks, sporting in the fields, these same orthodox critics would have eagerly contended for their essential frogginess; but now that they are full grown, and fat, and florally wreathed with sacrificial garlands, as becomes an *Apis*, the orthodox have forgotten their former recalcitrancy. As of old, the fathers stone the prophets, and the children occupy themselves with building their sepulchres. But let that pass. The point is that if one tries to put the question as to the nature of Genius in its true aspect one is at once regarded in the invidious light of a modern Zoilus.

Nevertheless, this question of Genius and Talent is a truly scientific one, a psychological problem, one might almost say in the wider sense, a matter of anthropometry. It is well that it should be discussed on scientific grounds, without any of the hysterical and inflated verbiage with which Geniuses and their biographers have too frequently befogged it. Wherein does Genius really consist, and how does it differ from mere talent? That, simply put, is the net question which we have here categorically to answer; and to anticipate at once the answer forced upon me as a humble observer by consideration of the facts, I find at bottom that the two are in ultimate analysis almost identical. Genius is talent either pushed to an exceptionally high degree, or exerted in a very unusual direction, or linked with a rare amount of striking industry, or dashed with a certain peculiar vein of bizzare originality. In short, it is such talent as makes itself specially remarked—talent which has in it something of the unique; while other talent, often equally great or even greater, but lacking in the special element of individuality, remains to the last "mere talent," and never attains to any higher level of public recognition.

The first form of these four is the one so aptly and bravely described by Buffon, who defined Genius in his own inimitable style as "an infinite capacity for taking pains." To the general public, this admirable definition seems simply incomprehensible. "What!" they cry with one voice, "Genius a capacity

for taking pains! We wist it was something quite opposite—an inspiration, spontaneous and unconscious. The mere plodder, we always understood or imagined, worked away at his canvas with infinite trouble, touching and re-touching till he was sick and tired of it; but the divine Genius! oh no, impossible! Perish the thought! 'tis an absolute profanation. The plodder devotes himself with painstaking care to anatomy and perspective and light-and-shade and all the rest of it; but the divine Genius, he, great man, comes up with a stroke of his brush intuitively, so—and behold, hi, presto! an Aphrodite or a Beatrice smiles as if by miracle before you. The plodder may potter long over his rhymes and his epithets, but the divine Genius, with Byronic carelessness, dashes you off an ode or a ballad, *stans pede in uno*. His lofty Pegasus needs no goading or driving; it moves as it will of its own accord, and leads him at last without conscious guidance to some splendid, glorious, or dazzling conclusion. We know it is true, for have not our Lyttons and our Hugos told us so?"

But humble critics perceive at once that in real life things are ordered quite otherwise. Your Michael Angelos and your Leonardos think no detail of anatomy or of physics beneath their lofty notice; they study the human frame as if they meant to be doctors, the laws of matter as if they meant to be engineers, the nature of light as if they meant to be physicists, the principles of optics as if they meant to be astronomers. They toil early and late over local color and perspective and the chemistry of pigments; they perfect themselves ceaselessly upon models and drapery, upon architecture and landscape. Of course unusual endowments of eye and hand are there to begin with; but those unusual endowments even will profit them nothing without arduous training and continuous industry. Every line of the greatest and most perfect poets bears obvious traces of utmost care and finish in workmanship; every line of the noblest and most exquisite prose bears evident marks of curious study in adjective and verb, in rhythm and cadence. The art is, to conceal one's art; the seeming felicity, the apparent ease, result, not from spontaneous inspiration,

but from long and conscious practice in the adaptation of means to end, and of sound to sentiment.

Indeed, one might almost reverse the ordinary estimate and say that Genius, in its most frequent form, is really Talent backed up by application. To this special class of Genius belong such men (to take a typical example) as Charles Darwin. It was not the mere *aperçu* of natural selection or survival of the fittest that set the seal upon Darwin's undoubted apostolate. Other men had had that same *aperçu* in greater or less degree before him: some of them smaller men no doubt, and some of them at least his peers in grasp and ability. Wells had had it years earlier; Patrick Matthew had had it as a passing glimpse; Wallace lighted upon it almost simultaneously; Herbert Spencer trembled more than once with strange nearness upon the very verge of discovery. But what Darwin did was to raise this *aperçu* into the guiding star and mainspring of his active life; to work away at it early and late; to heap together instances pro and con; to bring out at last after endless toil that banner of a fresh epoch, the Origin of Species, with all its wonderful ancillary treatises. Darwin's mind, though broad and open, a mind of singular candor and acuteness and penetration, was not, in respect of mere general ability, very far above the average constructive mind of the better class of English scientific men. He had twenty contemporaries in the Royal Society who were probably his equals in native intellect and generalizing power. But he had no equals in industry and systematic observation; it was the combination of so much faculty for hard work with so much high organizing intelligence that enabled Darwin to produce so vast a result upon the thought of the world and the future of science, of philosophy, and of politics.

When John Gibson was studying under Canova at Rome, a young English sculptor of the divine Genius order—the order represented in our own days by Mr. Richard Belt of funest memory—came to cast a lordly glance in passing around the Roman studios. Gibson himself had been born an artist—not perhaps an artist of the particular type at present exclusively admired by a cul-

tivated clique as supreme and intense, but still in his own way a true and admirable academic artist. Apprenticed first to a wood-carver and then to a stone-cutter, the Welsh working lad determined to make himself a real sculptor. Your boy of talent placed in such circumstances would have considered himself a divinely gifted sculptor already, and would have begun turning out marble nymphs and Ganymedes and Psyches as fast as his active hands could carve them. But Gibson knew better than that. He knew he was a Genius, and he determined to behave as such. He went to an anatomy class in Liverpool, where he lived, and he worked with scalpel and saw among the budding surgeons on the bones and muscles of the human frame. When he had studied drawing, modelling, and the use of the chisel, as far as England could then instruct him, he made up his mind to go to Rome; and to Rome he would go, he said, if he had to tramp it on foot. To him thus employed at moulding clay in Canova's studio enter the self-taught divine Genius, who has come Romeward to glance casually right and left at Michael Angelos and antique torsos, by way of a hint, but who disdains the vulgar academic aid of masters and instructors. "I thought meanly of him," says Gibson with charming frankness, "for he wouldn't watch other men at work for fear of spoiling his own originality." The divine Genius went home to England, carved out his Narcissus and his Aphrodite by the light of nature, eat and drank and died at last, nameless now and utterly forgotten. Gibson stayed in Rome and studied; wasted hours on the turns and folds of a piece of drapery; threw his whole mind into the work of the day; and became at last, whatever the fashion of the moment may say, a true sculptor of immense refinement and delicacy of feeling.

This is the kind of Genius that consists of high talent, backed up and reinforced by exceptional powers of application. It is the kind we get, again, in such a thinker as John Stuart Mill, who really possessed only the average intellect of your picked University honor-man, combined with an unusual faculty for hard work, and a trained habit of keeping his mind open judicially to every

breeze of varying opinion. It is the kind we get, again, in Macaulay, who added, however, to his strictly average endowments of intellect the special endowments of a marvellous memory, great command of mere language, a certain ready amount of specious brilliancy, and a singular ability for calling up and adorning concrete images. On the other hand, Macaulay's intellect, viewed as intellect pure and simple, was thoroughly commonplace, banal, and Philistine; he had less real thinking power, less native faculty for grasping abstract or subtle ideas, than nine out of ten ordinary educated people. It is the kind, once more, we get in most Geniuses of practical life, political or social. Directed to statesmanship, this high general level of ability, backed up by industry, gives us our Gladstones, our Guizots, and our Lincolns; directed to war it gives us our Cæsars, our Napoleons, and our Wellingtons. If any man imagines that the great general wins battles by mere force of innate Genius, he has only to remember the constant recurrence in the *Commentaries* of the *res frumentaria*, and the famous saying that an army "fights upon its belly." A good breakfast for his men is the chief aid to a commander's military reputation. Did not somebody once call the mighty dictator, indeed, a "monster of diligence?"

Very different is the sort of Genius of which Thomas Carlyle and Charles Dickens form excellent typical examples. This is the particular species of the class on which, perhaps, the popular ideas of the characteristics of Genius are mainly founded. In such cases, the Genius really consists in large part of eccentricity—eccentricity pushed to an extreme in certain directions, but combined with more or less of real ability. Now it is important to note that Genius of this sort does not necessarily imply a high order of intelligence. Dickens's intelligence, for example, was by no means high: I suppose everybody would admit at once that you may search his works in vain for a single sentence worth quoting as a specimen of profundity, of insight, or wisdom. Not that I wish for a moment to run down Dickens; on the contrary, I admire him immensely; I never take up *David Copperfield* or

Nicholas Nickleby without standing amazed and aghast afresh at the quaintness, the fertility, the oddity, the fun of his inimitable creations. No other man, we feel, could do the like; and that is just why we appreciate Dickens. Originality, in fact, is the special note of this particular type of Genius; and originality is therefore often spoken of by hasty thinkers as if it were the essence of Genius itself. This, however, is not strictly true, unless we mean unduly to restrict the limits of Genius. There have been many great men—undoubtedly great—who were far from remarkable for their originality. The solidest intellect is often utterly wanting in brilliancy or originality. Rather is it the truth that a marked degree of original quaintness entitles even a second-rate man (and Dickens was, in the matter of pure intellect, essentially second-rate) to ungrudging admission upon the final roll-call of the immortals.

Many men have had grotesque and morbid imaginings. Dickens had them grotesque and morbid to the point of uniqueness: therefore we rightly call him a Genius. His gift was not a very high or noble one; on the contrary, it was one which, in its lesser developments, belongs rather to the buffoon and the caricaturist. But in Dickens it grew so large, and so far monopolized the whole field of his invention, that it became in itself a title to immortality. Nobody else could do anything equal to it, though many people could do something in a somewhat similar but less profoundly absurd and original vein. Such men as Mill, and Bain, and Lewes, and Lyell overtop Dickens intellectually by more than half their stature. But you might get a hundred philosophers and psychologists and men of science out of a given country before you got another *Martin Chuzzlewit*. It is precisely the idiosyncrasy of the man, the mixture of faculty, that is so rare and unusual. Compound ten million human beings on the ordinary principle of mixing together ancestral strains, and among them all you will produce on an average half-a-dozen apiece of geologists and historians, but never again a single Dickens.

Genius of this sort, then, is not necessarily at all great; it is only unique, and in virtue of its uniqueness for the

most part interesting. Not that all eccentricity and originality partake of the nature of Genius either; they must have combined with them some considerable element of distinct cleverness, or they result merely in an eccentric or an original, not in a Genius, properly so called. We have all known many eccentrics whose eccentricity was far indeed from being either amusing or curious; it succeeded merely in making itself supremely annoying or absurd. But the gulf that separates the mere original from the true Genius is often as narrow as the gulf that intervenes between the sublime and the ridiculous. Everybody has met odd people, who lived by themselves in odd rooms, who said and did odd things, and whose veriest commonplace had always about them some lingering flavor of misplaced wit and half-mad imagination. Such queer people, with their dash of insanity, have not infrequently a dash of Genius as well, only in their case the divine spark has either never been supplied with sufficient fuel, or never blown up by the breath of appreciation into even a struggling and tentative blaze. Yet who shall say what tiny extra twist in a special direction turns any one of these undiscovered cranky souls into a Dickens, a Heine, a Rabelais, or a Cervantes? The little additional twist makes to us, the percipients, all the difference; but in the brain and mind of the man himself, how infinitesimally small must be the peculiarity of fibre or energy that ultimately determines it!

Look, again, at such a case as Carlyle's. Hundreds of caustic, saturnine Scotch laboring folk have something the same quaint power of expression, something the same dour, grim humor, something the same vehement, self-assertive egotism. In all fundamentals, philosophical and psychological, they are absolutely identical with the grumbler of Chelsea; their hard Scotch Calvinistic creed is just his gloomy pessimism in the rough; their firm belief in a lawgiver of the Cosmos, who loves neither fools nor knaves over well, is just the crude, unelaborated form of the Carlylese political and ethical system. Add a certain native vigor and directness of language, derived by blood from that canny, clever, uneducated sage, the Ecclefechan stone-

mason, the "body wha had sic names for things;" supplement it with an Edinburgh university training, backed up by a strong dose of congenial dreamy German metaphysics; turn it loose upon the world of London, or divert it by circumstances into the hard underpaid literary channel; and a Carlyle at once emerges upon you, bursting forth in the full tide of his "picturesque bad style," in *Sartor Resartus* and the *French Revolution*. Once worked, the trick can never be worked again; but while it lasts, its effect is marvellous. The rush and go of that full tide carries us all unresistingly before it: we never pause to ask for a moment, as we whirl along helter-skelter down stream, by what slight variations on a familiar theme the astonishing sense of hurrying, scurrying, clashing music, as of pent-up waters bursting their dams, has been laboriously designed and produced in the far recesses of that wild composer's peculiar idiosyncrasy.

If we look, however, at the families of recognized Geniuses we sometimes see, as by a flash of electric light, on what slight accidents of composition these strange results ultimately depend. "Is her sister like her?" asked an enamored poet of a friend of the family. "Very like her," the common-sense friend responded cautiously; "but I wouldn't advise you to see her just yet, or you'd find out too soon how the trick is done." For very often, the slightest exaggeration of the features in a beautiful face will make it at once either commonplace or grotesque. The family likeness in the plain sister suggests forthwith how readily with a turn more of the brush or the knife that chiselled profile might become too painfully Roman, those rich lips too obtrusively negroid, those full eyes too prominent or too lachrymose. You see with undue clearness in such cases the narrow line that separates strength from coarseness, delicacy from feebleness, the pretty from the doll-like, the stately from the hard-featured. Even so, in the families of acknowledged geniuses you see how slight indeed are the special points which distinguish the distinguished: how little the poet differs in fibre from his brother the parson; how near the dry argumentative cobbler comes to his son the materialist philoso-

pher. Bandsman Herschel had a taste for clockwork, for mathematics, for times and seasons: his boy William, who played the oboe in the same Hanoverian regiment, and deserted in due course to be organist at Bath, carried the like tastes just a step further by making a telescope and discovering Uranus. But all his brothers and sisters were also musical, and most of them were mechanical and astronomical as well. The divine Genius of William Herschel is just the general family twist, developed perhaps a trifle higher, accompanied perhaps by a somewhat profounder grasp of intellect, or merely (it may be) encouraged and made the most of by a fortunate concurrence of casual conditions. For who shall say what proportion the discovered and acknowledged Geniuses of the world's scroll bear to the undiscovered and unacknowledged Geniuses who swarm like tadpoles in the board-schools and workshops everywhere around us?

But what makes me above all things sceptical as to the special and exceptional inspiration of the divine Genius is a consideration of the historical position of divine Geniuses as we actually find them in their own environment. Posterity, divorcing the man from his age, knowing him for the most part as an isolated fact alone, sees him always larger than life, like the heroic statues it erects in his honor. It forgets too often that in order to judge of him as a unit of humanity we must look at him in connection with his own surroundings. We are all too apt to personify, or rather to embody and individualize, all great movements: to see in the Reformation nobody but Luther; in the Revolution nobody but Rousseau and Robespierre and Danton; in the national struggle for American independence nobody but Washington, Jefferson, and Franklin; in the vast movements for the unity of Italy and Germany nobody but Garibaldi, Mazzini, Bismarck, and Von Moltke. But in reality, as the present age now knows well, it is largely the movement that makes the men, not the men that make the movement; and this is true of ordinary epochs as well as of great upheavals, of the thinker and the writer as well as of the soldier, the statesman, and the enthusiast. Take as a very striking example in minor matters

Mark Twain. To the English reader Mark Twain is a being more or less unique, or at best he is known as the chief among two or three popular competitors in the field of so-called American humor—Artemus Ward, Josh Billings, and Orpheus C. Kerr being practically his only considerable rivals in the European market. But whoever knows the daily talk and the daily newspaper of Western America knows that embryo Mark Twains grow in Illinois on every bush, and that the raw material of the *Innocents Abroad* resounds nightly, like the voice of the derringer, through every saloon in Iowa and Montana. A large style of cheap and effective homicidal humor, based mainly on exaggeration and grotesque incongruities, flourishes everywhere on the borderlands of American civilization. The very infants lisp in quaint Western quips, the blushing maidens whisper a dialect which "pans out" rich in the peculiar wit of Poker Flat and the Silverado Squatters. Mark Twain represents but the exceptional embodiment of this extravagant ranching and mining spirit, sedulously cultivated and still further developed by the literary habits of a professional humorist.

In literature and in political life our modern principle of the supreme influence of the environment is now, indeed, universally admitted; it is only in science and in philosophy (where more than elsewhere it is emphatically true) that anybody of authority still doubts it. We all allow that in most matters it is the wave that makes the crest, not the crest that makes the wave. The old school of critics saw in Shakespeare a dramatic phoenix, solitary of his kind, unequalled and unapproached around or about him. The new school sees in him the final flower and highest outcome of that marvellous outburst which gave us *Faustus* and *Tamburlaine*, *Jane Shore* and *Volpone*, the *Duke of Milan* and the *Duchess of Malfi*. *Primus inter pares* he was, no doubt, but *inter pares* only, not above "a vast dead level of mere mediocrity." Ford and Webster, Beaumont and Fletcher, Jonson and Massinger stood close beside the throne; Greene and Marlowe had prepared the way beforehand for Hamlet and Shylock and Richard III. The expansion of England in the Elizabethan age neces-

sarily produced the new drama, which showed forth as in a mirror "the very age and body of the time, his form and feature," exactly as the romance of our own day shows forth the stir and ferment and turmoil of the present far greater period of national development. A great deal of what most of us take for Shakespeare is really the necessary spirit and background of the Elizabethan stage, as much the common product of the nation at large and of the dramatic tradition, as the modern novel or the modern burlesque are the common product of our own civilization.

In science and philosophy, however, this general principle of necessary development is even more demonstrably true than elsewhere. There comes a crisis every now and then in the evolution of thought, when new discoveries and new inventions are, as we all say nowadays, "in the air;" when numberless workers, led up to a certain point by previous thinkers and previous discoveries, tremble all together on the very verge of the next great generalization or the next important extension of thought or knowledge. "He who says A must say B also," the wise French proverb pithily puts it. Now it sometimes happens in such cases that a number of workers co-operate so much in the new discovery, or the new invention, or the new development, that no one man carries off for himself the honors of the situation. That was the case with the vast physical concept of the Conservation of Energy, by far the vastest and most fundamental concept ever yet introduced into our view of the material cosmos and its mode of working. Yet that profound law was so slowly evolved by the separate labors of many acute and suggestive thinkers, beginning with Count Rumford and ending with Joule, Meyer, Helmholtz, Grove, Clerk Maxwell, Balfour Stewart, and Tait, that no single name will ever probably be associated with its promulgation, as the name of Newton is associated with the law of gravitation, or as the name of Darwin is associated with the principle of organic evolution. More frequently, however, it happens that a particular worker does either anticipate the others by a decided interval, or succeeds at any rate in attracting to himself the attention of the crowd, and

in becoming, so to speak, the eponymous hero of the new conquest. In such cases I do not say that the hero is not really as a rule greater than the men he casts into the shade; but I do say that he is not as a rule as much greater as the world at large, in its love for the sweet simplicity of hero-worship, supposes him to be. It is so hard to distribute your praise equitably between a dozen or more of contributory Geniuses; it is so easy to fix upon a single man and declare authoritatively in a very loud voice, "Ipse fecit."

Mechanical inventions show us the working of this popular tendency in a very clear and instructive manner. Who, for example, invented the steam-engine? James Watt, says everybody, with glib readiness. But those who have looked at the history of the steam-engine know, of course, that there were steam-engines in abundance long before Watt's, and that Watt himself worked deliberately on the basis of Newcomen's model. Newcomen, in turn, had improved on Papin's invention, and Papin perhaps on De Caux's, and finally on Hero's. Now nobody denies that Watt was a very great engineer; if he had never invented the double-acting engine at all, indeed, he would have been remembered among the mechanical Geniuses of the world by his numerous other improvements and discoveries; but he was not so absolutely supreme and unique as the popular fancy has made him out to be. Indeed, taking into consideration the date of its construction, Newcomen's engine was a much more remarkable triumph of human ingenuity than James Watt's. But Watt introduced the final details which rendered steam a power in the world, and with him accordingly rest the popular suffrages as "the inventor of the steam-engine." Similarly, who invented the locomotive? George Stephenson, says everybody, as before. But those who have looked at the history of the locomotive know, of course, that both locomotives and railways existed in plenty before Stephenson's, and that the Rocket was merely the most successful competitor among many contemporary competitors for public favor. Nobody denies George Stephenson's marvellous native engineering abilities; on the whole, taking into consideration his

humble beginnings, he seems to me more of a heaven-born Genius in his own way than almost anybody else with whose history I am acquainted. But the work he did upon the locomotive was adaptive and developmental, not original and novel. The great invention did not spring in full panoply—like Athene from the head of Zeus—out of any one engineer's profound brain; it grew slowly, piece by piece, like everything else, from a hundred men's co-operating intelligences.

Like everything else, I say deliberately, for it is the same with every great invention. Look at the telegraph, so hotly debated between Morse and Wheatstone; look at the telephone equally divided between Edison and Bell; look at photography, whose several stages owed so much successively to Wedgwood and Davy, to Niepce and Daguerre, to Talbot and to Archer. "Great discoveries," says Professor Fiske, with evident wisdom, "must always be concerned with some problem of the time which many of the world's foremost minds are just then cudgelling their active brains about." It was so with the discovery of the differential calculus and of the planet Neptune; with the interpretation of the Egyptian hieroglyphics and of the cuneiform inscriptions; with the undulatory theory of light and the mechanical equivalent of heat; with the nebular hypothesis and with spectrum analysis. In some cases one man has borne off all the praise, while many men bore the brunt of the labor; in other cases the work done has been so evenly distributed among several laborers that even that unjust judge, the general public, could set none as greater or less than another, none as before or after another.

Observe, once more, a case where, at first sight, the part played by the individual Genius seems exceptionally great—I mean Newton's discovery of universal gravitation. Here, surely, if ever anywhere, the Genius was fully entitled to say, "Alone I did it." Yet even here it was quite as much the crisis that made Newton as Newton that made the crisis. Galileo's observations on the pendulum, Torricelli's invention of the mercurial barometer, the true theory of the common pump, Von Guericke's air-

pump, Copernicus's view of the solar system, Kepler's laws of motion—all these led up, slowly but surely, by various routes, to the ultimate and inevitable discovery of the law of gravitation. The world had its problem then and there neatly presented to it. The Cartesian theory of vortices, indeed, was a premature attempt at a metaphysical, or at least an *à priori* solution of the self-same difficulty. All the early work of the seventeenth century led up directly to Newton as a foregone conclusion. Newton himself merely came, in the fulness of time, as the great fully-equipped mathematical and physical thinker who could not fail to advance science by that one step, already foreshadowed and predestined for him by the joint work of his many predecessors.

So it was, too, with organic evolution and with evolution in general. In the last century De Maillet and Monboddo, from different sides, had caught faint glimpses (as in a glass, darkly) of the descent of animals from common progenitors. With Buffon the glimpse became a distinct idea; with Erasmus Darwin the idea grew into a fully evolved and tenable hypothesis. Lamarck gave it form and body; Goethe breathed into it a wider cosmical spirit. Even the particular notion of natural selection was hit upon simultaneously by Wallace and Darwin; while Spencer had traced out the development of mind seven years before the publication of the *Origin of Species*. Kant and Laplace and Lyell led on, by many lines, to the *System of Synthetic Philosophy*. Evolutionism has been a growth of numberless minds, yet in the future it will appear to the multitude at large as the work of two men, and of two men only: Charles Darwin and Herbert Spencer. I need hardly say, I hope, that no man feels more profound reverence for those two mighty thinkers than I do—indeed, I dare never trust myself to say in public how profound that reverence really is; we stand so near them still that those who estimate them at their true worth only get laughed at; but I do not think we ought ever to forget the important part played also in their great revolution by so many other able thinkers and workers, whose names will never survive into future ages.

Every now and then a great crisis oc-

curs in the world's history when some new advance, rendered inevitable by the slow growth of the past, halts for a moment on the threshold of realization. A Genius is needed to make the advance; but the Genius is always then and there forthcoming from the vast reservoir of potential greatness forever present in all civilized countries. It is the noble chance that brings forth the noble knight: the men lucky enough to take the tide at its flood, lucky enough to reach maturity at the very moment of the turn, achieve a visible success perhaps somewhat disproportioned even to their real and undoubted merit. Or rather, they throw unduly into the shade the men who precede and the men who come after them. There are moments when good workers cannot fail to obtain wonderful results, because those results are then and there almost forced upon them by the circumstances of science. There are moments when good men must almost of necessity become hewers of wood and drawers of water for the architectonic generation that will come after them, because the last generation has built up all the materials then available, and new stores must needs be collected before another story can possibly be added to the whole vast fabric of scientific thought. Every mighty outburst is followed close by an apparent lull, a lull during which the forces at work are expending themselves rather upon preparation than upon actual performance, upon providing fresh facts and hypotheses and suggestions rather than upon co-ordinating and interpreting the old ones.

Hence it may often happen that certain names, popularly regarded as small, may really belong to greater individualities and greater intellects than certain other names of critical, and, so to speak, nodal interest. The man who comes at the exact turning-point performs in one sense a greater work than the man, however able, who chances to light upon one of the ebb-tides or intervening periods. Geology supplies us in our own day with an excellent example. Lyell's name will always be held to typify the evolutionary impulse in geology, as Darwin's does in biology, Spencer's in psychology, and Laplace's in astronomy. But of these four central names, Lyell's stands dis-

tinctly on a much lower mental level than the remaining three. On the other hand, we have now among us a geologist of the very highest ability, a man who has devoted to his chosen science a breadth and profoundness of cosmical grasp never before associated with it—I mean, of course, Archibald Geikie. It is impossible for any competent critic to look at Geikie's *Text-Book of Geology* by the side of Lyell's *Principles and Elements* without immediately recognizing the immense difference of mental stature between the two men. I do not mean merely that Geikie's work is fuller and more all-sided than Lyell's; the growth of the science and the accumulation of materials would alone suffice amply to account for that. But the lucid, orderly, and masterly arrangement, the just sense of method and proportion, the logical even development of the subject, the judicial temper, the cosmic vision, the rare combination of profound depth with perspicuous clearness, all alike place Geikie's remarkable book on a far higher level than his famous predecessors. Yet I do not suppose Geikie's name will ever become as popularly celebrated as Lyell's. The lesser man happened upon the apter moment: he did fairly well the task he had it in hand to do; and the crisis itself more than sufficed to make him and his work conspicuous forever.

Genius, then, I humbly hold, differs from "mere Talent" only in one or other out of three particulars: either it is Talent of a higher order, backed up by industry; or it is the same Talent, made notable by opportunity; or it is Talent, often of a low grade, redeemed by exceptional originality, or combined with some piquant and arresting touch of quaintness, oddity, or it may even be grotesque deformity.

This is a democratic age—an age of socialism, of co-operation, of the revolt of the masses against the few and the privileged. We have found out in our own time that all wealth is the creation of the many; that Rome was not built in a day; that the railways, roads, canals, rivers, mines, factories, warehouses, machines, and towns of modern England were slowly exploited by the continuous labor of thousands upon thousands of skilled workmen. We have

found out that generation after generation has helped to build up our cathedrals and castles, our mills and looms, our ships and steamers, our commerce and manufactures. We know that the electric telegraph goes back at least to Gilbert's researches into magnetism in Queen Elizabeth's days; that the steam-engine goes back to the Marquis of Worcester in Charles the Second's reign; that ironclads and revolvers are not things of yesterday; that every art and every invention, though it may have its own eponym in modern times, is the joint creation of innumerable nameless and successive workers through a hundred generations. The Great Man theory has broken down, and has been replaced by a belief in Great Movements. I wish here to reclaim in the same way on behalf of the wider democracy of Talent as against the exclusive oligarchy of Genius. The language, the vocabulary, the idiom, the eloquence, the thought of every age is moulded by a thousand unknown speakers and writers who each contributes his own part to the grand total of the literature of the day. From the lowest to the highest the gradation is regular, even, and continuous; there is no break; there is no gulf; there is no isolated peak of solitary grandeur. Here and there individuals rise a little above the mass, and form as a whole the body of thinkers. Here and there individuals rise a little above the body, and form as a whole the smaller group of men of talent. Here and there individuals rise a little above the group, often in the merest details of their personal idiosyncrasy, and attain more or less distinctly to the level which most of us recognize as Genius. But from first to last the various stages of intellect or of special faculty rise gradually one above the other; the differences between the men themselves are minute; it is the differences between the effects produced upon others that elevate some on so high an imaginary pedestal above their fellows.

I know that to say all this may look invidious. I know that the polite crowd of clubs and drawing-rooms, which cannot see the importance of a psychological question for its own sake, apart from personalities, will read in it throughout nothing but envy, hatred, malice, and

all uncharitableness. However, on that point I am not afraid. I don't think any man living has a profounder respect than I have for the genius of Matthew Arnold, and William Morris, and Herbert Spencer, and George Meredith. I'm sure no man living has a more generous appreciation than I have for the genius of Andrew Lang and Austin Dobson, of James and Howells, of Robert Louis Stevenson and Walter Besant. I know that Genius simply swarms among us; that in this age one may see such men as Croll wasting, like spendthrifts, upon a solitary problem of the glacial epoch, vast constructive and organizing powers which in any other age would have secured them world-wide fame and reputation; such men as Beddoe, working for pure love, with inexhaustible industry, through a whole lifetime, at questions which everybody else ignores and neglects; such men as Galton, filled to the brim with ingenuity, acuteness, and insight, till it oozes out at their

finger ends, pouring forth in abundance upon an unheeding world the suggestive results of their piercing, keen, and all-sided thinking. I know that Genius is choking and strangling itself in the keen struggle for recognition and consequent usefulness. But I know also that if Genius is a drug, Talent is a weed in modern London; and that Talent too deserves its due honor. Men of ability throng thick around us—men of ability so exceptionally high that in any less richly gifted age than ours it would be universally recognized and crowned as Genius. The commoner such Talent becomes in the world the more supereminent must be the powers, or the more peculiar the twist, or the more marked the originality which will suffice to raise it into the higher category. In other words, what is Talent to-day would have been Genius yesterday; what is Genius to-day will be but Talent as men reckon to-morrow.—*Fortnightly Review*.

HUNGER AND THIRST IN AUSTRALIA.

BY MORLEY ROBERTS.

To begin with, let me sketch the sunlit plains of the Australian Riverina, where I was travelling on horseback just ten years ago, when I rode from Corowa to Mahonga, and onward still farther to the Murrumbidgee and Lachlan rivers, to Grong Grong, Burrawang and Moss-giel, in thirsty New South Wales.

The road before me was but an indicated half-beaten track of brown earth; it dwindled in far perspective to a streak, and was lost in the haze that lay upon the horizon. Above the low and level sky-line the heavens were faintly tinged with pale purples which only gradually yielded to the intense and perfect blue, and high overhead, so high as nearly to touch the zenith, the sun at noon seemed slow to move from the post where he held the world at such an advantage. The grass which had been green but a month ago was almost as sere and sapless as sun-dried twigs, and in parts already discovered the bare soil, for the white and dusty sheep in the shadows were many for the pasture in which they grazed.

The trees under which they stood panting, with the outsiders drooping their heads lower and lower yet to catch the scanty shadow of their companions, were boxes, whose dull, metallic, blue-green leaves were powdered with faint fine dust, lifted even by the lightest air, or raised high by the trampling of the sheep as they moved from their noonday camp. The other trees were but scrub pines of a lighter green, too thickly set for anything but a stray dingo to make his way through, and too small to be of use to man, save perhaps to replace the broken whip-handle of some wayfaring bullock-driver.

It was a dry land that was forever threatening thirst, for it could boast of but little permanent water. There were no perennial springs and creeks such as gladdened the thick shadows and cool places of the Murray Hills whence I had come, and the dug tanks which contained the winter's water were some of them already tainted by the odor of the yolk and grease of the sheep that fre-

mented them, which even boiling and much tea could scarcely disguise or palliate. I myself had a bitter enough experience of drought before I came to the Big Billabong, for I was for more than thirty hours without sufficient water after I had passed into a peculiarly characteristic series of plains ringed with a dull line of box-trees, where open succeeded open the livelong day of travel with wearisome iteration. My canvas bag, the constant companion of the traveller in places of rare and scanty water, had been filled in the morning, but by noon I had unconsciously almost drained it dry. It was with a sudden start, as though I woke in terror, that I found it nearly empty, and the anguish of thirst grew with maddening rapidity when I no longer dared to drink. My poor horse had been threatening to fall lame, and I could not urge him to a pace faster than a walk, and forever as we went over the scorching ground the musical murmur of the little liquid still remaining in the bag grew more enticing and more tormenting. Had I known the country, or been more fortunate, I should have reached a station in the evening; but I came at last to two ways, with such equal signs of travel, that there was no choice between them but that of chance, and of course I took the left and the wrong road. It led me to no house or water, but to a pile of cut wood only, and there I had to camp in the gathering darkness in such thirst that I took no thought of the food I carried with me. My horse was in such straits that I was obliged to tether him, or in his search for water I might never have seen him again. The night passed in wakefulness and anguish of no common order, for the thirst of even a few hours in a hot sun and dry atmosphere is far more dreadful and distressing than hunger, even when protracted to days.

At the very earliest dawn I rose dry mouthed, saddled my horse, whose coat was already staring, and retraced our steps to the parting of the roads. By the time we reached it the level sun was flooding the silent and solitary plain with floods of misty light, tingeing the far belts of box with passing gold, and giving out even at that early hour sufficient heat to make me dread the time of noon. By eleven o'clock I passed the

final belt of trees, and saw, just saw, the corrugated-iron roofs of the next station glittering in the sun at the far verge of the longest plain I had yet reached, one that was nearly fifteen miles across. I took my bag from the saddle, drank a few drops of water, and pouring the scant remainder into my hollowed hand, gave it to my horse, and then commenced the last stage of my journey. I can well remember how maddening it was to see the place to which I was journeying, and yet to know how far it was away; to know that there must be water there in abundance, and yet to be almost choking for a drink; to feel the sun increasing every moment in power, and to catch its reflected glare from the ground beneath me. What water I had taken but made me long for more, and indeed its effect was scarcely momentary, for my tongue grew parched and dry and stuck to my mouth, my lips cracked and perspiration wholly ceased, though I was in the full rays of the sun. It took me five hours to cross that long last plain, and they were almost five eternities of torture, but when they were over the pleasure of drinking and of seeing my horse drink, was more than I could have believed. I had often read of thirst, but now I know that I can understand what it means, while to most it is but an unknown horror which they only as vaguely conceive as some mythologic monster that concerns them not.

Although all my journeys in Australia were taken with the underlying purpose of obtaining employment, yet I might, being still possessed of a remainder of money, have travelled much farther in idleness than Mahonga on the Big Billabong, had it not been for the lameness of my horse, which began to be more and more pronounced. For his sake and my own I went to work under a man who had contracted to excavate a tank for the well-known "Bobby Rand," and with him I remained at very hard labor for seven weeks.

It was fast approaching summer, and the hottest part of it, and the heavens above were a cloudless and open blue. Our slight camp was situated in a small hollow, as we were naturally in a spot most advantageous for catching the rain-water, and round us on every side was dense forest or almost impassable scrub.

The trees were the universal box, with a few soft-wooded currajongs, so regular in shape as to suggest Dutch gardening, and numberless varieties of bushes, some more nearly approaching weeds, and others only to be distinguished from trees by their size. Here also was to be found the quandong tree, the stones of which make such pretty necklaces. The ground, especially about our kitchen, was covered with countless swarms of ants, bull-dogs and sugar-ants, the small black venomous pismire, and hosts of unnamed others; there were large hairy tarantulas, or triantelopes, as we called them in the native language, which would have been barely extinguished by a saucer, and other spiders of strange and uncanny appearance and ferocious reputation. Under the rotting roots lay large centipedes, and beneath the rails made to fence the tank we every now and again found a fierce scorpion or brown snake. The trees about us were inhabited by iguanas of a size approaching that of small crocodiles, and the birds who scanned our proceedings in their ancient demesnes were bright and numerous. Among these the bell bird was very plentiful, and I heard its note every morning while hunting for the horses, and sometimes it led me astray. It is not like the famous campanero of the Brazilian forests, whose voice is as the sound of a hammer striking a large anvil, to be heard for miles, but it is light, airy, at times as faint as the far-distant ghost of a sound, like a bell of dreamland, or a single note remembered in after years. Those who listen to it cannot say, "it is here," or "it is there," they cannot with assurance affirm that there are many birds, or only one with a strange echoing gift of tongues. There is something, I know not why, pathetic in it, something curiously sweet, whether from its quality or suggestions, although it does not chime with a more recurrent and regular rhythm than the broken music of sounding streams. Perhaps it may be that it is so unearthly that we hear and dream in waking, being bidden to think of another world, that it is suggestive of something past and dead, or that it prophesies in melancholy something not yet to be. I have stayed in early morning in the quiet forest with the level sun star-

ing at me through the windless trees, and listened with bent head and uplifted finger as though I suddenly heard a summons that was meant for me alone, as though I caught a sound that was inaudible by others, and as though I might, by an abstraction of thought from my visible surroundings, behold that invisible world which seems at such moments hidden but by a thin and impalpable veil.

In all tropical and sub-tropical climates there is a possibility of a sudden storm during the summer, and usually the more unexpected it is, the greater is its force and the more terrible the devastation that it works. It was well into December ere the work upon which I was employed reached its completion, and three days before we did the last strokes of our long task there came a storm of tropical intensity which was startling both by its fury and short duration. The wind had been blowing softly all the morning from the northwest, and yet clouds, the first I had seen for months, were gradually gathering in the southeast. By noon all that quarter was black, half the heavens to the very zenith were hidden in murky obscurity, and as though it had been agreed upon by the powers of wind and rain that the clouds reaching so far should be the signal for devastation, the storm suddenly smote us, with no more warning than a few preliminary splashes of heavy rain. In one moment the wind blew a hurricane, and was almost solid, to walk against it was like going through water up to the chin; the dust rose up in one blinding mass, and was instantly smitten to the ground by rain which fell in sheets, and was torn into foam and smoke ere it touched the earth; sticks and branches hurtled through the air; the leaves were stripped from the bent trees, and went level in the screaming wind like a solid flight of green parroquets; and even in the most sheltered forest tree after tree came down with a crash, some torn up by the roots, and others, solid and sound though they might be, were smashed and splintered, and their whole crowns thrown yards from the shattered stumps. Our tents lay flat or bellying upon the ground, even though we were camped behind the dam we had raised; the slight structure which had been our kitchen

suddenly disappeared, while pots and pans and pannikins rattled and bowled along the ground, as we lay down praying that none of the flying branches might fall upon us. And the rain fell in floods, and in no floods of a figure of speech. This pandemonium lasted just one quarter of an hour, and then as suddenly as it had begun, so suddenly it ceased; the black clouds flew past us, the sun shone out hotly in a clear sky, and save for the mud, the disordered camp, and our great tank more than three-quarters full, there was no sign of the squall which had made us fear for our lives, and had taught us what a tornado was and what it could do. But it made the grass grow green again for a few days, the grass that would be so surely needed ere the summer was past, for it was getting toward Christmas, and the thermometer stood higher and higher every day.

My next home was no more than three miles south of our camp, but in the more open plains, and there I remained at easier work for some little time. The greenness resulting from the fierce rain lasted but a few days, and the summer-heat soon reduced everything save the stubborn box-trees to a universal brown. The paths and roads about us were almost axle-deep in dust, and the sand-hills were like dry quicksand, threatening to engulf the laboring teams. The air for the most part was calm and still, but when it blew, the clouds of dust and sand nearly choked man and beast; while here and there on the windless days fantastic whirlwinds that were vast and funnel-shaped stalked across the plain, revolving with terrific rapidity and loud hissing, which when seen against the sun first turned the blazing orb dun red, and then hid it for a moment and passed away into the distance. The air was hot and heavy, burning the throat and lungs and drying up the skin; the rays of the sun came back redoubled from the fiery ground, whose heat could be felt through the sole of a man's boot, and the earth was weary and panted, while the bitter and cloudless blue above was pitiless and implacable.

It seemed impossible that the heat could increase, and yet as Christmas drew near it grew hotter and hotter still; and though every day we declined, al-

most in terror, to believe that the thermometer could get any higher, still every day it was some degrees above what it had been upon the yesterday. On Christmas Day it was 115° in the shade, four days afterward 120° , and on the first of the new year it stood at 125° , and did not alter for three days. This was in the shade under a veranda, but what it was in the sun I did not have the courage to inquire or the capacity to calculate. The sky was fearfully blue, with a whitish haze near the horizon, and the wind blew now steadily from the tropics; a north wind that slowly passed over nearly two thousand miles of burning plains as it moved to the south, gathering warmth as it came, until it was like the blast of heat that comes from a tapped furnace when the molten metal runs in dazzling whiteness. The sheep and horses stood all day in the shade, with their drooping heads toward the tree-trunks; the fowls kept in shelter as well, and, like the quadrupeds, they too panted with open mouths and lolling tongues. The ground in the sun was as hot as fire, hardly to be touched with the hand, nor at midnight was there any perceptible alteration or remission, for even then metal was almost too hot to take hold of. Water left out in the sun for a few hours disappeared almost as if it had been boiling, and we were all in a state of perspiration that was weakening to an extreme degree. Birds even were found dead, struck by the sun in their flight, and there was a sombre melancholy about everything; it looked indeed as if all nature were ready to die, for hope seemed lost and strength exhausted.

After the slow passing of those three long days the thermometer went down with an exasperating deliberation, first to 120° , where it halted for a while, and then to 115° , at which point it remained until nearly the end of January, when it dropped quickly to 100° , which seemed pleasantly cool to us, and quite reasonable. It remained at that until the end of summer, by which time I had wandered north of the Murrumbidgee to the plains of the gray myall and dwarf box-tree. It is not my purpose to give a connected account here of my life in Australia, so I shall omit all my travels from the Murrumbidgee River to Forbes on

the Lachlan, thence to Burrawang, and further still to Mossgiel on the Willandra Billabong in the Back Blocks, and commence at my last journey to Melbourne, in which I suffered from extreme starvation.

On leaving Mossgiel, where I had worked for six months, I was obliged to walk, for I had sold my horse, which in Albany had cost me £4 7s. 6d., for £13. To Bulligal, on the Lachlan, our nearest town, was nearly seventy miles; thence to Hay, on the Murrumbidgee, across the One Tree Plain, about fifty; and thence again over the Old Man Plain to Deniliquin, where I could take the railroad, not less than ninety—in all, two hundred and ten miles, which, even if I made no halts, would take me ten days' travel. The prospect was not pleasant to me, as I had been so accustomed to riding, and, moreover, the roads were almost axle-deep in dust, while the skies rivalled those of the last burning Christmas which I had passed at Mahonga. It was a relief to find that there was a team going to Hay with a load of sheepskins, and I gladly accepted the driver's offer to take me with him on condition of my helping to harness the horses and to cook. I had no pleasure in "humping my swag," and I threw my blankets on his load.

That night we camped near a tank, and filled all our water-bags and bottles, for we were to drink no more fresh water for three days, being forced to trust to the wells, which were nauseous and brackish to a degree. Our camping-ground was on the open plain, and the mosquitoes were so watchful and numerous, on account of the near water, that I was at last obliged to roll myself completely up in my blankets, and there I lay, sweating and suffocating the whole night through.

When our fresh water was at an end we took a new supply from a well which had all the bad qualities of the most evil spring at Gloucester (in England) and foul bilge-water mixed. I was forced to hold my nose to drink it; but, bad as it tasted, the heat of the day was so tremendous that I was obliged to have recourse to it at exceedingly short intervals, although each time it seemed worse than it was before. For three whole days we had no other, and I was beginning

to think that life was not worth living at the price, when Johnstone, the driver, pointed out a little house, or shanty, about a mile in front of us, asking me if I saw it. I answered sulkily enough, but soon altered my tone when he told me that there was real fresh water to be had there, in a big water-hole, or cooliman hole, as we called it in Back Blocks. I walked toward it at a good five miles an hour pace; the last hundred yards I ran; and then I threw myself down in the mud, and, resting my elbows fairly in it, put my head down and drank like a horse. English people would call it muddy, and complain of its flavor, but it was nectar to me; the sweetest draught I ever swallowed. And I swallowed a good deal!

That was the last day of my suffering for water, but next day suffering of a kind was to come, which till that time I had never experienced. It was starvation, and I believe from my experience then that few people know what the word means better than I do.

At sundown we camped right in the middle of the Bulligal Creeks, a network of streams which were either quite dry or running feebly with a small thread of water at the bottom of their deep, wide beds. After crossing two of them, we unharnessed the horses, for there was some grass there of a distinct green, quite unmistakable for old hay or chips, and the driver wanted to give his horses the benefit of the fresh feed. After eating supper, I called Johnstone's attention to the fact that there was no more "tucker," or food. That was all right, he said; to-morrow we should be in Bulligal. But he reckoned without his host, and we did *not* see Bulligal on the morrow.

The spot we had chosen for our camping-ground was pleasant enough, having sufficient of freshness and greenery about it after our sixty miles of shadowless, sandy journeying to make it welcome, to my eyes at least. The trees were no longer dwarf boxes, but gums of a more reasonable stature, and standing closely together they were not so dusty and full of grime as their sparse and thin congeners of the outer plains. Here, too, was a little water, and a few birds chattered and screamed among the branches. It did not occur to either of us that they

were feathered barometers and foresaw a change in the weather, nor when I rolled myself in my blankets and stared at the stars, as I smoked my last good-night pipe, did I think that their sharper and more brilliant appearance betokened rain in the near future. Both of us, indeed, lay down in the open, disdaining the cover of the wagon, and expecting anything rather than a wet night. We easily got to sleep, for the mosquitoes were fortunately few, the surface of water for their hatching being so small. My companion put his head under his blanket, but I kept mine outside, and was consequently roused first, when just about midnight something wet fell on my face. I started, thinking that perhaps one of our horses was standing over me, and had dropped some foam as he chewed greener grass than he had lately been accustomed to; but when I raised myself upon my elbow, I saw that it was darker than it should be, that there was a lively wind blowing, and that the sky was covered with a dense mass of clouds. Before I could move, the deluge commenced, and ere I could bundle my blankets together I was wet through. Johnstone did not need calling, and in a few seconds we were crouching under the bed of the wagon, cursing and grumbling in a duet. We spread our blankets again and tried to get to sleep.

The rain seemed as if it was in a hurry, for none had fallen for four months, and as if it was trying to make up for lost time. In half an hour we heard the rush of water in the creeks above the ceaseless roar of the rain, and then, although we seemed to be in a fairly high position, the water began to encroach upon us on all sides, the splashes moistened us all over, and by the morning we were lying in a pool of mud, which stuck upon our blankets in cakes. At daylight I rose, and putting one of mine round me I went out to inspect the creeks, for I began to think we were in a "tight place," as they say in America. I was right enough, for, behind and before us, they were running full to the very banks, covered with drift wood and foam, roaring as they rushed to the Lachlan. The smallest was twenty feet wide, and from what we had seen of them when they were empty, I knew

that they must at least be twelve feet deep. The rain did not cease, indeed it scarcely lessened in intensity, and the prospect before us was not encouraging, for neither horse nor man could ford such streams.

It was time for breakfast, and there was none to be had. It rained and it was noon, but the dinner was as unsubstantial as the breakfast, and there was no hope of supper. I had never at that time been really hungry. It is true that on my journey from Forbes to Mossiel I had lived for three days on jam and pancakes, which began to pall on me after a few meals; but that was not true hunger, although I and my chum gorged ourselves ravenously on some salted mutton when we obtained meat at last. But now I began to starve, and before I saw Bulligal, I could have passed an examination on the symptoms and progress of that peculiarly distressing complaint.

A little after noon it almost ceased to rain, but the creeks showed no sign of lessening, in spite of the enormous volume of water they carried at the rate of three or four miles an hour. Still we knew that they would soon go down, if the rain did not continue, and we hoped that it would not. But the sky was still threatening, and it came on to rain in the evening as hard as ever. By this time we had been without food twenty-four hours, and I began to feel so very hollow and ill at ease, that I contemplated swimming the creeks. On inspecting them carefully, however, I came to the conclusion I was much safer where I was, and I went to my wet and muddy blankets to sleep instead of eating.

In the morning the rain ceased for a while, the sun came out, and then it again commenced pouring. The trees about us looked beautiful and fresh, the grass began to spring, and by the time I had done without another three meals, there was a pleasantly perceptible tint of verdure on spots which had been bare for three months. This second day of fasting was extremely painful, for I had terrible gnawing pains in the stomach which came and went, returning with fresh force, which at times bent me nearly double. For six months at least I had been accustomed to plentiful and regular meals, and now I paid an extra penalty for my former comfort. I have

starved since then, but not quite so systematically, and it is a fact that those who eat at uncertain intervals do not suffer from prolonged fasting (up to a certain point, that is) as much as those who live with clockwork regularity.

By evening I was much worse than Johnstone, who, being an older and stronger man than myself, was more enduring than I, whose age was then not quite twenty-one. I went continually to the creek and filled myself with water, which by distending the stomach eased the pain; but the relief was only temporary. Then I turned to tobacco and chewed that, and certainly it was of great assistance to me. I now began to think of the stories I had read of cast-away seamen, and of what they had eaten, and I found out the falsehood of much that I had been told in other days. People say that a hungry man will eat anything eatable, however horrible it may be. I know that he will not always do so, for I actually grew dainty and fastidious. I went several times to the box in which we had kept the eatables, and on turning out everything I found a little piece of bread, less than two inches square. I had made a great discovery, I thought, but could scarcely make up my mind to share it with my companion. I went through a severe struggle before I came to the conclusion that I ought at least to go halves. But, alas! it was not only mouldy but sour, and when I put my teeth into it, it nearly made me ill. Then I offered the whole piece to Johnstone, but he could not eat it either. So I put it back into the box, visiting it several times in the course of the day, thinking that I was perhaps hungry enough to swallow it at last. But all my attempts to get it down failed, for the smell revolted me, and I absolutely loathed it.

That night, the second without food, was a dreadful one. I kept on dreaming of gorgeous banquets, and of simpler repasts, and in my voracious dreams I had a stomach capacity which would have satisfied a Roman Emperor. For however much I ate, I was still hungry, and hungrier yet. Many times I woke, and groaning savagely, I tightened my belt in more and more, and fell asleep to commence my calenture of Lucullus anew, and with no more satisfaction.

At Mossiel I had for two months been butcher for the whole station, and in my dreams I renewed my old occupation. I seemed to catch a sheep. I killed and skinned it eagerly, and then cooking it slightly, I swallowed it half-raw in huge gobbets, such as the Cyclops might have savored. But it was all vanity and emptiness, and I woke again and again unsatisfied and disappointed.

In the morning the pain had passed away, and though I felt ill and very weak, I suffered no extreme anguish. The rain had finally ceased in the night, and the sun shone out as hotly as though there had never been a cloud in the sky. Yet the creeks were much too full to attempt to cross, and though this was the third day of our fasting it had to be endured, for now I had not the strength to swim. Johnstone and I rarely spoke to each other, and sat apart doing nothing, save when we went to the creek and drank. I fancy his sufferings were scarcely comparable with my own, but he bore them with at least equal doggedness, and made no complaint. During this third day I got at times rather light-headed, perhaps partly from my constantly chewing tobacco, which at last threw me into a sort of dull coma, for the nicotine had a much stronger effect than was usual, although it did not make me feel in the least ill. I had not smoked since the second morning, and had no desire for the pipe.

I was in such a state of dreaminess, with so little volition, that the outside world seemed to have a very feeble existence for me. Had nothing happened to rouse me from this comparatively pleasurable state of weakness, I could have been almost content to die. But I certainly was not to die in peace. The sun, which had been fierce and strong all this third day, had hatched millions of mosquitoes, who rose in the evening in swarms, and hung under the trees in black clouds, each composed of tens of thousands. As long as it was still light they did not trouble us much, and their irritating *ping ping* came but seldom, considering their numbers. But as the sun went down, and darkness fell on the earth, they seemed to suddenly smell us out, and came in legions and myriad battalions thirsting for our blood. They hung around us in swarms; they got

into my ears, my eyes, and down my neck; they flew up my sleeves, and almost bit me into madness. Our horses stood and stamped and switched themselves with their tails, snorting to blow them out of their nostrils, and rushed through the bush, at last making a charge for the creek, which they swam over, running far out into the plain. As for me, weak as I was, I hunted for damp wood to build smoky fires to drive them away. But still we could not keep them off. It was as if they had sworn to leave no blood in us, and I was in no state to lose much. At last, in desperation, we got our blankets, and lying down to leeward of the fires, we rolled ourselves up tighter and tighter until we were nearly suffocated, for the night was terribly hot, and we were artificially warmed as well. But it was in vain to attempt to get free of them, for they crawled in at every hole and corner of the blankets, and we fought with them all night until early morning. The torment almost made me forget that I was hungry, and the irritation roused me to unnatural exertions. But at dawn wearied and exhausted nature could stand it no longer, and I fell into a dead sleep. In a few minutes, doubtless, I was disencumbered of the blankets, and they had their will of me. As I did not at that time wear long boots, they crawled up my legs, and bit me in hundreds of places right to the knees. They got inside my shirt and bit me all over. Where the sun of three fierce summers had burned me to a deep mahogany color the bites did not swell and itch, but where the skin was of its natural whiteness I was smarting with countless intolerable lumps. Next day the irritation was so extreme that I scratched myself until the blood ran down to my ankles. It can be imagined what a pleasant one that fourth day of hunger and pain was.

About noon Johnstone, who had been sounding the creeks, announced that they would soon be shallow enough for the wagon to get across. This was joyful news, and shortly after he waded through and drove up the horses. I and he languidly harnessed them and started. We had not gone ten yards before the king bolt of the wagon broke! It was too disappointing, we did not

know sufficient bad language to say anything strong enough for the occasion, and were silent. This accident necessitated our unloading the wagon, and though it was easy enough throwing off the bales, when we came to lifting the bed to get the bolt out it was almost too much for us. I was tempted to refuse to try it, but if I did, I should certainly have to walk into Bulligal in my then state of hunger and weakness. Besides, it would be mean to refuse aid to my companion in misfortune, although I was pitifully feeble with the fasting, heat, and profuse perspiration. When we were at last able to reach the bolt, Johnstone put the two pieces into a sack, and mounting a horse, rode off to town to get a new one made, and to procure food.

But I had many hours to wait yet, though he went away a little after noon. When he was out of sight I used my remaining strength to gather a pile of wood, and having lighted a fire to be ready for cooking, I lay down and fell into a broken and uneasy slumber, in which my dreams ran still on eating, and again on eating. Fortunately a breeze sprang up at sundown and drove the mosquitoes away, for if they had been as vicious and countless as on the previous night I believe it would have proved the last straw, and I should have taken leave of my senses. Even as it was, I was on the borders of feverish delirium, and in my dreams passed beyond them. Yet although it was more than four days since I had put anything inside my lips save water and tobacco, I did not feel as intensely hungry as might be imagined. I knew well that my sensations of lightness, hollowness and intense weakness were caused by famine, yet the feeling of acute and eager hunger seemed to have passed away. For I was in the chronic stage, as it were. Doubtless if I had been deprived of food for much longer these might have returned in full or redoubled force, but so far I was relieved physically. I have never in all my wanderings come across a man who has absolutely fasted for so long a period as myself, unless perhaps it was the "Man-Eater" about whom I have spoken in another place, but some I have known who were three days with nothing to eat, and our experiences were similar on this point.

As I have said, I slept, and at times I slept soundly, for although I spent some hours of that fearfully long evening in listening for the returning steps of my comrade's horse, and in cursing his delay, when he did actually return he rode to the fire where I was lying, and called me by name before I heard him. He threw me down the bag, which contained, in addition to the new king bolt, some raw beef and bread. I well remembered even then that it was inadvisable to eat in large quantities, but I was so wholly unable to restrain myself that I threw a steak on the hot wood coals, and rending a loaf with my hands, I crammed the bread into my mouth, and then devoured the steak half raw. If what I have read of the evil effects of sudden gorging in famine were always true, I ought to have paid some penalty for my folly, but as it happened, I took no harm from a fairly Gargantuan repast. For I ate like an Esquimaux or a Yakut Indian, and rolling myself in my blankets I fell into deep and undisturbed

sleep. I had been without food for a hundred and six hours.

In the morning we loaded the bales on the mended wagon, and as Johnstone declined to move that day, for it was Sunday, and the Bulligal Bridge was Puritanically closed to wheel-traffic, I shook hands with him, and we parted. I walked into town, and that evening camped alone nine miles south of that place on the One Tree Plain. That was an eighteen-mile walk, and I think it was no mean feat for a mere boy to accomplish after the privations which I had endured. My next stage was twenty miles, and by noon on the day following I entered Hay, a ragged, brown and weary traveller. I was tired of walking, and taking the coach across the Old Man Plain I reached Deniliquin by the next morning, and was in Melbourne early in the afternoon.

Ten days afterward I was homeward bound as an A.B. on board a Blackwall liner.—*Murray's Magazine.*

THE INVITATION TO CELEBRATE THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

BY GOLDWIN SMITH.

"LET us never glorify revolution. Statesmanship is the art of avoiding it and of making progress at once continuous and calm. Revolutions not only are full of all that a good citizen and a good Christian hates while they last, but leave a long train of bitterness behind. The energy and exaltation of character which they call forth are paid for in the lassitude, the depression, the political infidelity which ensue. . . . Let us pray that all our contests may be carried on as the contests of fellow-citizens, and beneath the unassailed majesty of law." In these words, twenty-five years ago, a lecture on a revolutionary hero was opened by one who then bore, and, it seems, still bears the name of "Radical." He deserves that name if it attaches to those who believe that a new political era has come, that the days of hereditary government, whether monarchical or aristocratic, are numbered, that what remains of it can be used only for the purpose of smoothing a transi-

tion, and that the task of statesmanship now is to make election, or whatever system is to succeed, the expression not of the will of the people, or of anybody's will, but of public reason. He deserves the name if it is earned by holding that, authority in matters of religious opinion having ceased, a civil government can no longer undertake to establish a religion, and only multiplies its own difficulties and perils by the attempt. But he is as much opposed as any Conservative to revolution, and perhaps more opposed than many Conservatives to things which lead to revolution, such as "leaps in the dark," and desperate dealings with the suffrage for the purpose of "dishing the Whigs," as well as to demagogism, which, however, he deems fully as noxious in its Tory Democratic as in its ordinary form.

The English Revolution, in reference to which the reflection just quoted was made, is perhaps of all revolutions the one which it would be most rational to

glorify. The actors in it were, on the whole, the noblest group that ever appeared on the political scene. Its object was not merely political liberty, of which those men measured a great deal better than modern revolutionists the true value, but the freedom of the nation's soul, which was threatened by Charles and Laud. The civil war which ensued was conducted in the main with remarkable humanity. The fruit of the struggle, after the final settlement in 1688, was a set of institutions, political and judicial, which has been accepted by the whole civilized world, since the general type, with the single head of the State and the two chambers, remains even in the constitutions of America, France, and Switzerland, where the hereditary element has been discarded. Yet, noble and fascinating as that page of history is, our sober judgment must wish that it could have been torn from the book of fate, that Prince Henry could have lived and fulfilled the promise of his boyhood, by heading the nation instead of provoking it to resistance as his brother did, and that England could have proceeded in the line of peaceful progress indicated by such a character as that of Falkland. After the grandeurs and the overstrained aspirations of the revolutionary era came, by a natural revulsion, the scepticism, the scoundrelism, and the sensuality of the Restoration; then another deadly struggle, the Popish Plot, the judicial murders of Russell and Sydney, the renewal of Civil War, the Bloody Assizes; and, for half a century after 1688, the evils of a disputed succession, faction twice breaking out into dynastic war, and at other times being combated by corruption. Our reason cries with Falkland "Peace, peace," though it was beyond the power of Falkland to secure peace with religious and civil freedom.

The revolt of the Netherlands was not a revolution: it was merely a rising against an alien yoke. The revolt of the British Colonies in America was a revolution, and as such it was paid for in consequences about which nothing is said on the Fourth of July. Of those consequences the destruction of life and property by civil war, the proscription of the vanquished party, and the hostile severance of Canada from the United

States were not the worst. The worst were the rupture with the past, the revolutionary bias imparted to a community which needed the opposite influence, and the consecration of rebellion. On American principles Secession was perfectly justifiable, though the success of Slavery would have been the defeat of humanity. The British Colonies in Australia are, according to all accounts, on as high a level as the British Colonies in America, and they have reached it without revolution.

But of all the calamities that ever befel the human race that French Revolution, which the world is now invited to glorify, was the greatest. I mean, of course, not the European movement, but the catastrophe in France. Let those to whom this opinion seems startling once more review the progress which, without revolution, enlightenment and reform had made in Europe before 1789, and which is associated in different ways with the names of Frederick of Prussia, Joseph of Austria, Leopold of Tuscany, Catherine of Russia, Turgot, Aranda, Tannucci, Pitt. This was not the work of Voltaire, who did little more in a serious way than popularize Locke and Newton. It was the work of a whole generation of statesmen, jurists, philanthropists, and reformers of every kind, including Howard, as well as Adam Smith, as well as Turgot and Pitt. The advance of physical science played a great though quiet part in the general change. The great service rendered by Voltaire and his fellow wits was that of making reform, toleration, and beneficence fashionable in high places and among kings.* There had been commercial wars and wars of territorial ambition; but these were over, and Pitt was looking forward with confidence to a long peace, a reduction of armaments, and an abolition of customs duties. Suppose the improvement had come not through universal suffrage

* The limited influence of the philosophers, who have been treated as the chief authors of the French Revolution, is well shown in an unfinished manuscript history of the French Revolution by Mrs. Davies, the writer of *The History of Holland*, which I have been allowed to read, and which, though in some degree superseded by recent research, seemed to me to have so much merit that I sought a publisher for it, though in vain.

but in some other way. What the mass of us want is not to vote, which when we have it is apt to be confiscated by the caucus and the boss, but strong, stable, enlightened and responsible government, such as will secure to us, besides our lives and the earnings of our industry, freedom of self-development, and at the same time give fair play to science, inquiry, and all the agencies, intellectual or material, by which our lot may be improved. A vote in the eye of reason is valuable only as the means to this end, which it will attain in proportion to the worth and the intelligence of the voter. Universal suffrage without intelligence has twice given France a military despot, and is not unlikely to do it a third time. But there are politicians who, like Marat, believe in the divine people, the people in their vocabulary being the masses purified by some sort of ostracism, if not by the guillotine, of the sinister influence of education. They lecture us scientifically about the historical method, relativity and evolution, and then they demand, in the name of absolute right, a share of supreme power, not only over the United Kingdom but over the whole of the British Empire, for an Irish peasant in a state of rebellion. It is true, the Irish peasant is going to satisfy the requirements of the historic method by voting on the side of its professors.

The European movement came suddenly to a head in a nation which was profoundly corrupt in every respect, and was of all the nations the least qualified by its natural character to solve great political questions, while its circumstances at the time were as adverse as possible to a calm and wise solution, public bankruptcy having been aggravated by dearth of bread. The chapter of accidents was most untoward, and it would have been strange if the result had been otherwise than disastrous. The efforts of the National Assembly to deal with the situation, and to found a constitution, command our sympathy, and a large measure of our respect. Burke, in his calamitous pamphlet, is furiously unjust to them. The materials of which the Assembly was composed were about the best available. To complain that the *Tiers Etat* had not elected landowners is preposterous ;

the landowners belonged not to the *Tiers Etat*, but to the *noblesse* ; and to speak with contempt of the learned professions or of commercial pursuits, as qualifications for public life, is, on the part of Edmund Burke, something like an act of ingratitude. It is equally absurd to pretend that these men had an ancient Constitution ready to their hands, which they might have restored to efficiency by practical reforms, and which they chose gratuitously to abandon in order that they might indulge in an insane passion for abstract principles and novel creations, since nothing of the kind existed in France. If they were too much given to declarations of the rights of man, the same might have been said of the authors of a revolution which Burke himself had abetted, and about which, in his declarations against the French, he preserves a politic silence. A Liberal noble like the excellent and sensible Duc de la Rochefoucauld Liancourt was a much better judge of the situation in France than Burke. There was in the Assembly, particularly among the Liberal nobles, a good deal of genuine patriotism, though marred unhappily by that vanity, always scrambling for the tribune, which was the besetting sin of most of the actors in these events, and a principal cause of the miscarriage. Its efforts excited the highest hopes not only in vulgar and fanatical Radicals, but in some of the choicest spirits of the age. But the Assembly was in numbers a mob ; it was totally devoid of Parliamentary experience ; it was torn by political sects and factions ; it was obstructed and embarrassed by the desperate machinations of reactionary privilege ; and its vision was undoubtedly troubled in a high degree by dominant fallacies and chimeras. It was liable, like all huge assemblies, to violent impulses in which all bearings were lost. Still, if it had been left to itself, or had only had to deal with the King, it might have struggled through and founded a Constitution of some sort, probably on the British model, under which, the Radical tendency of the nation being still monarchical, a large share of power would probably have reverted to the King. Against Royalty there seems to have been at the outset no feeling whatever ; the people looked to the throne

for the redress of their grievances, and the language even of Robespierre and Marat at first was loyal. The King was as feeble as he could be, but his very weakness, being combined with great good nature, would have saved him at least from the folly of acts of violence. The Queen it was, who, having more force, or at least more violence of character, and being under the influence of the Polignacs, did the fatal mischief. Marie Antoinette was most unfortunate in her circumstances, and in the influences to which she was exposed; and it was to be regretted that the swords which Burke said would have sprung from their scabbards to avenge a look which threatened her with insult did not spring from their scabbards when she was brought by Louis XVI. into the company of the Du Barri. Her guilt was washed away by her tears, and she has been almost absolved by our abhorrence of the dastardly savages who murdered her, and tortured her boy to death. But the harm which she did was infinite. She discredited Royalty by her reckless levities, though it is not likely that they deserved any harsher name. She intrigued against Turgot, and procured the dismissal of the one man who might have saved his monarchy, because his reforms interfered with her extravagances and those of her favorites. She appears to have supported the rancorous ambition of Vergennes in plunging France into the unprovoked war which rendered the state of her finances irretrievable. She had a hand in the dismissal of Necker. She labored to estrange the King from Lafayette and the Moderates, in a cordial alliance with whom lay his hope of salvation, but who were the objects of her petulant dislike. Worst of all, she, with her clique, prevailed upon the King behind the back of his responsible advisers to bring up the army for the purpose of overawing, perhaps of crushing, the Assembly. The army, infected with revolutionary sentiment and miserably ill-handled, broke. But in the meantime the Assembly had been compelled to place itself under the protection of the armed force of Paris. The armed force of a city is sure to fall into the hands of the most vagabond and the worst part of the population, the more

settled and respectable part being occupied with its own business; and thus by the natural course of events the leaders of the vilest and most savage mob in the world got hold of the centre of government in an intensely centralized nation, the people of which had been reduced, by the long suppression of liberty, and the prevalence of the most slavish sentiment, to the submissiveness of political sheep. By sure gradations the downward path was traversed, till it ended in the tyranny of the Jacobins and the Reign of Terror.

The Reign of Terror was followed in due course by a domination of scoundrelism, under the name of the Directory. The country by this time was sick of the Revolution to its very soul, as after such years of Bedlam frenzy, hideous butchery, confusion, and famine, it well might be; and there would probably have been a restoration had it not been for the interposition of military force directed by the ambition of Buonaparte. Military despotism ensued, with a man for despot, who, though gifted not only with transcendent genius for war, but with remarkable powers of administrative organization, was in character a Corsican brigand, and used France as the recruiting ground and arsenal for his buccaneering raids on Europe. Then followed a Restoration brought about by foreign arms, and in spirit unconstitutional. Then came another revolution; then a period of constitutional monarchy, though unquiet and full of plots; then another revolution followed, after an interlude of confusion and another deluge of civil blood, by military usurpation for the second time. To strengthen his unstable throne the second despot rushed into a disastrous war. The consequence was a fourth revolution, with the murderous rising of the Commune. To Europe the results were the Napoleonic wars, the political reaction, and the sabre sway which they everywhere brought in their train; then a series of violent revolutions, filling society with havoc, and intensifying every evil passion; and now the military system side by side with the Socialistic volcano.

The political fruits of a century's agony in France, what are they? They are a Chamber scarcely more fitted, and indeed in respect of genuine patriotism

probably less fitted, for its work than was the National Assembly, half a dozen ministries in a year but no government, *mon gendre* and Boulanger. With Boulanger one has some sympathy, if his aim is to put an end to the reign of a cat's chorus of factions and to found a government. Have the social and economical aspirations of the Faubourg St. Antoine been satisfied by the Dictatorship of Robespierre and all that has followed? The Faubourg St. Antoine answers that question by the days of June and the rising of the Commune. It answers by a whole literature of proletarian hatred of the bourgeoisie and the rich far exceeding in bitterness as well as in volume any expression of class hatred before the Revolution.

Make all the allowances that you will for the disadvantages under which the French Revolutionists were placed, for their ignorance, their inexperience, their long desuetude of liberty, the profound corruption of their Government. The greater their disadvantages were, the less likely were they to succeed in guiding Europe through a great political transition, and the more irrational is it to fix attention on their catastrophe as though it were the glorious dawn of a new era for mankind. Lord Salisbury's refusal to take an official part in the celebration of this catastrophe will of course be imputed to his prejudices as a Tory and an aristocrat. But those who have no such prejudices, unless they are worshippers of political and social havoc, may surely decline, as well as Lord Salisbury, to sing pæans in honor of the inletting of a frightful cataclysm or of the detachment of a desolating avalanche from the mountain-side.

That the Monarchy and the social system in France were thoroughly rotten nobody doubts; and Burke, when he conceals the abuses and tries to divert attention from the general state of the country and the people to the display of wealth in the cities, and the magnitude of the public works, is guilty of a flagrant imposition on his readers. Hereditary kingship can be kept in health only by the necessity of exerting itself to hold its own, such as that to which it was subjected in the Middle Ages, when a Louis XV. or a George IV. would have been overturned like Edward II. Se-

curity brings torpor and the seraglio. Much the same may be said about hereditary aristocracy. In France privilege had been completely divorced from duty by the much-lauded policy of Richelieu, followed up by that of Louis XIV., who drew the nobles away from their country seats to Versailles; and sybaritism combined with tyranny and insolence was the result. The Church had been smothered in wealth, and had been protected by persecuting laws against rivalry, criticism, and inquiry. Its wealth was so unfairly distributed that while the bishops and abbots were gorged, the parish priest was starved. The moral nerve of the governing classes had at the same time been shaken, both by religious scepticism and by the dabbling of their idle *salons* with political chimeras. What followed cannot surprise us. The French Monarchy rather fell than was overthrown. Immense, of course, was the crash when the whole of this vast edifice came at once thundering to the ground. But a crash, however vast and resounding, is neither beneficent nor sublime. The downfall of the Agricultural Hall or Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle would be far more deafening and would raise an incomparably greater cloud of dust than the fall of an out-house, but it would be no more an object of moral awe, nor would it produce in itself any more positive fruits. A larger area would be cleared, but with what ultimate result we should only know when the new building had been raised. No sane being worships destruction.

Of all the passages in history, the Terror, while it is about the most horrible, is also about the meanest. A lower set of actors never appeared on any scene. No creature so contemptible as Robespierre has ever before or since set his feet on the neck of a nation. The outward man, as authentically described by his fellow-criminal, Sargent, betrayed the reptile. Marat, Hébert, Barrère, Fouquier Tinville, Billaud-Varenne, Couthon, Collot d'Herbois, Carrier, and the rest were worthy of their chief. St. Just was the commonest and coarsest of fanatics; nor did he or any of his gang make any real effort to carry into effect the theories of Rousseau, who, to do him justice, would have loathed them

all. The whole crew are described by a sensible American republican, who saw them with his own eyes, as the dregs of humanity. Most of them were as cowardly as they were bloodthirsty. When one of them was afterward asked why they had murdered each other, his answer was: "*Parce nous étions des lâches.*" Danton was sent to death by the unanimous vote of an Assembly which swarmed with his friends, but in which no man dared to raise a voice in his favor. Danton himself, for want of a better, is exalted into a hero; but on him rests the guilt of the most dastardly as well as about the most hideous of all the atrocities, the September massacres; and with all his bluster he was vanquished by Robespierre. The "mass," no doubt, was unusually "terrible and explosive," but the "grains" were unusually "smutty."

It may be said, not only of the reign of the Jacobins, but of the French Revolution generally, that, in comparison with the English Revolution, it shows a dearth of great men. Nothing marks this more clearly than the immense pre-eminence of Mirabeau, which is brought home to us more distinctly than ever after reading the very valuable and interesting first volume of Mr. Morse Stephens. If Mirabeau was a giant, the rest must have been dwarfs. He had the eloquence which sways a huge assembly, particularly in France, and of which a thundering voice is a prime condition; his powers of intellectual production no doubt were great, and he added to them a unique gift of plagiarism. He had, too, the indispensable quality of courage. But his vanity was so excessive that it could scarcely fail to mislead his judgment, and his moral nature was thoroughly low. His youth had been not only dissolute but disreputable. No man would trust him. He writes to Lafayette, offering his alliance in flattering and almost fulsome terms. He writes, at the same time, to the Queen, expressing the utmost detestation and contempt of Lafayette. Hence it was that at the height of his glory he strove strenuously, but in vain, to get himself elected to a municipal office in Paris. It is difficult to see how he could ever have formed a sufficient body of adherents. The essential

condition of success in founding the Constitution was harmony between the King, in whom and in whom alone national authority resided, and the reforming Assembly. This, Mirabeau had to break in making his own fortune as a demagogue; and when he went over to the Court, receiving a pension and two promissory notes for large sums to be paid on the performance of his promises, it was probably too late for his promises to be performed. His statesmanship can hardly be said to have been tried. His plan, apparently, was civil war. Not that he is to be summarily condemned on that account. Civil war, though ten times more hateful than foreign war, is, like foreign war, sometimes inevitable. The vote is a convenient mode of deciding disputed questions without battle. But rather than that the baseness and cowardice of a nation should prevail over its manhood and patriotism, to the ruin of the country, battle, in the last resort, there ought to be.

"It is worth noticing again and again," says an English apologist for Jacobinism, "that in spite of the shriekings of reaction, the few atrocities of the Terror are an almost invisible speck compared with the atrocities of Christian Churchmen and lawful kings, perpetrated in accordance with their notion of what constituted public safety." Is it not about time that instead of palliating atrocities of any kind we should unite in hearty condemnation of them all? A man's scale of butchery must be pretty liberal if, taking into account not only the butcheries in Paris, but the Noyades, the Fusillades, and all the murdering throughout France, he sets down the atrocities of the Jacobins as few. But it is not only by the number of these crimes, but by their character, their cannibal ferocity, and their sanguinary monkeyism, by the filthy lust of blood, the foul slang and the hideous antics, that common decency as well as humanity is revolted. There is hardly anything like them, except in the annals of the same people. The massacring, the mutilating of corpses, and the carrying of heads on pikes had begun before there was any fear of foreign invasion, nor do Jacobin apologists pretend that there was any special danger to excuse

the infamous law of Praerial, which carried the murder-roll of the Revolutionary Tribunal to the highest point. Had Europe, instead of marching on these wretches in the name of monarchy, marched on them in the name of humanity, Europe would have done right. The plea always is that the Jacobins saved France and the Revolution. "The Revolution" was the domination of the Jacobins; and France was not saved, since the Bourbons were restored by foreign arms after all. It might have been supposed that the world would derive from these horrors at least the benefit of a wholesome revulsion. But crime on a large scale has a fascination for weak and corrupt minds. Jacobinism—that is, the political lust for arbitrary domination, violence, confiscation, and murder—is now as established a disease as smallpox. The infection is beginning to cross the Channel, and English men of letters show a disposition to palliate what Camille Desmoulins had the grace to condemn, speak of the savour of burning châteaux as sweet, and have playful names for the guillotine. It would be unjust, as has been already said, to Rousseau to mingle his name with the crimes of the Terrorists merely because they borrowed their cant from his writings, and Carlyle does him wrong in saying that he sent people to the guillotine. Whatever may have been his errors, his writings breathe philanthropy and mercy. It is needless to say what Voltaire would have thought of the Jacobins.

When Rousseau drops his children at the gate of the Foundling Hospital, and when Diderot behaves infamously to a devoted wife, and prints obscenities which would disgrace a baboon, Jacobin apologists toss the scandal lightly aside with a mechanical *tu quoque* against Christian morality and marriage, as though the Apostles of Christianity had preached immorality and obscenity or sanctioned them by their example. But the sensuality of the French was closely connected with their cruelty, and the twin vices find their joint expression in the revolutionary gospel as preached by the Père Duchesne. Had the affections of these men been pure and strong, had they, like Hampden and Cromwell, been good husbands and fathers of fam-

ilies, they could not have rioted in innocent blood.

The French Revolution boasts its human and universal character. Michelet contrasts it with the narrow and egotistical revolution of England. But the result seems to show that if you mind your own affairs you have some chance of doing good to those of the world in general; while if you mind the affairs of the world in general you have some risk of making a mess of your own. The French Revolution produced no new political institution except the Tribunal, which came to nothing. The English Revolution produced a constitution which has gone round the civilized world. The essential features of that constitution remained the same even in France through the long series of revolutions; for the Empire had its executive head with two Chambers, and the Directory was only the executive headship in commission. It is true that a number of neighboring communities, including the native land of Rousseau, did receive the embrace of French fraternity. They found it the embrace of Cain. When the reaction caused by the crimes, tyranny, and rapacity of the French Republic, and of the military despotism which sprang from it had spent itself, the European movement resumed its course. It is absurd to ascribe this to the influence which had produced the reaction. Nothing can reasonably be ascribed to that influence but disturbance, embitterment, and incendiarism, which Europe might otherwise have been spared. Nor can anything be more paradoxical than the notion that France rendered humanity service by plundering and oppressing other nations. It is constantly assumed by French writers that their armies in return for the spoils which they carried off, left behind them some invaluable ideas and influences. What the ideas and influences were, or how they could be commended and propagated by havoc, rapine and insult, we are not clearly informed.

Jacobinism gets the credit of the military successes of the Republic, but undeservedly, if we except the work of Carnot, who was in truth a War Minister far more than a politician. The successes were gained not by political en-

thusiasm, such as glowed in the breast of Henriot, Rossignol, and Bon St. André by "flinging down the head of a king as a gage of battle," by murdering Custine, or by declaring the British the enemies of the human race and ordaining that no quarter should be given them. They were gained by means of the forces produced by a vast conscription of the most compulsory kind, united to the whole regular army of the Monarchy. France was mobilized by misery and by the wreck of industrial and commercial life. She had for the moment over the countries which she invaded a measure of the same advantage which a nomad tribe, precipitating itself bodily on its neighbors, had over the settled nations in the era of primeval war. The ready submission to command and discipline which made the soldier came not from the Republic and its Carmagnoles, but from the Monarchy. Most of the officers, it is true, being nobles, had fled, but as aristocratic idlers they had probably been in the habit of leaving much of the work to sergeants, like Hoche, who would thus be fitted to take their places. Swarms of the conscripts perished through every sort of maladministration as well as by the sword; but other swarms succeeded and overran neighboring territories, which did not oppose a national resistance, and for the most part were weakly defended by alien troops under indifferent commanders. The army afterward passed into the hands of a consummate general, who had not a particle of Republican enthusiasm about him, and who went on conquering in the interest of his own ambition till he aroused the nations to resistance.

The one great achievement of the Revolution, in the way of construction, is the peasant proprietary of France. We know now that even in this case the novelty was not so new; the peasants had before been to a large extent customary owners, though subject to obsolete and oppressive dues and services which it is the merit of the Revolution to have abolished. But this achievement is local, and its glory is not immeasurable. The life of the French peasant is somewhat troglodytic, and nothing can be more unprogressive than the rural civilization of France. Paris

rises in revolt against the political yoke of the "rurals." It is surely an open question whether a reform of the manorial system, such as the Duc de la Rochefoucauld Liancourt effected on his estates, had the other landlords been endued with the grace to undertake it, might not have produced something fully as happy and more progressive. The Duke's neighbors, at all events, thought so, since on his return from exile they voluntarily gave him back his confiscated estates.

It is a curious demand of French self-esteem that all the world should hasten to celebrate, with boundless bonfires of admiration and gratitude, the hundredth anniversary of an immense French failure. Yet such is the festival to which, in truth, the nations are bidden by a Government which will probably itself have been changed half a dozen times over before the festal day arrives.

England, however, while she has no reason for helping to glorify the French catastrophe, has a reason for studying it. She is not yet in a revolutionary state, but she is in a state which, if events take an untoward turn, may become revolutionary. There are happily wide differences between the two cases. There is nothing in England like the administrative corruption, or the financial bankruptcy of France. There is nothing like the odious privilege of the French aristocracy, the plethoric wealth and tyrannical intolerance of the French Church, or the abuses of French justice. There is nothing like the depravity of the French Court, and of French society. English society, we may hope, in the main is sound. Yet there are some features of resemblance in its situations. In the case of France there was a concurrence of movements, philosophical, political, social, and agrarian, no one of which would have been fatal by itself, but which in their combination proved overwhelming. There is a somewhat similar combination in England of at least three movements—the political, the agrarian, and the philosophical; if by the term philosophical we may designate the distinctive action of scepticism on the fundamental religious and moral beliefs of the people. We may reckon as a fourth element of revolution the Disunionist agitation, which is now no longer

confined to Ireland, but has been propagated in Scotland and Wales to avenge upon England Mr. Gladstone's ejection from power; for it seems that while there are limits to what may be done by an unprincipled man of the world, who is under no illusion about himself, there are no limits to what may be done by a political Messiah. It happens at the same time that a fall in the value of agricultural products is threatening to ruin the landed gentry, and thus not only to subvert the organization of rural society, but also partly to withdraw the existing basis of political institutions.

France, a monarchy in despair, had, by calling the States-General, thrown the reigns on the neck of the nation when it had better, if possible, have held them with a firm hand, and itself undertaken practical reform. In England, through the rivalry of two party leaders, there has been an immense extension of the franchise without any reorganization of the Conservative parts of the Constitution to enable them to bear the increased strain; people being all the time deluded by surviving forms, and fancying that they had a Monarchical Executive and a Conservative Upper House of Parliament, when both had virtually ceased to exist. Supreme power has thus been handed over to great masses of ignorance, gullibility, and discontent, including an Irish peasantry in a state of moral rebellion. By the system of Mandates, which has turned the representative, in spite of Burke's solemn protest, into a mere delegate, and by the habit into which Ministries have fallen of resigning upon an adverse vote of the constituencies, without waiting for the vote of the House of Commons, the exercise of supreme power by the people has been made almost direct. At any moment a wave of passion or delusion sweeping over uninformed and impulsive masses, perhaps in a season of dearth and popular suffering, may throw everything into confusion. At this hour the country is threatened with dismemberment by the votes of multitudes utterly without the means of forming a rational opinion on the Irish question and helplessly exposed to the influence of demagogic falsehood. No legislative safeguard against the impulsive excesses of unlimited democracy, or against revolu-

tion itself, now remains in the Constitution. The most sweeping measure of change may be pushed through like a Turnpike Bill. A measure creating a separate Parliament for Ireland was all but pushed through by the desperation of a defeated party leader a few weeks after his design had been sprung upon the nation. The only Conservative institution of a practically efficacious kind now left is the non-payment of members; and this, besides being of an indirect and somewhat invidious character, is already threatened with abolition.

A general fermentation is going on which is probably a process of nature destined to end in good, but which, if uncontrolled, may come, as the fermentation in France did, to a violent head. Not politics alone, but the relations between classes, between the employer and the employed, between the sexes, seem to be in a state of transition. The air in every region of life is full of innovation. Organic change seems to be almost accepted as a normal condition, against which it is folly to set oneself. The nation appears to onlookers to have suddenly broken loose from its moorings and to have lost its ancient steadiness of character. Even the change of physical conditions, and especially the increased facility of locomotion, which at first breeds restlessness, have helped to bring about this result. Scepticism has shaken the moral nerve of the governing class in England in the same manner as it had in France, though not to the same extent. Revolution is even in some quarters becoming a plaything of vanity, as it was in infatuated French *salons*, and we have something like a counterpart of the sybaritic Jacobinism of the Palais Royal, which, it is a satisfaction to think, will, if a revolution really begins, tread the path of *Egalité*, and no doubt, like him, in well-polished boots. The House of Commons, as those who knew it best say, though mainly Conservative, is not really so; even its Conservative members being infected with the prevailing sentiment, and afraid to do anything that seems adverse to the democratic aspirations of the masses to whom they owe their seats. A swarm of demagogues is evidently being called into life in England, as in France at the time of the Revolution,

the growth of the political ferment. These men will soon supplant the political agitators, who figure so complacently in the opening scene, and being entirely devoted to their sinister trade they will in time weary out and drive from the disgusting contest men who enter the political arena only under a sense of public duty or from motives of honorable ambition.

In France the foundation of government had given way. Has it not given way in England also? Has not Party been hitherto the foundation of Parliamentary Government, and is not Party in England, as well as in all other countries, in a hopeless state of disintegration? Has not sectionalism everywhere set in and split the parties up so that no sufficient basis for a Ministry is left? In France sectionalism has brought chaos: it would bring chaos in Germany at once, were not the Parliamentary anarchy held down by the iron hand of Bismarck. In the British House of Commons we have four or five sections not one of which is able to support an administration. The House of Commons is better provided with the forms of procedure than was the National Assembly of France, but it does not seem likely long to remain much superior in other respects. It can neither keep its members within the bounds of manners nor within those of public duty. Obstruction, which is Parliamentary civil war, has become a recognized practice. A member, without rebuke, can put questions to the Government for the undisguised purpose of embarrassing it in critical dealings with a foreign power. Vanity and faction alike run riot. Naturally there ensues a general loosening of allegiance and loyalty which threatens the integrity of the public services. Officers of the army and navy indulge their passion for distinction, or their animosities, by attacks on the administration and disclosures of the national weakness in the newspapers. There may be a power of recovery; with all the worth and force that England contains one confidently hopes there is; but these are ominous signs. There is a great outcry just now against the military and naval administration; but how can good and provident administration in these or in any departments be ex-

pected of a government which is nothing but the momentary crest of a wave in the rolling sea of House of Commons faction, and whose energies during its brief span of existence must be mainly expended in self-defence?

Both Scepticism and Socialism have gone far deeper among the people in England than they had gone in France. In France neither of them had gone deep. The French people were too ignorant to imbibe Scepticism, and nothing could be less like a popular apostle than Voltaire. Socialism proper can hardly be said to have appeared, except in the conspiracy of Babeuf, which was a mere flash in the pan; for Robespierre and his set, though they hated and butchered the rich, did not legislate or even declaim against property. The English people, especially in the cities, are now educated just up to the point at which both Scepticism and Socialism find access to the mind. The two find access together. No longer believing that the organization of society is divinely ordained, or that there will be compensation in a future life for those who patiently do their duty here, the working-man naturally wishes to grasp without delay his share of good things of this world; nor has social science yet gained strength enough to take the place of religion as a controlling influence. In truth, all these political agitations and disturbances, momentous as they seem to us, may be regarded as the outward manifestations of the deeper agitation and disturbance caused by the failure of the fundamental beliefs, which hitherto have underlain the social structure as well as the spiritual and moral life of man. The aggregation of great masses of quick-witted but imperfectly educated men in the manufacturing cities greatly intensifies the socialistic tendency, and forms an element in the English situation to which in the French situation there was no parallel. Agrarian agitation in the strict sense of the term is at present confined to Celtic Ireland and Skye, but we can scarcely doubt that it will spread, though it is not likely to assume a form so virulent as it assumed in France. It presents the most powerful and tempting of levers to the demagogue, who will scarcely fail to see and use it to his advantage. The

tendency to confiscation which it has already introduced can hardly be confined to the case of Irish land. In truth, it is difficult to imagine what kind of property can be more sacred than money invested in Irish land under the guarantee of a recent Act of Parliament. Nor can the license given to agrarian rapine fail seriously to shake the general respect for law, which, indeed, is being directly and openly assailed by Mr. Gladstone and his train.

There is nothing in England like the sharp and odious distinction of classes which existed in France; nor does it seem that Mr. Gladstone's appeals to class hatred have produced such an effect as it was feared they would. Still they have produced an effect; there is class feeling in England; and there can be little doubt that Mr. Gladstone's influence is largely due to the belief that he will act without scruple as its organ. The British Trade Unions, whatever may be their general advantages, are nurseries of a feeling of antagonism on the part of the employed to the employer class to which there was hardly a parallel, at least on anything like the same scale, in France before the Revolution. There is also a dangerous amount of distress, especially in the great cities, and above all in London, where there have been some unpleasant glimpses of a Faubourg St. Antoine.

The English Nonconformists have no such grievances against the Established Church as that which Dissidents in France had against the Church before the Revolution. But their discontent is a disturbing and dangerous element in the situation, as it puts a certain amount of popular religion on the side of revolution. It is evident that, with some honorable exceptions, the Nonconformist ministers are accepting the bribe of Disestablishment, held out to them by a man who has himself defended the Establishment, not on the common ground of social expediency, but on that of indefeasible obligation laid by God on the conscience of the State. Unionist patriots may have the sad satisfaction of knowing that an alliance between Ebenezer and the Jacobin Club is not likely to inure to the ultimate advantage of Ebenezer. If the Meeting House fancies that it will take the place of the

old centre of the parish, it is doomed to a signal disappointment. But tithe has surely become an impost which it is perilous for Government to maintain.

France was at all events patriotic. Of the English people, unhappily, large masses appear to be morally denationalized, and to have lost much of their patriotic feeling. In the mind of the factory hand, especially, the country seems to have given place to the Labor Association. His political sentiments, if he has any, seem to be vague humanitarianism and sympathy with revolution. Such is the impression at all events of some who know those districts well. The factory system is gainful, and, perhaps, indispensable, but it furnishes about the worst of materials for a nation. One of its evils is that the employer and employed live entirely apart, with only a commercial bond between them. It is unfortunate that the sailors, the noblest part of the nation, are excluded from its political life, while the shoemakers of Northampton, who are a less noble part, enter into its political life with a vengeance. The shoemakers of Northampton, however, need not blush for themselves, when men who have held the highest offices of State are found seeking to make their way back to power by an alliance with a foreign conspiracy against the unity and honor of the country. The Irish rebellion is the least part of the danger; it has very little strength but that which it derives from English faction. The great and terrible danger is the collapse of public character, which is such as would have been deemed incredible till it took place. If the nation ceases to be true to itself, nothing can save it from falling, and whether England is true to herself is unhappily a question which is answered in very faltering accents, and answered differently from day to day.

The effects produced by the action of the French Revolution on San Domingo were bad enough; but they were a trifle compared with what might be produced by the action of an English Revolution, or even by that of Gladstonism in India. People who talk about the absolute right of ignorance and irresponsibility to vote seem to forget that Great Britain is the head of an Empire. The Hindoos are "people," and every word of the Glad-

stonian Separatism and Anarchism is as applicable to them as it is to the Irish peasant. Already ultra-democracy in British constituencies has been opening its arms to Hindoo agitators, who, if the protection of the Empire were withdrawn from them, would be crushed like egg-shells by Mahometans and Mahrattas. That the loss of India would bring down upon Great Britain an avalanche of ruin, besides filling India itself with murderous anarchy, is a fact beyond the ken of the masses who now have the destiny of the country in their hands.

In the case of France, reactionary narrowness, obstinacy, and selfishness conspired with revolutionary violence to bring on the catastrophe. They do not fail to play their part in England. There are men deeming themselves Conservatives, who, instead of combining all the forces of order and patriotism in resistance to revolution and dismemberment, want to get back to a Tory Party of the old stamp, as though their Government would live for an hour without the support of the Unionist Liberals in the House of Commons. The one pressing necessity is that of restoring the balance of the Constitution, and giving rational Conservatism a rallying point, in other words, of reorganizing the Upper House.

The House of Lords as it exists is the reverse of a Conservative institution. It stimulates the revolutionary appetite, and relieves the popular House of responsibility, while it is utterly without the power of resisting organic change.

After all, political forms bend to social forces. Much depends at the present juncture on the conduct of the British gentry. They are not like the corrupt nobles of France, who brought the King and the kingdom to ruin by their selfish folly, and then fled, though of late the vastly increased allurements of pleasure have been drawing them away from residence on their estates and from rural duty. Will they accept their changed position, become their own bailiffs, continue to live in their mansions, and try to keep the leadership of rural society, or will they retire with what remains of their wealth to a reduced sybaritism in the cities or abroad? The voluntary assumption of difficult duty not being common, we cannot

much blame them if they choose the easier course; but if they do, not only will rural society be profoundly changed, but the present support of Conservatism will, to a large extent, be withdrawn.

These are then points of resemblance between the France of 1788 and the England of 1888: sufficient, at least, to make us seriously ask whether there is, in the case of England, the power of controlling a number of movements more or less violent, and of preventing them from assuming a revolutionary character, which was fatally wanting in the case of France. Where is authority? There is none so far as we can see, except in an ephemeral majority of the House of Commons, where the balance may any day be upset, not only by a gust of popular passion, but by fanatical sectionalism, like that of the Liberationists or that of the Prohibitionists, or even by the lowest economical interests, such as that of the Channel Tunnel, which we hear is now turning at least one vote. It is the absence of anything to which people can definitely look to arrest the descent that produces the political fatalism which must strike every observer as a dangerous ingredient in the temper of the time. Everybody seems to be bowing to the inevitable; as though any disaster were inevitable but that which comes when you have done your best to prevent it. The French catastrophe itself was very natural, but inevitable it was not; it might probably have been prevented if the King or his advisers had assembled the States-General at a distance from Paris, taken proper military precautions, settled beforehand the fatal question of the Orders by directing the nobles and the clergy to unite in forming an Upper House, and sent the Queen and her meddling coterie out of the way; no one of which suppositions seems extravagant, even taking the King's character and all the circumstances as they were. The literary hierophants of revolution tell us that when the giant forces of social change come on the scene our poor prayers avail little. Our poor prayers may avail little by themselves, but they may avail much when combined with a certain amount of the resolution and energy which Englishmen have hitherto shown in politics, and are still showing

in every other sphere. Call what you dread fate, and you make it so; strive against it, and you find that it is only a

great danger to be avoided or a great difficulty to be overcome.—*National Review*.

THE MONOTONE IN MODERN LIFE.

If we were asked what appears to be the most characteristic feature of our own day, at least in England and the United States, we should say the remarkable monotone,—a monotone with often a note of anxiety in it,—which seems to pervade even the richest and most thoughtful lives. For the latest example, take the pathetic poems of Miss Margaret Veley which Mr. Leslie Stephen has just given to the world with a very graceful and impressive preliminary sketch of that singularly thoughtful and ardent nature. It is impossible for her, she says, in one of her poems, to enter into a world of real gladness, for—

"— even were I throned where gladness dwells,

Mine were a note of discord in the song,
For dim perplexities and hopes that wane,
Doubt, and the ghastly riddles, Sin and Pain,
Burden of Duty, and contending creeds,
Would still pursue, oppress my weary brain,
And mar the music of the river reeds."

And the tone of that verse may be said to be the one tone that vibrates throughout the poems, even in the very skillful and delicately humorous *vers de société* in which it is partially hidden, but easily detected. But the monotone is not exceptional in Miss Veley. Read through George Eliot's "Letters and Life," and the monotone is still more remarkable and still more painful. Turn to lives as far apart from either of these as Archbishop Trench's and Frederick Denison Maurice's, and though you find in them,—especially the latter,—that exaltation of sadness which the highest faith always insures, none the less the monotone which is the keynote of the life is more remarkable than ever. Probably we shall find it dominating Dr. Pusey's life, when that is given to the world. It certainly dominated Mark Pattison's, and even that of a man as different in character and in his sphere of work as the late Mr. Fawcett, though there the note of anxiety was wanting. In short,

with but a few exceptions,—of which, perhaps, Charles Dickens's and Charles Kingsley's are the most remarkable,—all the most striking lives of our time, from Carlyle's to John Stuart Mill's, from Lord Shaftesbury's to Mr. Samuel Morley's, from Mr. Keble's to Sir Henry Taylor's, have been as remarkable for the monotone which sounds through them as those of a former age, from that of Goldsmith to that of Burns, from that of Byron to that of Moore, from that of Mrs. Piozzi to that of Sir Walter Scott, were remarkable for the number and variety of the notes which are struck in the course of the life's story.

What is the reason of this? We should say that in a great measure it is due to the causes indicated in those lines which we have quoted from Miss Veley's verses: the

"— dim perplexities and hopes that wane,
Doubt, and the ghastly riddles, Sin and Pain."

which have pressed very much more steadily on the conscience of the last fifty years than they pressed on the conscience of the preceding half-century. But this is by no means the whole account of the matter. We should hardly say, for instance, that it explains the monotone which pervades Sir Henry Taylor's or Sir Arthur Helps's lucid and sedate musings; or that it explains the monotone in the higher literature of New England, from Emerson to Hawthorne, from Howells to Henry James. We believe that the more general cause is the pressing upward into a predominant position of the middle and working classes, with their great inheritance of anxieties and cares, and the consequent absence of that playfulness, that old-world alternation between pensiveness and playfulness or buoyancy, which we see in Cowper, and Goldsmith, and Byron, and Moore, and Scott. The last fifty years have, as a literary epoch,

fallen to the anxious classes, and though here and there, as in the case of Charles Dickens and Charles Kingsley, we have had men with such large reserves of unspent vigor in them that their genius has not been "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought," for the most part the thought of the careful classes has not often succeeded in throwing off the sober uniformity and intellectual pallor which naturally mark the stratum of life in which it had its origin. All democracies tend to monotony, for all democracies tend to impress the thought of the day with the sense of responsibility to the "dim common populations," as Carlyle called them, and so fall under the shadow of the anxieties which oppress these "dim common populations." Of course, this is not quite so true of the Latin peoples, which are naturally more variable and open to mighty waves of caprice, as it is of the Teutonic. But still, it is more or less true of all the Western peoples that as they appreciate more and more the gravity of the problem of human life, and become conscious that it is for them to solve it for themselves, they lose the joyousness, the playfulness, the elasticity of the older days, when the pressure of democratic duties had hardly been felt. No one in the age when tragedy and comedy divided the world, could have prayed, as Miss Veley prayed:—

"Yet not such joy alone, the pain too, Lord,
The special suffering of this special age,
Give me my portion of its bitter cup.
I shrink from it, yet being what I am,
I were not greater than my fellow-men,
But meaner, less, if while they bowed their
backs
'Neath weary loads, or hewed an upward
path,
I, steeped in idle happiness, should gaze
With half-closed eyes that scarcely care to
see.
I would not take the flowers, and leave to
them
The nobler share, the sweat-drops of their
toil.
* * * * *
Give laboring sobs to match the laboring sob
Wrung from a toiling world."

There, we believe, is a good part of the secret of the monotone which pervades our modern literature and life, and even where the tone is not so serious and anxious as this, even where you get the dry light of men in the position of Sir

Henry Taylor, or Sir Arthur Helps, or Henry Fawcett, or of the great New England writers, on whom no such crushing burden of responsibility seems to rest, even there, the intellectual monotone is due, we imagine, to the uniform pressure of intellectual and official responsibilities of the milder kind. Directly the literature of an age falls into the hands of the hard-working classes, the range and variety of its notes begin to diminish, and the buoyancy to be reserved for those few gifted natures which can throw off every now and then, in the richness of their vitality, that sense of duty, discipline, and drill by which their ordinary life is penetrated. The pressure of popular wants is a very steady and sobering pressure, and in every democracy the sense of this pressure is predominant. Sometimes it takes the form of religious and moral pressure, and then we have an impressive monotone, like a deep organ-note, such as penetrated every thought and act of Frederick Denison Maurice. Sometimes it does not go beyond that placid seriousness which marks the vigilance of intellectual fidelity, and then we have the kind of monotone which pervaded the life of Fawcett and of Mill. But in both sets of cases like the monotone has the same origin; it is due to the predominance of a kind of intellect which has been put under too constant a pressure to be rich in playfulness and lightness of heart. Ours is an age in which even the humor is apt to be tragic or sardonic, like Carlyle's. "Lightness of heart" like Charles Lamb's has gone out of it.

And yet it may be said, and truly said, that never was so much attention given to the subject of over-pressure, so much effort made to prevent either old or young people from neglecting their play, as at the present time. It is perfectly true. The age in which Bank-Holidays were invented, and in which the fostering of recreation has been made the task of plenty of special Associations, is hardly the age in which you would expect that the pressure of responsible work would banish variety from our life and literature. One often hears it said that the present generation of young people give more attention to their play than their work, and though

that is probably an exaggeration, it is certainly true that there is much more thought taken for their play than there used to be for that of the generations before them. Their play is certainly much more deliberately organized, but on that very account it is less spontaneous. The greatly increased and rapidly increasing pressure of numbers, no doubt, makes a vast difference both in work and in play. In every way allowance has to be made for the growing numbers of rational societies, and the consequence is that individuality bubbles over less both in work and in play. The work is average work, the play is aver-

age play; the feeling of the class predominates over the feeling of the individual, and the result is a prevalent monotone where there used to be a much greater variety of notes. We suppose that there may be an advantage as well as a disadvantage in the monotone of modern life. If individuality is levelled down, it is also levelled up. The hewers of wood and the drawers of water gain by it, if the men of genius and power lose. The mean is raised if the higher summits are depressed, and the valleys are exalted even though the mountains are made low.—*Spectator*.

ORTHODOX.

BY DOROTHEA GERARD, JOINT AUTHOR OF "REATA," "THE WATERS OF HERCULES," ETC.

CHAPTER III.

BUT she *was* beautiful. Perhaps she was not quite so conspicuously handsome as Rachel Kazles, the daughter of the hotel-keeper on the *Platz*, or as Sara Silberling, the grocer's niece, or as half a dozen others—for good-looking Jewesses were not scarce at Goratyn—but, all the same, Salome was beautiful. I found this out before I saw her, for, upon more closely questioning my memory, I became aware that I had certainly heard the name of Salome Marmorstein mentioned as that of a woman worth seeing. The reason why so little was heard of her was partly because she was kept so jealously concealed, and partly because she was reported unapproachable. Also, perhaps, she did not hit off the general fancy as precisely as did Rebecca or Sara, for I believe that red-haired Jewesses, inasmuch as they sin against tradition, are an acquired taste. From Ortenegg's description I had already gathered that this family belonged to the race of the so-called "red Jews," a certain number of whom are to be found in Poland. In this race the color of hair and complexion remains obstinately fixed for generations at a time, notwithstanding the introduction of other strains. Salome's beauty was cer-

tainly of a more uncommon type than that of any of the raven-locked Jewish beauties of the place. Her pure red-gold hair grew thick and low upon an ivory brow; in the grace of her exquisite figure and the pose of her proud head there was something at once severely classical and haughtily indolent.

But I am forestalling. It was not till some weeks after the ending of the Carnival that I saw Salome. If I had still entertained any hopes of her not turning out so very good-looking after all, they were soon dispelled by Ortenegg's conduct. Scarcely had Lent begun than I noticed with concern the peculiar shape which his conversation was taking. Once or twice before this he had let drop remarks which showed me that though he had come here to please his father, he had not yet abandoned the idea of taking the cowl some day, but it was only now that he suddenly became expansive on the point—expansive and, for him, almost loquacious. His thoughts, it seemed, had suddenly turned to missionary work.

"Among the Chinese or the Hottentots?" I asked.

"No," answered Ortenegg, "among the Jews."

While I suspiciously eyed him, he then went on to draw me what he called

a "lamentable picture" of the black gulf of ignorance in which the Hebrews of this country were floundering as in a mire.

"It is pitiable!" he cried. "I have been informing myself of their practices, their faith, and it is terribly pitiable. This narrow superstition, these rigid beliefs, this religion of terror which drives them to cling to the letter of the law and to leave the spirit dead. Why, they are like children, Zultowski—like great nursery babies. Did you hear of the woman who was excluded from the Synagogue because she had boiled milk in the meat-vessel, or cooked meat in the milk-pan, or some crime of the sort? Do you know that they get rid of their sins by emptying their pockets into the water or shaking their clothes in the wind?"

By this time he was walking up and down my room with his eyes on fire, and what I used to call the "crusader look" upon his face.

"Your interest in the Jews seems to be going *crescendo*," I observed.

He did not pay the slightest attention.

"And then, what makes them wear those hideous wigs?" he burst out anew, in a tone almost of exasperation. "Is it a fact that every Jewess has to cut off her hair when she marries?"

That Ortenegg should feel exasperated by the sight of a woman's wig was in itself the symptom of a change in him. It showed that he had been observing women more carefully; it betrayed that he had probably been making comparisons.

"Yes," I explained, "it is the universal custom. It is rather heroic, for most of them have beautiful hair. There is a story told of a Goratyn Jewess whose hair was particularly magnificent, and who, with the consent of her bridegroom—who leant to the Rational side—managed to conceal it instead of cutting it off. But the discovery was made, and the enraged Orthodox burst into the house at night, gagged the husband, dragged the wife from her bed and cropped her hair short."

"More narrow superstition!" said Ortenegg, angrily. "Something must be done; we must have missionaries, priests to work among them, to pull them from this choking swamp, to tear

open their poor blind eyes, to make them see the light against their will. We must have priests; oh, if my day had but come!" In answer to which I groaned and inquired:

"Have you seen her again?"

"Yes, I have seen her again," said Ortenegg. He made not the smallest attempt at evasion, and did not for one instant pretend not to know to whom I referred. Breaking off in the midst of his excited walk he sank into a chair.

"I have seen her again several times," he said, staring fixedly at the floor, and now he had quite dropped his crusader manner. "She sometimes takes her brother's work to the people who have ordered it. That is whenever Surchen is otherwise occupied; but she generally goes after dark, or else is so muffled up in hideous shawls that she looks like an old woman."

"You seem to have informed yourself of other things besides the Jewish rites," I said dryly.

"I wonder," mused Ortenegg, as usual unheeding, "I wonder whether that girl is at all short-sighted? She doesn't seem to see one even if one crosses the road two paces straight in front of her. You would fancy, wouldn't you, that she would at least hear the spurs, or the sword, or—or the voice?"

"You have got as far as the voice, have you?" I asked, with a sinking heart.

"Yes, I have got as far as saying 'Good evening,'" he answered, looking straight and rather defiantly at me, "but she has never once made any reply; she doesn't seem in the least aware of my existence; I might just as well be one of the bushes by the roadside for any notice she takes of me."

"Perhaps she is deaf as well as short-sighted," I suggested.

"Perhaps," he said with an impatient sigh, and clanked gloomily from the room.

I felt scarcely less gloomy than he did; for, by this time, I had no farther doubt of what had happened to my friend. If it had been anybody else but Ortenegg, or if Ortenegg had been anybody but just himself, I should not have given a second thought to the matter; for, after all, what odds was it whether a Lancer lieutenant was or was not in

love with a pretty Jewess? It might be as good a pastime as any other in a country station. And the pretty Jewess must just look out for herself; for, of course, no one would blame the Lancer lieutenant. But with Ortenegg the case was different. A young man who took life from such a frightfully serious side would always be incalculable. I could easily imagine him becoming so deeply involved in this new passion as to be rendered useless for all social purposes. The suddenness with which he had taken fire scarcely surprised me, I had expected that it would be so. I had studied my subject, and I knew that the surroundings of his childhood, the loneliness of the old castle, the silence of the monastery, the gloom of the pine-forests, and the roar of the mountain-torrents, had all worked together to feed large his imagination and to intensify his nature. I had often told myself that he was just a pile of firewood, seasoned to perfection and ready to blaze at a spark. But that it should have been a Jewess who threw that spark! My worst forebodings had never taken this shape. Curiosity is, however, quite compatible with disapproval, and after this conversation with Ortenegg my curiosity was naturally on the increase. A few days later this curiosity was satisfied.

Ortenegg and I were returning from the drilling-ground, where we had been losing our tempers over some more than usually blockheaded recruits, and we were both weary and consequently silent. It was getting toward the end of March now, and the snow had been melting for a week. The road was one stretch of abominable slush, so that every single step that the horses took consisted of a squash and a squirt. The air was oppressively mild and distinctly enervating. It seemed to tell upon the horses as well as upon us, for they drooped their wet necks and dragged their sticky feet. The drilling-ground lay some way outside the town and toward the plains. The road which led back to the town was flanked on one side by a moderately broad and swiftly rushing stream, just now swollen and turbid with the melted snow, on the other by a stiff pathway, paved with bricks and planted with young horse-chestnut trees that were still as dry as dead sticks. This was

the fashionable afternoon lounge of Goratyn. On sunshiny Sundays I have seen it tight-packed, but to-day it was deserted, except for two figures sitting side by side on one of the benches a little way off. It was just beginning to grow dusk, so it was only when we got opposite to the bench that I recognized the little Jewess, Surchen Marmorstein, in one of the figures. She was talking very eagerly and animatedly to the person beside her, who was wrapped in a shawl drawn half over her face, and whom I passed over indifferently as being probably some aged relative. I was just turning to Ortenegg with some remark about Surchen when he pulled up his horse, and facing toward the bench, called out in a somewhat fierce manner a remark to the effect that this was a mild evening. Instantly there was a transformation; Surchen's companion started from the seat, as though the harmless greeting had been the prick of a serpent. In her flurry she let go her shawl, and I beheld a white face out of which flashed a pair of deep-brown eyes. There was just daylight enough remaining to show that her hair was the purest specimen of red-gold that had yet come under my notice. I knew in an instant that this was Salome. For about half a minute she stood and stared at Ortenegg, and Ortenegg stared back at her. Her lips were apart and she seemed to me to be breathing rather hard. Then she turned to Surchen and said something very quickly in Hebrew. I don't know Hebrew, but by the tremble of anger in her voice I could guess that she was saying, "It is you who have done this." She threw a wild glance up and down the road. I saw her look at the stream; there was a narrow plank which crossed it at this place. In one instant she had darted across the road, right in front of Ortenegg's horse, and was on the other side of the water. Without saying a word of any sort, Ortenegg turned his horse and put it at the brook. Surchen and I were left on the road.

"Was it your doing, wretched child?" I asked. "Did you bring your sister here?"

Surchen had broken into a radiant smile. "Oh, look!" she cried, clapping her pretty hands. "He is over

the water ; she cannot get away now—she will have to speak to him. Do you think that he will write her letters, as the Rittmeister Berman did to Rebecca Kazles ? I could carry the letters, you know, and the Rittmeister never gave me less than five Sechsers for one, and sometimes a pair of his old boots."

I am not easily disgusted, but I turned from Surchen now, for this was too much for me. Ortenegg had cleared the stream a few yards above the plank, and had thus cut off the girl's path. I saw her standing stock still, as though in sullen defiance. It was not a very broad stream to jump, but the banks were bad and the ground slippery ; and so, though I was determined to lend the protection of my presence to that *tête-à-tête* over there, I remembered in time that I had not so much money to spend upon horses as Ortenegg, and quietly made for the bridge, which was not far off. When I reached my friend I found that he was standing beside his horse, looking perplexed and angered. Both he and Salome were so completely splashed and sprinkled with mud from their feet up to their eyebrows, that they were almost the color of the road ; but the Jewess, with her uncovered golden head, looked magnificent. She stood very erect and was speaking passionately. "Why will you cross my road forever and ever ? Why will you come forever in my way ? Are there not Christian girls enough ? Cannot you let me go in peace ? Look for your amusements elsewhere ; buy your playthings somewhere else—"

"Stop !" said Ortenegg, looking very pale. "Have I ever said a word that could offend you ?"

She seemed to me to waver for an instant, and to strain her hands together tightly. "You have said no word," she answered, relapsing into her sullen manner ; "you have given me no offence in words because I have silenced you with my silence. But what are your looks but offence ? What is your kindness but insult ? Leave me. I know the Christians ; they would take from us all we have if it were not that our God does sometimes put out his arm over us ;" and gathering her shabby shawl superbly around her, she turned and left us.

Ortenegg stood immovable, following her with his eyes as she trod the wet path. It was not till she had grown indistinct in the gloom that he turned to me, drawing a long breath.

"And to think," he cried, striking his clenched hand upon his breast, "to think that that glorious woman is blind with the blindness of those unhappy Jews ! But it cannot be ; it cannot remain so—Zultowski, it cannot !"

"Is she to be the first of your converts ?" I inquired. "And was it because you were in such a hurry about beginning your mission work that you imperilled your mare's legs just now ?"

"Silence !" thundered Ortenegg, in a certain imperious way which he had at times about him. I humored him and was silent. He remounted his horse and did not speak again till we were close to the barracks. Then he said suddenly—

"My looks ! What did she mean by my looks offending her ? How do I look at her, Zultowski ?"

"Rather hard, that is all ; not at all like an embryo missionary priest at an embryo convert."

"That is strange, certainly ; I was not aware of it." Then after a silence, "It is strange, too, is it not, that she *had* noticed me those other times, though she made no sign ?"

"No," I answered, with pitying superiority, "that is not nearly so strange."

"Why not ?"

"Oh, because different women have got different ways of doing things, and that is the way some of them do it." But I could see by Ortenegg's face that instead of being enlightened he was hopelessly puzzled.

After this I did not hear a word about Salome for some time, nor about the Jews either, for Ortenegg had become more taciturn than ever. But this silence did not reassure me.

"Have you seen her again ?" I ventured to inquire.

"Yes, once," he replied. "I passed her on the road, but, of course, I did not look at her. She looked straight in front of her, and so did I. I would not for worlds have her think that I meant to offend her." Then he sighed and added, "It is a pity she should be so

suspicious. It comes from the hunted life they lead." And he looked at me savagely, as though I were personally responsible for the hunting of all the Jews in Poland.

This report made me feel easier in my mind, and I began to hope that matters were taking a right turn. And so they might have done, had there not occurred an unfortunate incident which gave them so wrong a twist that they remained twisted for many a day after. And it was a mere piece of nonsense which led to it all—a harmless joke played upon a handful of slipshod Jews.

I had been busy in the inner court of the barracks, inspecting the hay stores, and was just about to make my way out through a small postern door, when I heard shouts of laughter coming from the other side of the castle, for these barracks had originally been an old family residence, which somebody had found convenient to sell to the Government. It had heavily grated windows, a clumsy round tower, the traces of a moat, and the remains of a drawbridge.

The laughter came from the side where the old kitchen-garden had been turned into an uncovered riding-school, and to my surprise there were words of command and cracks of the whip mingled with the laughter, although I knew that the men had been dismissed some time ago. Piqued by curiosity I made my way round, and very soon was laughing as loud as the others. The riding-school, a large square space enclosed with a wooden rail, was still in a comparatively swampy condition. In the centre of it stood one of my comrades flourishing his big training-whip, while round it, in regular order, through the mud and in and out of the puddles, were panting and plunging some ten or twelve frantic-looking Jews, their kaftans flying behind them, their streaming side-locks quite uncurled by the pace at which they went. They were being put through the regular riding-school paces. "*Schulter herein! Wendung rechts! Trab! Galopp!*" rang through the air, and the lanky, hook-nosed wretches came ambling past in a line, vainly clutching at their kaftans to keep them from the mud, and with a helpless grin, half pleased and half frightened, upon their faces. Most of their fur caps sat

at a tipsy crooked angle; one man howled out that he had lost his slipper in the mud, but a touch of the long whip on his shoulder sent him scampering on in his stocking.

I laughed till my sides ached, and two or three other young officers who, like me, were lounging against the wooden rail, filled the air with their shouts of approval. Suddenly I became aware that another spectator had joined us, for there was a shadow beside me. I turned my head and saw Ortenegg. He looked deeply annoyed, and his eyebrows were drawn together in a way which made them appear like one black line across his forehead.

"You are laughing?" he said indignantly.

"And you are not?" I replied.

He turned away and walked to the middle of the riding-school. I saw him speak to the man who held the whip and who had been the inventor of this excellent comedy. He was a lieutenant, of Ortenegg's own rank, and, by reason of having yellow whiskers and of having once been mistaken by a Vienna sentry for one of the Emperor's brothers, he generally went by the name of the "false Archduke." His brains were not very strong, and the sentry's mistake seemed to have injured them permanently. The consequence was that he very often forgot that he was not an archduke. When Ortenegg spoke to him he just shrugged his shoulders and cracked his whip again. I had stopped laughing now, and so had the others. We looked on with some curiosity, wondering what Ortenegg would do, for, to judge from his face, he certainly meant to do something. All at once we heard his voice ringing out. It quite drowned the commands of *Trab* and *Galopp*.

"What are you doing here?" he shouted. "Are you not ashamed of being made into clowns and harlequins? Is there not one man among you with a man's soul? Shame upon you! Go home all of you! Go home, I say!" There was a dead silence, and one or two of the Jews seemed to falter a little in the "collected trot" at which they were going. At last one young fellow screamed out "If we go home we shall not get the Sechser (about twopence)

which the Pan Lieutenant has promised each of us."

I saw Ortenegg make a movement as though of disgust. "I will give you two Sechsers each," he called out scornfully, "if you go home at once."

At this there was a yell of joy all down the line, and the ranks of kaftans began to fall into disorder.

The "false Archduke" stepped up to Ortenegg's side; he was scarlet with vexation. "I will give you three Sechsers each," he shouted, "if you stay."

There was another howl down the ranks and they began uncertainly to form again. I could see by Ortenegg's face the extreme distaste which he felt for this auctioneering business in which he found himself unawares involved, but he did not hesitate for any perceptible time. "If you go home *at once*," he said, loudly and distinctly, "you shall have half a florin, each of you."

Before any response could come, the other man, beside himself with anger, cried out, "No, you shall not go; a florin to every man who stays!"

"The Pan Lieutenant would have to go to Jacob Enteres for the money first," piped out a small Hebrew at the end of the line.

There was a titter among the lookers-on.

Jacob Enteres was the money-lender of the place, and every one knew that the "false Archduke's" fortunes were not at all on an archducal scale. Besides, we were getting toward the end of the month, when most pockets were empty. But Ortenegg's was not; he was the Cræsus among us, as the Jews knew perfectly well. As he pulled out his purse they were round him in a minute, screaming and clamoring. What he paid them finally I do not know, but they went away. The "Archduke" was gone before them. He had not been able to recover from that titter among his comrades. As the Jews crowded round Ortenegg he flung his whip to the ground and stalked off the scene. I felt certain that from that moment the man would hate Ortenegg; for there is nothing which Archdukes, whether real or false, resent so much as being made ridiculous.

But the very next day he had his revenge.

We used to dine at one o'clock all together in the big inn which looked on to the *Platz*. It was entered by a covered archway through which wagons and carriages could be driven into the inner yard. On the day following that of the affair in the riding-school, Ortenegg and I, entering this rather dark passage, ran against a woman who was coming out. She was carrying a parcel, and, as Ortenegg's arm brushed against her, the loose paper wrapping gave way, and blue and pink bobbins rained on to the ground.

"I beg your pardon," Ortenegg began, grabbing after the bobbins; and at that moment we both recognized Salome. She said nothing, but held open the paper while Ortenegg put back a handful of bobbins.

"What is it?" drawled a voice behind us. "Anything worth seeing in that paper? What is he bending and peering at? Didn't know Ortenegg was short-sighted,"—for, in fact, Ortenegg was taking an absurdly long time to resettle the packet—"Oh, bobbins? That's all, is it? Salome Marmorstein and bobbins. There's one more there; I'll fetch it." By the simper on his face and the aggressive tone of his voice I could see that the "false Archduke" wished to provoke Ortenegg. He evidently imagined that he had scented out a little game of his comrade's, and probably thought that to spoil the sport would be an excellent way of paying off his grudge against him. One of the bobbins had rolled right across the passage. He picked it up and brought it to Salome.

"Not without payment," he smirked, as she put out her hand, and carelessly throwing his arm round her waist he attempted to kiss her. She had sprung aside in an instant, and Ortenegg started forward. He was white with passion. I saw his fingers convulsively closing themselves, and, for a moment, I feared that we were going to have a brawl. But he mastered himself.

"You are a coward," he said, just above his breath, but very plainly.

"Ortenegg!" gasped the other, thunder-struck; for it was not by any means the first time that he had kissed a pretty Jewess, and it was the first time he had been called a coward. He stood

panting against the wall as though Ortenegg had given him a slap on the face.

"It is only cowards who insult women," said Ortenegg again.

But I thought there had been enough of this. "Come," I said, putting my arm through his, "the rest of this matter requires more privacy than an inn passage can afford." Then I looked round for Salome, but she had disappeared.

CHAPTER IV.

THE duel came off next day. How Ortenegg managed to keep his cloister-bred conscience silent I do not know, but he fought with a right good will and yet he had the worst of it. The "false Archduke" was a very neat fencer and my friend left the ground with a flesh-wound on his arm. It was nothing in the least serious, but it obliged him to wear a sling for a time. He refused to stay in his room even for one day. On the very morning after the duel he came downstairs, though his captain—himself an *enragé* duellist—had leniently exempted him from duty. I was busy with the hay again, and as the old castle chapel happened to be in use as our hay store-room, it was here that Ortenegg found me. The place was not much like a chapel now, for everything that could be removed had long ago found its way to the Jews; altar and niches were gone, and even the pulpit had been torn down, for good carving always fetches its price. There remained only the crosses painted on the walls and the stone knights on the tombs, which the noble Count Pierinski had been forced to leave alone, for ancestors in this shape are certainly unwieldy things to deal with. I believe that not a shilling's worth of mortar had been spent on the place for at least a century, and it is certain that some of the stone tombs gaped a little and that I have occasionally found my terrier, Naps, playing with curious-looking bones that bore a very white and exceedingly venerable appearance and were certainly not the bones of either ox or sheep. But if Count Pierinski did not mind, why should I? Ortenegg had often expressed his dislike to seeing the chapel used as a hay store; but to-day he made no remark of the sort, or of any sort, but sat down si-

lently on one of the wooden cases that were standing about on the marble floor. He looked still a little pale and languid from the loss of blood. It was mid-day and the men had gone off to their dinner. I sat down on another case opposite him, and presently Ortenegg's servant, Franz, poked his head inquiringly through the door. Franz was a family servant whom Ortenegg had brought with him from his "*Schloss*;" he was a hard-headed German, desperately devoted to his master. The duel had put him nearly out of his mind with anxiety, and all the morning Franz had been stalking the wounded man with a wine bottle under his arm (Count Ortenegg supplied his son with the most excellent wine) and a glass in his hand, evidently mistrustful of this rapid recovery.

"Put the wine down, in Heaven's name," said Ortenegg, impatiently, "and go to your dinner."

Franz obeyed; but not more than two minutes later he put in his head again and announced that a woman was inquiring for the Herr Graf, and, almost before he had done saying it, the woman herself brushed past him and advanced with an eager yet faltering step to the middle of the chapel. Before I had seen her face some presentiment told me that it was Salome. She stopped straight in front of Ortenegg, who had risen.

"It is true, then!" she cried, extending her hands and clasping them with a sudden vehement gesture. "You fought—for me; you have been wounded—for me, a Jewish girl, an enemy, an outcast; you would not let me be insulted! Oh, how good you are, and how I have wronged you! Oh, how I thank you, how I thank you!" With the last words her voice broke a little, and she tremblingly put out her hand and timidly and softly touched Ortenegg's wounded arm with her finger-tips, as though to convince her senses of some fact that seemed to them incredible. "For me," she said under her breath—"for me." And the tears were in her eyes.

Ortenegg stood like a statue, gazing into her face; and I gazed not a whit less hard than he, for, transformed by her excitement, she was a sight worth seeing. Her father might be a dealer in bones and skins, and wear slippers

down at heel, and be called Berisch Marmorstein; her brother might be a villainously bad ladies' tailor, and her sister might be Surchen, but at this moment, taken out of her natural surroundings, I could realize only the fact that she was a pathetically handsome and passionately moved woman. Even in my short glimpses of her I had noticed that Salome, meanly though she was clad, was far more dainty and precise in her dress than the majority of young Polish Jewesses, and that she possessed in a higher degree that refinement of look which youthful Jewesses undoubtedly do possess, though time invariably turns it into the opposite, and which, perhaps, is no more than a sheen of varnish lent them by their oriental nature. So long as it lasts it puts them on a distinctly different level from the ordinary European girl of the lower classes.

As Salome's fingers touched Ortenegg's arm a shudder ran through her and she staggered backward, clutching in the air as though seized with sudden dizziness. A spot of blood had soaked through the bandage, and some women cannot stand the sight of blood.

"The wine, quick!" said Ortenegg, pointing to the bottle. "She is going to faint."

Inwardly blessing Franz's importunity, I poured out the wine. Salome was already half-recovered; she stood leaning against the wall and mechanically she put out her hand for the glass. Then suddenly she drew it back.

"No," she said—"no, I cannot; not under this roof. It is forbidden to us."

Ortenegg looked provoked.

"Drink it," he said; "you are not yet recovered."

But Salome was staring about her in a panic. She had only just now realized the place she was in. As her eyes fell on the cross painted on the wall she uttered a sort of shriek, and again pushed away the glass I held toward her.

"Oh, not here, not here," she said, trembling violently. "It is forbidden to us: if they were to know!"

Ortenegg's brow was clouding more and more.

"Who?" he said. "If who were to know? Why are you trembling? What is it you are afraid of?"

"My father, the Rabbi,—it is death to our souls, they say, to drink of your wine or eat of your food."

"And I tell you that it is not," broke in Ortenegg, taking the glass from my hand; "it cannot be death to your soul to take what is necessary to support your body. You must drink this and you must rest; you have walked very fast and you are not fit to walk home again without rest." As he spoke he was clearing some bundles of hay off one of the old chapel benches which stood against the wall. All the color had left Salome's cheeks; she gazed up wildly into Ortenegg's face, as though imploring for mercy; then her whole figure seemed to droop into submission; without a word she sat down on the bench, and taking the glass from Ortenegg's hand slowly drank off the wine. She looked a very different creature from the exasperated woman who had turned upon this same man before her that evening in the dusk. At that moment I was called for outside, and when I returned the chapel was empty.

"Was it Tokayer wine which the Herr Lieutenant gave Salome to drink?" Surchen inquired of me that same afternoon when I stumbled upon her by chance on the *Platz*. The little wretch accosted me quite familiarly now, and I suffered it only because the depraved imp was a really entertaining morsel of humanity.

"Did Salome tell you about the wine?" I asked.

"I made her tell me; and do you think the Herr Lieutenant would let me have six bottles to sell to the Pan Starost? The Starost pays well for Tokayer. I would give the Herr Lieutenant the same price that he pays for it. It was Tokayer, was it not?"

"She had better go and taste it herself," I answered laughing, "unless she has her sister's scruples about drinking under a Christian roof." Surchen contemptuously shrugged her exquisite small shoulders.

"It was stupid of Salome to make a fuss; I am not like that. First she did not drink because she was frightened of Väterle and the Rabbi, and then she did drink because she was frightened of the Herr Lieutenant. Salome is always frightened of somebody or other."

"And you? Which are you most frightened of; the Rabbi or the Pan Lieutenant?"

"Neither of one nor of the other," said Surchen, snapping her fingers; "I should have drunk the wine because Tokayer is good!"

It was not till evening that Ortenegg had a chance of discussing the morning's scene with me. "Did you see how amenable she was to reason?" he began triumphantly. "How she gave way when I argued with her?"

"I saw that she gave way, certainly," I replied reflectively, for in the interval I had been pondering over various things; "but I am not sure that reason had much hand in the matter, and in point of fact your arguments were somewhat picturesquely vague; they couldn't have convinced a kitten. Shall I tell you what is my real opinion of that wonderful emotional Salome who seems to live in the extremes of fire and frost, and who when she is not a lay-figure is a blazing furnace? I believe that she has got no moral backbone."

"Nonsense," said Ortenegg. "She has a big soul, an enormous soul. I can see it in her eyes."

"I dare say she has, and she has certainly got nerves; but that big soul is hampered and chained by the smallest of superstitions, and that same superstition has dwarfed her intellect and stunted her will. You need not look indignant, it is a very ordinary phenomenon. You have no idea of the subjection of intellect in which Jewish women are brought up. The old bondage of religious terror is upon them still; few, very few, have broken from it, and all I say is that Salome has not. Now Surchen's ideas, for instance, are a century in advance of Salome's. Whether she has picked them up from books or people I don't know, but I believe that in point of mental emancipation the little imp quite beats all the most rational Jews of the period. I take her to be a perfect freethinker, who in her innermost heart of hearts has not got a tittle of respect for the whole law of Moses, or for any other law except that of money-making."

"She is a degraded nature," said Ortenegg.

"No, she is not; for to be degraded

you must have fallen from something, sunk from something, and this creature, I am convinced, has never lost her innocence, because she never had it. She is simply an interesting natural phenomenon, without the trace of a soul, but with business capabilities sufficient to undertake the direction of all the concerns of all the Rothschild houses tomorrow morning if necessary. And, say what you like, she has ten times more character than Salome. Salome looks like a marble statue, but she is really a wax figure. She has not been able to emancipate herself from the bondage of bigotry as Surchen has done. She has got in her soul all the terror of fanaticism but none of its strength. Put Surchen into the position that Salome was in this morning, and she will smack her lips over the Tokayer, and her only emotion will be a regret that so valuable an "object" for a *Geschäft* should be wasted in this profitless manner; and again, put old Marmorstein in the same position, and you can beat him to death if you like, but you will not get him to put his lips to a glass from which you have drunk. I remember an old crippled Jew whom we came across last summer during the manoeuvres, living alone in a mud-hut on a perfectly desolate spot. We were hungry and thirsty; the old Jew had in his hut a stone pitcher full of water and half a loaf of brown bread. He sold us the bread, but when we asked for his knife to cut it with he refused point blank. We ended by tearing it out of his hand, for we were in a hurry. He stood and watched us quite quietly while we ate the bread and drank from the pitcher. He knew that we were five against one. When we had done he took the knife, broke the blade in two and threw the pieces out of the door; then he fetched a stone and pounded the pitcher into pieces. He had no other knife and no other vessel of any sort in his hut, and he probably had not money enough to buy others; in any case he would have to limp ten miles to the nearest place where he could get them. That Jew had the strength of fanaticism, and this is what I say that Salome has not. She is orthodox only because she is frightened to be anything else."

"There is all the more hope, then,

of rescuing her," said Ortenegg. And in the weeks that followed, this was apparently what he endeavored to do. After that day in the old chapel Salome no longer fled from him. As the summer advanced I know that they met frequently, whether by chance or preconcerted arrangement I forbore to inquire. I know also, by the remarks which Ortenegg dropped, that religion was actually the chief subject of their conversation, and therefrom I concluded that he still honestly believed his interest in the beautiful Jewess to be no more than a mystic interest in her soul. In his ignorance of the world I do not think it ever once occurred to him that he might be injuring the girl's fair fame; and I suppose that the girl herself had lost all sight of prudence.

Soon I began to perceive that I was not the only person who was aware of those semi-religious meetings. Symptoms of discontent began to show themselves among the Jews of Goratyn, for Berisch Marmorstein, notwithstanding his humble position, was held in high esteem by his fellow-Hebrews as an Orthodox among the Orthodox. At that time the Jews of the place happened to be in a somewhat restless and suspicious state. Within the last year there had been more than one case in which Hebrew fathers with handsome daughters had, with or without reason, considered that they had cause for bitter complaint against men who wore the uniform of his Majesty Francis Joseph. By degrees I noticed that threatening glances were being thrown at Ortenegg whenever he showed himself on the *Platz*, and soon it became evident that some rumor had reached the ears of Berisch Marmorstein, for Salome ceased to be seen. I know that for ten consecutive days Ortenegg failed to catch a single glimpse of her. The tenth of these—to him—blank days happened to be a Saturday. Just after sunset Ortenegg and I were slowly crossing the *Platz*. He had been in a restless mood all the week, and to-day seemed to be debating with himself as to what action he should take. The Jews were just opening their shops again after the *Schabes* (Sabbath). I was deep in the narrative of some military grievance, and so did not notice that after crossing the *Platz* Ortenegg

was leading the way through the tangle of narrow streets, which in this part of the town crossed and recrossed each other like a web. Suddenly he stood still.

"I am going in here," he said, hastily; "you can come or not, as you like."

I looked about me and saw that we stood in front of a tumble-down covered archway.

"In here? What to do?"

"I am going to ask what it is all about; why they have hidden her from me? I have not done her any harm; I want at least to be told that she is not kept a prisoner against her will."

"You had far better leave it alone."

"No, I cannot leave it alone," answered Ortenegg. "I must speak to Berisch Marmorstein;" and he strode before me into the yard. Reluctantly I followed. He walked straight to the door headed "Berisch Marmorstein," opened it, and quickly traversed the species of cellar which old Marmorstein had turned into his storehouse of skins and bones. Then, still at Ortenegg's heels, I found myself panting up several flights of narrow wooden stairs. After we had passed a good many doors—for the house was a perfect beehive of small lodgings—Ortenegg stood still at last.

There was a sound of women's voices clattering loudly within the room alongside. Some event of importance seemed under discussion, but whether these were words of condolence or of congratulation was not easy to distinguish. Ortenegg, having knocked at the door without getting any answer, turned the handle and entered the room. The table on which the *Schabes* meals had been taken still stood covered with a linen cloth in the centre of the large attic room. The big book out of which the *Schabes* tales and *Schabes* prayers had been read lay on the window sill; Salome, with a white rag in her hand, was occupied in polishing up one of the brass candelabra in which the wax lights had been burnt and which she was in process of stowing away for the week. Berisch Marmorstein was not in the room; but David, who had lost no time after the sinking of the sun, was seated in a corner stitching away at a silk skirt of some sort. Surchen was not visible; no doubt the

little villain was scouring the country, already on the track of some new *Geschäft* which her fertile brain had concocted during the long hours of enforced quietude and supposed piety of the *Schabes*. On two chairs by the window sat two hideous old Jewesses, with their heaviest brocade and their best pearls still on, both talking at the top of their exceedingly nasal voices and gesticulating frantically with their fat white hands. One of them wore a wig made of brown satin, with a thin white cord sewed down the centre to represent the parting. This is the sort of wig most generally worn by Polish Jewesses. The other had upon her head a more modern construction, composed of yellow thread.

"Is anything the matter? Has any misfortune occurred?" asked Ortenegg, standing still.

The two old women sprang, or rather waddled, to their feet and stared, evidently amazed at our intrusion. In one of them I recognized the wife of the money-lender, Jacob Enteres, in the other the landlady of the inn, Frau Kazles. They were both relatives of some sort of the Marmorstein family.

The fat landlady, she of the crimson brocade and the yellow thread head-dress, was the one who first recovered her tongue.

"No misfortune, Pan Lieutenant," she began in a greasily servile voice, "quite the contrary; a great piece of fortune. Esther Enteres and I were making our felicitations to David Marmorstein on his marriage that is to be. David Marmorstein is to be married to Deborah Goldwasser, the daughter of Abraham Goldwasser at Mornopol. The *Heiraths-Vermittler* (marriage-agent) was here yesterday."

"And Abraham Goldwasser is made of money," screamed Esther Enteres. "*Gott und die Welt!* he is just made of money! David Marmorstein is a happy man. Is he not?" And she turned to David, who merely nodded without interrupting his stitching. "Berisch Marmorstein is beside himself with joy at this good luck."

"And Deborah Goldwasser? Is she beside herself with joy too?" asked Ortenegg, by way of saying something civil.

"Deborah Goldwasser?" echoed the fat landlady. "Oh, Deborah Goldwasser will be content enough when she is told. Wherefore should she not be content?"

"When she is told?" echoed Ortenegg, looking all at once both shocked and interested. "What on earth do you mean?"

"Why," broke in the money-lender's wife, "she means that they are generally only told when the last arrangements have been made. As soon as Abraham Goldwasser has the agent's answer he will send for his daughter and he will say: 'Deborah, from this day you are betrothed to David, the son of Berisch Marmorstein; see that your linen is hemmed.'"

"And if Deborah Goldwasser then declares that she does not care for David Marmorstein and does not wish to marry him?"

"Care for him!" screamed the Jewess, goggling hideously in her astonishment. "*Gott und die Welt!* How should she care for him when she has never seen of him so much as a single curl of his hair? No one would think of asking her so foolish a question. Did the Herr Lieutenant think that David Marmorstein could leave his work to go a-courting? If he could even think of such a thing then Abraham Goldwasser would never have such an idler for his son-in-law; that is certain." And both Jewesses went off into a peal of cracked laughter, overcome apparently by the vision of David in this new character.

"But that is not a marriage," said Ortenegg, looking perfectly scandalized; "that is a deed of sale."

"But we have no other way of marrying," cried Frau Enteres, brandishing her ten fingers.

"That is the way that our fathers have married before us and that our children will marry after us; the way that Jacob Enteres married me, and that Veitel Kazles married Rebecca there, and that Berisch Marmorstein married his wife Lea. That is the way that David here is marrying now, and that is the way that Salome there will marry some day."

"It is monstrous!" said Ortenegg, suddenly bringing down his closed hand on the table beside him, so that the

glasses that stood there jingled loudly. "David Marmorstein, is this true what they say?"

"Quite true, Herr Lieutenant," answered David, quietly going on with his work.

"But do you not know that marriage on these terms is a sin; a fearful sin against God and Nature?"

The young Jew's needle remained transfixed in the air, so much was he astonished at this address. Frau Kazles collapsed on to her chair so suddenly that her stiff brocade swelled into crimson billows all around her, while Esther Enteres, being a woman of more metal, remained on her feet, goggling her eyes and struggling for breath, for stupefaction seemed to have affected her lungs.

The subject of money-marriages was one on which I knew that Ortenegg felt very strongly, for we had often discussed the point, and more especially in reference to the Jews. In a general sort of way he had known perfectly well that every Jewish marriage is a business arrangement, but he had never had so glaring an instance thrust so immediately under his notice. I dare say he believed that it was nothing but the glaring nature of this instance which was pushing him to speak now; but I knew otherwise. I knew that it was one word dropped by Esther Enteres which had lit this fire; the suggestion of that future day on which Berisch Marmorstein would send for his daughter and would say: "Salome, from this day forth you are betrothed to Moses the son of Isaac Rosenstock, or to Aaron the son of Zacharias Liliienstengel." It was the horror of that prophetic vision which had driven him mad for the moment. Did he perhaps dimly fancy that by remonstrating with her brother he was struggling to save Salome from the fate of Deborah Goldwasser?

"But," said David Marmorstein, having a little recovered from his surprise, "Abraham Goldwasser has got the largest business in Marnopol and Deborah is an excellent book-keeper and is used to the counter; nothing could suit better."

"Suit?" Ortenegg repeated; "and have you ever inquired whether anything else suits except the business? Whether Deborah Goldwasser and you,

by any chance, happen to suit? Whether your tempers suit? Your tastes? Your hearts? How will it be if you find out too late that you have made a mistake?" The tailor had resumed his stitching.

"There can be no mistake," he said, complacently; "it has all been made quite safe. We are to be partners in business. The provisions are written out quite clearly."

"And who is to provide you against yourselves?" cried Ortenegg. "Who tells you that your happiness is safe as well as your money? Deborah Goldwasser can keep accounts, you say, and stand behind the counter? But is it a cashier you want or a wife? A hired creature to sell your goods, or a woman who has chosen you and whom you have chosen, to love, and to be loved by, for life?"

At this moment my attention was caught by a long-drawn breath behind me; and, turning my head, I saw that Salome had put down the brass candelabrum she had been cleaning, and with her wide-open eyes fixed on Ortenegg's face, was slowly, and it seemed almost unconsciously, drawing near to where he stood. Her face was very pale, but wonderfully beautiful. I don't know whether Ortenegg saw her; his eyes at any rate remained fixed upon David.

"Partners!" he cried, and there was something like a tearful laugh in his voice. "You have got a partner in business you tell me, but is that all you want? Do you not need a partner for your joys as well, and for your pains? A partner for your life and for your death, a friend whose thoughts you can share, whose heart will be yours; and do you expect the woman you have bought to be that—to be all that to you? Is her love in the bargain too, or only her money?" His voice rang through the room. Salome had drawn quite close to the speaker now. As he broke off, with his flashing eyes still upon David, she suddenly burst into tears, and with her face hidden in her hands ran from the room.

I saw Ortenegg make a movement as though to follow her; and I saw also that the two old Jewesses, who had exchanged a hawk-like glance, were watching him so intently that they seemed

almost to grudge themselves the relaxation of blinking. Perhaps Ortenegg saw that too, for he turned again to David and continued the argument, but he spoke absently now and very much beside the point. The fire had all at once gone out of him. It must have been about ten minutes later that we left the room, leaving the hardened tailor not a whit shaken in his allegiance to Deborah Goldwasser. Ortenegg strode on in silence through the narrow courtyard, a few paces in front of me. We had got to about the middle of the yard when we met Salome face to face. She was returning slowly toward the house, evidently under the impression that we had gone. Her golden hair was disordered

and her eyelids red with weeping. Ortenegg stood still in front of her; he put out his two hands: "Salome!" was all he said; "Salome!" and she said nothing at all, but humbly lifted her eyes to his, allowed her fingers to be clasped by his, and raised her face, but slowly and unwillingly, as though she would rather have drooped it if she could. And then some unaccountable feeling of awe took possession of me, and acting upon an impulse as illogical as it was irresistible, I passed them quickly and stepped out into the street, leaving those two standing alone in the dusk of the summer evening.—*Longman's Magazine*.

(To be continued.)

MICHEL ANGELO.

BY W. W. STORY.

THE overthrow of the pagan religion was the death-blow of pagan Art. The temples shook to their foundations, the statues of the gods shuddered, a shadow darkened across the pictured and sculptured world, when through the ancient realm was heard the wail, "Pan, great Pan is dead." The nymphs fled to their caves affrighted. Dryads, Oreads, and Naiads abandoned the groves, mountains, and streams that they for ages had haunted. Their voices were heard no more singing by shadowy brooks, their faces peered no longer through the sighing woods; and of all the mighty train of greater and lesser divinities and deified heroes to whom Greece and Rome had bent the knee and offered sacrifice, Orpheus alone lingered in the guise of the Good Shepherd.

Christianity struck the death-blow not only to pagan Art, but for a time to all Art. Sculpture and Painting were in its mind closely allied to idolatry. Under its influence the arts slowly wasted away as with a mortal disease. With ever-declining strength they struggled for centuries, gasping as it were for breath, and finally, almost in utter atrophy, half alive, half dead—a ruined, maimed, deformed presence, shorn of all their glory and driven out by the world—they found

a beggarly refuge and sufferance in some Christian church or monastery.

The noble and majestic statues of the sculptured gods of ancient Greece were overthrown and buried in the ground, their glowing and pictured figures were swept from the walls of temples and dwellings, and in their stead only a crouching, timid race of bloodless saints were seen, not glad to be men, and fearful of God. Humanity dared no longer to stand erect, but grovelled in superstitious fear, and lashed its flesh in penance, and was ashamed and afraid of all its natural instincts. How then was it possible for Art to live? Beauty, happiness, life, and joy were but a snare and a temptation, and Religion and Art, which can never be divorced, crouched together in fear.

The long black period of the Middle Ages came to shroud everything in ignorance. Literature, art, poetry, science, sank into a nightmare of sleep. Only arms survived. The world became a battle-field, simply for power and dominion, until religion, issuing from the Church, bore in its van the banner of chivalry.

But the seasons of history are like the seasons of the year. Nothing utterly dies. And after the long apparently dead winter of the Middle Ages the

spring came again—the spring of the Renaissance—when liberty and humanity awoke, and art, literature, science, poesy all suddenly felt a new influence come over them. The Church itself shook off its apathy, inspired by a new spirit. Liberty, long down trodden and tyrannized over, roused itself, and struck for popular rights. The great contest of the Guelphs and Ghibellines began. There was a ferment throughout all society. The great republics of Italy arose. Commerce began to flourish; and despite of all the wars, contests, and feuds of people and nobles, and the decimations from plague and disease, art, literature, science, and religion itself, burst forth into a new and vigorous life. One after another there arose those great men whose names shine like planets in history—Dante, with his wonderful “*Divina Commedia*,” written, as it were, with a pen of fire against a stormy background of night; Boccaccio, with his sunny sheaf of idyllic tales; Petrarca, the earnest lover of liberty, the devoted patriot, the archæologist and philosopher as well as poet, whose tender and noble spirit is marked through his exquisitely finished canzone and sonnets, and his various philosophical works; Villari, the historian; and all the illustrious company that surrounded the court of Lorenzo the Magnificent—Macchiavelli, Poliziano, Boiardo, the three Pulci, Leon Battista Alberti, Aretino, Pico della Mirandola, and Marsilio Ficino; and, a little later, Ariosto and Tasso, whose stanzas are still sung by the gondoliers of Venice; and Guarini and Bibbiena and Bembo,—and many another in the fields of poesy and literature. Music then also began to develop itself; and Guido di Arezzo arranged the scale and the new method of notation. Art also sent forth a sudden and glorious coruscation of genius, beginning with Cimabue and Giotto, to shake off the stiff cerements of Byzantine tradition in which it had so long been swathed, and to stretch its limbs to freer action, and spread its wings to higher flights of power, invention, and beauty. The marble gods, which had lain dethroned and buried in the earth for so many centuries, rose with renewed life from their graves, and reasserted over the world of Art the

dominion they had lost in the realm of Religion. It is useless to rehearse the familiar names that then illumined the golden age of Italian art, where shine pre-eminent those of Leonardo, the widest and most universal genius that perhaps the world has ever seen; of Michel Angelo, the greatest power that ever expressed itself in stone or color; of Raffaello, whose exquisite grace and facile design have never been surpassed; and of Titian, Giorgione, Veronese, and Tintoretto, with their Venetian splendors. Nor did science lag behind. Galileo ranged the heavens with his telescope, and, like a second Joshua, bade the sun stand still; and Columbus, ploughing the unknown deep, added another continent to the known world.

This was the Renaissance or new birth in Italy: after the long drear night of ignorance and darkness, again the morning came and the glory returned. As Italy above all other lands is the land of the Renaissance, so Florence above all cities is the city of the Renaissance. Its streets are haunted by historic associations; at every corner, and in every by-place or piazza, you meet the spirits of the past. The ghosts of the great men who have given such a charm and perfume to history meet you at every turn. Here they have walked and worked centuries ago; here to the imagination they still walk, and they scarcely seem gone. Here is the stone upon which Dante sat and meditated,—was it an hour ago or six centuries? Here Brunelleschi watched the growing of his mighty dome, and here Michel Angelo stood and gazed at it while dreaming of that other mighty dome of St. Peter's which he was afterward to raise, and said, “Like it I will not, and better I cannot.” As one walks through the piazza of Sta Maria Novella, and looks up at the façade that Michel Angelo called his “*sposa*,” it is not difficult again to people it with the glad procession that bore Cimabue's famous picture, with shouts and pomp and rejoicing, to its altar within the church. In the Piazza della Signoria one may in imagination easily gather a crowd of famous men to listen to the piercing tones and powerful eloquence of Savonarola. Here gazing up, one may see towering against the sky, and falling as it were against

the trooping clouds, the massive fortress-like structure of the Palazzo Pubblico, with its tall machicolated tower, whence the bell so often called the turbulent populace together; or dropping one's eyes, behold under the lofty arches of the Loggia of Orcagna the marble representations of the ancient and modern world assembled together,—peacefully: the antique Ajax, the Renaissance Perseus of Cellini, the Rape of the Sabines, by John of Bologna, and the late group of Polyxines, by Fedi, holding solemn and silent conclave. In the Piazza del Duomo at the side of Brunelleschi's noble dome, the exquisite campanile of Giotto, slender, graceful, and joyous, stands like a bride and whispers ever the name of its master and designer. And turning round, one may see the Baptistery celebrated by Dante, and those massive bronze doors storied by Ghiberti, which Michel Angelo said were worthy to be the doors of Paradise. History and romance meets us everywhere. The old families still give their names to the streets, and palaces, and *loggie*. Every now and then a marble slab upon some house records the birth or death within of some famous citizen, artist, writer, or patriot, or perpetuates the memory of some great event. There is scarcely a street or a square which has not something memorable to say and to recall, and one walks through the streets guided by memory, looking behind more than before, and seeing with the eyes of the imagination. Here is the Bargello, by turns the court of the Podestà and the prison of Florence, whence so many edicts were issued, and where the groans of so many prisoners were echoed. Here is the Church of the Carmine, where Massaccio and Lippi painted those frescoes which are still living on its walls, though the hands that painted and the brains that dreamed them into life are gone forever. Here are the *loggie* which were granted only to the fifteen highest citizens, from which fair ladies, who are now but dust, looked and laughed so many a year ago. Here are the *piazz* within whose tapestried stockades gallant knights jousted in armor, and fair eyes, gazing from above, "rained influence and adjudged the prize." Here are the fortifications at which Michel Angelo worked as an

engineer and as a combatant; and here among the many churches, each one of which bears on its walls or over its altars the painted or sculptured work of some of the great artists of the flowering prime of Florence, is that of the Santa Croce, the sacred and solemn mausoleum of many of its mighty dead. As we wander through its echoing nave at twilight, when the shadows of evening are deepening, we may hold communion with these great spirits of the past. The Peruzzi and Baldi Chapels are illustrated by the frescoes of Giotto. The foot treads upon many a slab under which lie the remains of soldier, and knight, and noble, and merchant prince, who, centuries ago, their labors and battles and commerce done, were here laid to rest. The nave on either side is lined with monumental statues of the illustrious dead. Ungrateful Florence, who drove her greatest poet from her gates to find a grave in Ravenna, *patriis extorris ab urbe*, here tardily and in penitence raised to him a monument, after vainly striving to reclaim his bones. Here, too, among others, are the statues and monuments of Michel Angelo, Macchiavelli, Galileo, Lanzi, Aretino, Guicciardini, Alfieri, Leon Battista Alberti, and Raffaele Morghen.

Of all the great men who shed a lustre over Florence, no one so domineers over it and pervades it with his memory and his presence as Michel Angelo. The impression he left upon his own age and upon all subsequent ages is deeper, perhaps, than that left by any other save Dante. Everything in Florence recalls him. The dome of Brunelleschi, impressive and beautiful as it is, and prior in time to that of St. Peter's, cannot rid itself of its mighty brother in Rome. With Ghiberti's doors are ever associated his words. In Santa Croce we all pause longer before the tomb where his body is laid than before any other—even that of Dante. The empty place before the Palazzo Vecchio, where his David stood, still holds its ghost. All places which knew him in life are still haunted by his memory. The house where he lived, thought, and worked is known to every pilgrim of art. The least fragment which his hand touched is there preserved as precious, simply because it was his; and it is with

a feeling of reverence that we enter the little closet where his mighty works were designed. There still stands his folding desk, lit by a little slip of a window; and there are the shelves and pigeon-holes where he kept his pencils, colors, tools, and books. The room is so narrow that one can scarcely turn about in it; and the contrast between this narrow, restricted space and the vastness of the thoughts which there were born, and the extent of his fame which fills the world, is strangely impressive and affecting. Here, barring the door behind him to exclude the world, he sat and studied and wrote and drew, little dreaming that hundreds of thousands of pilgrims would in after-centuries come to visit it in reverence from a continent then but just discovered, and peopled only with savages.

But more than all other places, the Church of San Lorenzo is identified with him; and the Medicean Chapel, which he designed, is more a monument to him than to those in honor of whom it was built.

Here, therefore, under the shadow of these noble shapes, and in the silent influence of this solemn place, let us cast a hurried glance over the career and character of Michel Angelo as exhibited in his life and his greatest works. To do more than this would be impossible within the brief limits we can here command. We may then give a glance into the adjoining and magnificent Hall, which is the real mausoleum of the Medici, and is singularly in contrast with it.

Michel Angelo was born at Caprese, in the Casentino, near Florence, on March 6, 1474 or 1475, according as we reckon from the nativity or the incarnation of Christ. He died at Rome on Friday, February 23, 1564, at the ripe age of eighty-nine or ninety. He claimed to be of the noble family of the Counts of Canossa. He certainly was of the family of the Berlinghi. His father was one of the twelve Buonomini, and was Podestà of Caprese when Michel Angelo was born. From his early youth he showed a strong inclination to art, and vainly his father sought to turn him aside from this vocation. His early studies were under Ghirlandaio. But he soon left his master to devote himself

to sculpture; and he was wont to say that he "had imbibed this disposition with his nurse's milk"—she being the wife of a stone-carver. Lorenzo the Magnificent favored him and received him into his household; and there under his patronage he prosecuted his studies, associating familiarly with some of the most remarkable men of the period, enriching his mind with their conversation, and giving himself earnestly to the study not only of art, but of science and literature. The celebrated Angelo Poliziano, then tutor to the sons of Lorenzo, was strongly attracted to him, and seems to have adopted him also as a pupil. His early efforts as a sculptor were not remarkable; and though many stories are told of his great promise and efficiency, but little weight is to be given to them. He soon, however, began to distinguish himself among his contemporaries; and his Cupid and Bacchus, though wanting in all the spirit and characteristics of antique work, were, for the time and age of the sculptor, important and remarkable. After this followed the Pietà, now in St. Peter's at Rome, in which a different spirit began to exhibit itself; but it was not till later on that the great individuality and originality of his mind was shown, when from an inform block of rejected marble he hewed the colossal figure of David. He had at last found the great path of his genius. From this time forward he went on with ever-increasing power—working in many various arts, and stamping on each the powerful character of his mind. His grandest and most characteristic works in sculpture and painting were executed in his middle age. The Sistine Chapel he completed when he was thirty-eight years old, the stern figure of the Moses when he was forty, the great sculptures of the Medici Chapel when he was from fifty to fifty-five; and in his sixty-sixth year he finished the Last Judgment. Thenceforth his thoughts were chiefly given to architecture, with excursions into poetry—though during this latter period he painted the frescoes in the Pauline Chapel; and after being by turns sculptor, painter, architect, engineer, and poet, he spent the last years of his life in designing and superintending the erection of St. Peter's at Rome.

One of his last works, if not the last, was the model of the famous cupola of St. Peter's, which he never saw completed. In some respects this was departed from in its execution by his successors; but in every change it lost, and had it been carried out strictly as he designed it, it would have been even nobler and more beautiful than it is.

Here was a long life of ceaseless study, of untiring industry, of never-flagging devotion to art. Though surrounded by discouragements of every kind, harassed by his family, forced to obey the arbitrary will of a succession of Popes, and, in accordance with their orders, to abandon the execution of his high artistic conceptions, and waste months and years on mere mechanic labor in superintending mines and quarries—driven against his will, now to be a painter when he desired to be a sculptor, now to be an architect when he had learned to be a painter, now as an engineer to be employed on fortifications when he was longing for his art; through all the exigencies of his life, and all the worrying claims of patrons, family, and country, he kept steadily on, never losing courage even to the end—a man of noble life, high faith, pure instincts, great intellect, powerful will, and inexhaustible energy; proud and scornful, but never vain; violent of character, but generous and true,—never guilty through all his long life of a single mean or unworthy act. A silent, serious, unsocial, self-involved man, oppressed with the weight of great thoughts, and burdened by many cares and sorrows. With but a grim humor, and none of the lighter graces of life, he went his solitary way, ploughing a deeper furrow in his age than any of his contemporaries, remarkable as they were,—an earnest and unwearyed student and seeker, even to the last.

It was in his old age that he made a drawing of himself in a child's go-cart with the motto "*Ancora imparo*"—I am still learning. And one winter day toward the end of his life, the Cardinal Gonsalvi met him walking down toward the Colosseum during a snowstorm. Stopping his carriage, the Cardinal asked where he was going in such stormy weather. "*To school,*" he answered, "*to try to learn something.*"

Slowly, as years advanced, his health declined, but his mind retained to the last all its energy and clearness; and many a craggy sonnet and madrigal he wrote toward the end of his life, full of high thought and feeling—struggling for expression, and almost rebelliously submitting to the limits of poetic form; and at last, peacefully, after eighty-nine long years of earnest labor and never-failing faith, he passed away, and the great light went out. No! it did not go out; it still burns as brightly as ever across these long centuries to illumine the world.

Fitly to estimate the power of Michel Angelo as a sculptor, we must study the great works in the Medicean Chapel in the Church of San Lorenzo, which show the culmination of his genius in this branch of art.

The original Church of San Lorenzo was founded in 930, and is one of the most ancient in Italy. It was burned down in 1423, and re-erected in 1425 by the Medici from Brunelleschi's designs. Later, in 1523, by the order of Leo X., Michel Angelo designed and began to execute the new sacristy, which was intended to serve as a mausoleum to Giuliano dei Medici, Duke of Nemours, brother of Leo X., and younger son of Lorenzo the Magnificent; and to Lorenzo, Duke of Urbino, and grandson of the great Lorenzo. Within this mausoleum, which is now called the Medici Chapel, were placed the statues of Giuliano and Lorenzo. They are both seated on lofty pedestals, and face each other on opposite sides of the chapel. At the base of one, reclining on a huge sarcophagus, are the colossal figures of Day and Night, and at the base of the other the figures of Aurora and Crepuscule. This chapel is quite separated from the church itself. You enter from below by a dark and solemn crypt, beneath which are the bodies of thirty-four of the family, with large slabs at intervals on the pavement, on which their names are recorded. You ascend a staircase, and go through a corridor into this chapel. It is solemn, cold, bare, white, and lighted from above by a lantern open to the sky. There is no color, the lower part being carved of white marble, and the upper part and railings wrought in stucco. A

chill comes over you as you enter it ; and the whole place is awed into silence by these majestic and solemn figures. You at once feel yourself to be in the presence of an influence, serious, grand, impressive, and powerful, and of a character totally different from anything that sculpture has hitherto produced, either in the ancient or modern world. Whatever may be the defects of these great works, and they are many and evident, one feels that here a lofty intellect and power has struggled, and fought its way, so to speak, into the marble, and brought forth from the insensate stone a giant brood of almost supernatural shapes. It is not nature that he has striven to render, but rather to embody thoughts, and to clothe in form conceptions which surpass the limits of ordinary nature. It is idle to apply here the rigid rules of realism. The attitudes are distorted, and almost impossible. No figure could ever retain the position of the Night at best for more than a moment, and to sleep in such an attitude would be scarcely possible. And yet a mighty burden of sleep weighs down this figure, and the solemnity of night itself broods over it. So also the Day is more like a primeval titanic form than the representation of a human being. The action of the head, for instance, is beyond nature. The head itself is merely blocked out, and scarcely indicated in its features. But this very fact is in itself a stroke of genius ; for the suggestion of mystery in this vague and unfinished face is far more impressive than any elaborated head could have been. It is supposed he left it thus, because he found the action too strained. So be it ; but here is Day still involved in clouds, but now arousing from its slumbers, throwing off the mists of darkness, and rising with a tremendous energy of awakening life. The same character also pervades the Aurora and Crepuscule. They are not man and woman, they are types of ideas. One lifts its head, for the morning is coming ; one holds its head abased, for the gloom of evening is drawing on. There is no joy in any of these figures. A terrible sadness and seriousness oppresses them. Aurora does not smile at the coming of the light, is not glad, has little hope, but looks upon it with a terrible weariness,

almost with despair—for it sees little promise, and doubts far more than it hopes. Twilight, again, almost disdainfully sinks to repose. The day has accomplished almost nothing : oppressed and hopeless, it sees the darkness close about it.

What Michel Angelo meant to embody in these statues can only be guessed—but certainly no trivial thought. Their names convey nothing. It was not beauty, or grace, or simple truth to nature, that he sought to express. In making them, the weight of this unexplained mystery of life hung over him ; the struggle of humanity against superior forces oppressed him. The doubts, the despair, the power, the indomitable will of his own nature are in them. They are not the expressions of the natural day of the world, of the glory of the sunrise, the tenderness of the twilight, the broad gladness of day, or the calm repose of night ; but they are seasons and epochs of the spirit of man—its doubts and fears, its sorrows and longings and unrealized hopes. The sad condition of his country oppressed him. Its shame overwhelmed him. His heart was with Savonarola, to whose excited preaching he had listened, and his mind was inflamed by the hope of a spiritual regeneration of Italy and the world. The gloom of Dante enshrouded him, and the terrible shapes of the " *Inferno* " had made deeper impression on his nature than all the sublimed glories of the " *Paradiso*." His colossal spirit stood fronting the agitated storms of passions which then shook his country, like a rugged cliff that braves the tempest-whipped sea—disdainfully casting from him its violent and raging waves, and longing almost with a vain hope for the time when peace, honor, liberty, and religion should rule the world.

This at least would seem to be implied in the lines he wrote under his statue of Night, in response to the quatrain written there by Giovan' Battista Strozzi. These are the lines of Strozzi :—

" *La notte che tu vedi in sì dolci atti
Dormire, fu da un angelo scolpita
In questo sasso ; e, perchè dorme, ha vita
Destala, se no 'l credi, e parlaratli.* "

Which may be thus rendered in English—

"Night, which in peaceful attitude you see
Here sleeping, from this stone an angel
wrought.
Sleeping, it lives. If you believe it not,
Awaken it, and it will speak to thee."

And this was Michel Angelo's response:—

"Grato mi è il sonno, e piu l'esser de sasso
Mentre che il danno e la vergogna dura
Non veder non sentir m'è gran ventura
Però, non mi destar; deh! parla basso."

Which may be rendered—

"Grateful is sleep—and more, of stone to be:
So long as crime and shame here hold their
state,
Who cannot see nor feel is fortunate—
Therefore speak low, and do not waken
me."

This would clearly seem to show that under these giant shapes he meant to embody allegorically at once the sad condition of humanity and the oppressed condition of his country. What lends itself still more to this interpretation is the character and expression of both the statues of Lorenzo and Giuliano, and particularly that of Lorenzo, who leans forward with his hand raised to his chin, in so profound and sad a meditation that the world has given it the name of *Il Pensiero*—not even calling it *Il Penseroso*, the thinker, but *Il Pensiero*, thought itself; while the attitude and expression of Giuliano is of one who helplessly holds the sceptre and lets the world go, heedless of all its crime and folly, and too weak to lend his hand to set it right.

But whatever the interpretation to be given to these statues, in power, originality, and grandeur of character they have never been surpassed. It is easy to carp at their defects. Let them all be granted. They are contorted, uneasy, over-anatomical, untrue to nature. Viewed with the keen and searching eye of the critic, they are full of faults, *epure si muove*. There is a lift of power, an energy of conception, a grandeur and boldness of treatment which redeems all defects. They are the work of a great mind, spurning the literal, daring almost the impossible, and using human form as a means of thought and expression. It may almost be said that in a certain sense they are great, not in despite of their faults, but by very virtue of these faults. In them is a spirit which was unknown to the Greeks and

Romans. They sought the simple, the dignified, the natural; beauty was their aim and object. Their ideal was a quiet passionless repose, with little action, little insistence of parts. Their treatment was large and noble, their attitude calm. No torments reach them, or if passion enter, it is subdued to beauty:—

"Calm pleasures there abide, majestic pains."

Their gods looked down upon earth through the noblest forms of Phidias with serenity, heedless of the violent struggles of humanity—like grand and peaceful presences. Even in the *Laocoon*, which stepped to the utmost permitted bounds of the antique sculpture, there is the restraint of beauty, and suffering is modified to grace. But here in these Titans of Michel Angelo there is a new spirit—better or worse, it is new. It represents humanity caught in the terrible net of Fate, storming the heavens, Prometheus-like, breaking forth from the bonds of convention, and terrible as grand. But noble as these works are, they afford no proper school for imitation, and his followers have, as has been fitly said, only caught the contortions without the inspiration of the sibyl. They lift the spirit, enlarge the mind, and energize the will of those who feel them and are willing only to feel them; but they are bad models for imitation. It is only such great and original minds as Michel Angelo who can force the grand and powerful out of the wrong and unnatural; and he himself only at rare intervals prevailed in doing this violence to nature.

Every man has a right to be judged by his best. It is not the number of his failures but the value of his successes which afford the just gauge of every man's genius. Here in these great statues Michel Angelo succeeded, and they are the highest tide-mark of his power as a sculptor. The *Moses*, despite its elements of strength and power, is of a lower grade. The *Pietà* is the work of a young man who has not as yet grown to his full strength, and who is shackled by his age and his contemporaries. The *David* has high qualities of nobility, but it is constrained to the necessities of the marble in which it is wrought. The *Christ in the Church* of the *Minerva* is scarcely worthy of

him. But in these impersonations of Day, Night, Twilight, and Dawn, his genius had full scope, and rose to its greatest height.

These statues were executed by Michel Angelo, with various and annoying interruptions, when he was more than fifty-five years of age, and while he was in ill health and very much overworked. Indeed such was his condition of health at this time that it gave great anxiety to his friends, and Giovanni Battista Mini, writing to his friend Bartolommeo Valori on the 29th of September 1531, says: "Michel Angelo has fallen off in flesh, and the other day, with Buggiardini and Antonio Mini, we had a private talk about him, and we came to the conclusion that he will not live long unless things are remedied. He works very hard, eats little and that little is bad, sleeps not at all, and for a month past his sight has been weak, and he has pains in the head and vertigo, and, in fine, his head is affected and so is his heart, but there is a cure for each, for he is healthy." He was so besieged on all sides with commissions, and particularly by the Duke of Urbino, that the Pope at last issued a brief, ordering him, under pain of excommunication, to do no work except on these monuments—and thus he was enabled to command his time and to carry on these great works to the condition in which they now are, though he never was able completely to finish them.

Of the same race with them are the wonderful frescoes of the sibyls and prophets and Biblical figures and Titans that live on the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel. And these are as amazing, perhaps even more amazing in their way, than the sculpture of the Medicean Chapel. He was but thirty-four years of age when, at the instigation of Bramante, he was summoned to Rome by the Pope Julius II. to decorate this ceiling. It is unpleasant to think that Bramante, in urging this step upon the Pope, was animated with little goodwill to Michel Angelo. From all accounts it would seem he was jealous of his growing fame, and deemed that in undertaking this colossal work failure would be inevitable. Michel Angelo had indeed worked in his youth under Ghirlandaio, but had soon abandoned his studio and devoted

himself to sculpture; and although he had painted some few labored pictures and produced the famous designs for the great hall of the municipality at Florence, in competition with his famous rival Leonardo da Vinci, yet these cartoons had never been executed by him, and his fame was chiefly, if not solely, as a sculptor. Michel Angelo himself, though strongly urged to this undertaking by the Pope, was extremely averse to it, and at first refused, declaring that "painting was not his profession." The Pope, however, was persistent, and Michel was forced at last to yield, and to accept the commission. He then immediately began to prepare his cartoons, and, ignorant and doubtful of his own powers, summoned to his assistance several artists in Florence, to learn more properly from them the method of painting in fresco. Not satisfied with their work on the ceiling, he suddenly closed the doors upon them, sent them away, and shutting himself up alone in the chapel, erased what they had done and began alone with his own hand. It was only about six weeks after his arrival in Rome that he thus began, and in this short space of time he had completed his designs, framed and erected the scaffolds, laid on the rough casting preparatory to the finishing layer, and commenced his frescoes. This alone is an immense labor, and shows a wonderful mastery of all his powers. The design is entirely original, not only in the composition and character of the figures themselves, but in the architectural divisions and combinations in which they are placed. There are no less than 343 figures, of great variety of movement, grandiose proportions, and many of them of colossal size; and to the sketches he first designed he seems to have absolutely adhered. Of course, within such a time he could not have made the large cartoons in which the figures were developed in their full proportions, but he seems only to have enlarged them from his figures as first sketched. With indomitable energy, and a persistence of labor which has scarcely a parallel, alone and without encouragement he prosecuted his task, despite the irritations and annoyances which he was forced to endure, the constant delays of payment, the fretful complaints of the impatient

Pope, the accidents and disappointments incident to an art in which he had previously had no practice, and the many and worrying troubles from home by which he was constantly pursued. At last the Pope's impatience became imperious; and when the vault was only one-half completed, he forced Michel Angelo, under threats of his severe displeasure, to throw down the scaffolding and exhibit it to the world. The chapel was accordingly opened on All Saints' Day in November 1508. The public flocked to see it, and a universal cry of admiration was raised. In the crowd which then assembled was Raffaele, and the impression he received is plain from the fact that his style was at once so strongly modified by it. Bramante, too, was there, expecting to see the failure which he had anticipated, and to rejoice in the downfall of his great rival. But he was destined to be disappointed, and, as is recounted, but as one is unwilling to believe, he used his utmost efforts to induce the Pope to discharge Michel Angelo and commission Raffaele to complete the ceiling. It is even added that Raffaele himself joined in this intrigue, but there is no proof of this, and let us disbelieve it. Certain it is that in the presence of the Pope, when Michel Angelo broke forth in fierce language against Bramante for this injurious proposal, and denounced him for his ignorance and incapacity, he did not involve Raffaele in the same denunciation. Still there seems to be little doubt that the party and friends of Raffaele exerted their utmost influence to induce the Pope to substitute him for Michel Angelo. They did not, however, succeed. The Pope was steadfast, and again the doors were closed, and he was ordered to complete the work.

When again he began to paint there is no record. Winter is unfavorable to fresco-painting, and when a frost sets in, it cannot be carried on. In the autumn of 1510 we know that he applied to the Pope for permission to visit his friends in Florence, and for an advance of money; that the Pope replied by demanding when his work would be completed, and that the artist replied, "As soon as I shall be able;" on which the Pope, repeating his words, struck him with his cane. Michel Angelo was not

a man to brook this, and he instantly abandoned his work and went to Florence. The Pope, however, sent his page Accursio after him with pacific words, praying him to return, and a purse of fifty crowns to pay his expenses; and after some delay he did return.

Vasari and Condivi both assert that the vault of the Sistine Chapel was painted by Michel Angelo "alone and unaided, even by any one to grind his colors, in twenty months." But this cannot be true. He certainly had assistance not only for all the laying of the plaster and the merely mechanical work, but also in the painting of the architecture, and even of portions of the figures; and it now seems to be pretty clear that the chapel was not completed until 1512. But this in itself, considering all the breaks and intervals when the work was necessarily interrupted, is stupendous.

The extraordinary rapidity with which he worked is clearly proved by the close examination which the erection of scaffolding has recently enabled Mr. Charles Heath Wilson and others to make. Fresco-painting can only be done while the plaster is fresh (hence its name); and as the plaster laid on one day will not serve for the next, it must be removed unless the painting on it is completed. The junction of the new plaster leaves a slight line of division when closely examined, and thus it is easy to detect how much has been accomplished each day. It scarcely seems credible, though there can be no doubt of the fact, that many of the nude figures above life-size were painted in two days. The noble reclining figure of Adam occupied him only three days; and the colossal figures of the sibyls and prophets, which, if standing, would be eighteen feet in height, occupied him only from three to four days each. When one considers the size of these figures, the difficulty of painting anything overhead where the artist is constrained to work in a reclining position and often lying flat on his back, and the beauty, tenderness, and careful finish which has been given to all parts, and especially to the heads, this rapidity of execution seems almost marvellous.

Seen from below, these figures are

solemn and striking ; but seen near by, their grandeur of character is vastly more impressive, and their beauty and refinement, which are less apparent when seen from a distance, are quite as remarkable as their power and energy. Great as Michel Angelo was as a sculptor, he seems even greater as a painter. Not only is the design broader and larger, but there is a freedom of attitude, a strength and loftiness of conception, and a beauty of treatment, which is beyond what he reached, or perhaps strove for, in his statues. The figure of Adam, for instance, is not more wonderful for its novelty and power of design than for its truth to nature. The figure of the Deity, encompassed by angelic forms, is whirling down upon him like a tempest. His mighty arm is outstretched, and from his extended fingers an electric flash of life seems to strike into the uplifted hand of Adam, whose reclining figure, issuing from the constraint of death, and quivering with this new thrill of animated being, stirs into action, and rises half to meet his Creator. Nothing could be more grand than this conception, more certain than its expression, or more simple than its treatment. Nothing, too, has ever been accomplished in art more powerful, varied, and original than the colossal figures of the sibyls and the prophets. The Ezekiel, listening to the voice of inspiration ; the Jeremiah, surcharged with meditative thought, and weighed down with it as a lowering cloud with rain ; the youthful Daniel, writing on his book which an angel supports ; Esaias, in the fulness of his manhood, leaning his elbow on his book and holding his hand suspended while turning he listens to the angel whose tidings he is to record ; and the aged Zacharias, with his long beard, swathed in heavy draperies, and intently reading. These are the prophets ; and alternating with them on the span of the arch are the sibyls. The noble Erythrean, seated almost in profile, with crossed legs, and turning the leaves of her book with one hand while the other drops at her side, grand in the still serenity of her beauty ; the aged Persian sibyl, turning sideways to peruse the book which she holds close to her eyes, while above her recline two beautiful naked youths, and below her

sleeps a madonna with the child Christ ; the Libyan, holding high behind her with extended arms her open scroll, and looking down over her shoulder ; the Cumæan, old, weird, Dantesque in her profile, with a napkin folded on her head, reading in stern self-absorption, while two angels gaze at her ; and last, the Delphic, sweet, calm, and beautiful in the perfectness of womanhood, who looks serenely down over her shoulder to charm us with a peaceful prophecy. All the faces and heads of these figures are evidently drawn from noble and characteristic models—if, indeed, any models at all are used ; and some of them, especially those of the Delphic and Erythrean, are full of beauty as well as power. All are painted with great care and feeling, and a lofty inspiration has guided a loving hand. There is nothing vague, feeble, or flimsy in them. They are ideal in the true sense—the strong embodiment of great ideas.

Even to enumerate the other figures would require more time and space than can now be given. But we cannot pass over in silence the wonderful series illustrative of Biblical history which form the centre of the ceiling, beginning with Chaos struggling into form, and ending with Lot and his children. Here in succession are the division of light from darkness—the Spirit of God moving over the face of the waters (an extraordinary conception, which Raffaele strove in vain to reproduce in another form in the Loggia of the Vatican) ; the wonderful creation of Adam ; the temptation of the serpent, and the expulsion from Paradise, so beautiful in composition and feeling ; the sacrifice to God ; and finally the Flood.

Besides these are the grand nude figures of the decoration, which have never been equalled ; and many a Biblical story, which, in the richness and multitude of greater things, is lost, but which in themselves would suffice to make any artist famous. As, for instance, the group called Rehoboam, a female figure bending forward, and resting her hand upon her face, with the child leaning against her knee—a lovely sculptural group, admirably composed, and full of pathos ; and the stern despairing figure entitled Jesse, looking straight out into the distance before her—like Fate.

Here is no attempt at scenic effect, no effort for the picturesque, no literal desire for realism, no pictorial graces. A sombre, noble tone of color pervades them,—harmonizing with their grand design, but seeking nothing for itself, and sternly subjected and restrained to these powerful conceptions. Nature silently withdraws and looks on, awed by these mighty presences.

Only a tremendous energy and will could have enabled Michel Angelo to conceive and execute these works. The spirit in which he worked is heroic: oppressed as he was by trouble and want, he never lost courage or faith. Here is a fragment of a letter he wrote to his brother while employed on this work, which will show the temper and character of the man. It is truly in the spirit of the Stoics of old:—

"Make no friendship nor intimacies with any one but the Almighty alone. Speak neither good nor evil of any one, because the end of these things cannot yet be known. Attend only to your own affairs. I must tell you I have no money." (He says this in answer to constant applications from his unworthy brother for pecuniary assistance.) "I am, I may say, shoeless and naked. I cannot receive the balance of my pay till I have finished this work, and I suffer much from discomfort and fatigue. Therefore, when you also have trouble to endure, do not make useless complaints, but try to help yourself."

The names of Raffaele and Michel Angelo are so associated, that that of one always rises in the mind when the other is mentioned. Their geniuses are as absolutely opposite as are their characters. Each is the antithesis of the other. In the ancient days we have the same kind of difference between Homer and Virgil, Demosthenes and Cicero, Æschylus and Euripides. In later days, Molière and Racine, Rousseau and Voltaire, Shakespeare and Sir Philip Sidney, Beethoven and Mozart, Dante and Ariosto, Victor Hugo and Lamartine; or to take our own age, Delacroix and Ary Scheffer, Browning and Tennyson. To the one belongs the sphere of power, to the other that of charm. One fights his way to immortality, the other woos it.

Raffaele was of the latter class—sweet of nature, gentle of disposition, gifted with a rare sense of grace, a facile talent of design, and a refinement of feeling which, if it sometimes degener-

ated into weakness, never utterly lost its enchantment. He was exceedingly impressionable, reflected by turns the spirit of his masters,—was first Perugino, and afterward modified his style to that of Fra Bartolommeo, and again, under the influence of Michel Angelo, strove to tread in his footsteps. He was not of a deep nature nor of a powerful character. There was nothing torrential in his genius, bursting its way through obstacles and sweeping all before it. It was rather that of the calm river, flowing at its own sweet will, and reflecting peacefully the passing figures of life. He painted as the bird sings. He was an artist because nature made him one—not because he had vowed himself to art, and was willing to struggle and fight for its smile. He was gentle and friendly—a pleasant companion—a superficial lover—handsome of person and pleasing of address—who always went surrounded by a corona of followers, who disliked work and left the execution of his designs in great measure to his pupils, while he toyed with the Fornarina. I do not mean to undervalue him in what he did. His works are charming—his invention was lively. He had the happy art of telling his story in outline, better, perhaps, than any one of his age. His highest reach was the Madonna de S. Sisto, and this certainly is full of that large sweetness and spiritual sensibility which entitles him to the common epithet of "Divino." But when he died at the early age of thirty-seven, he had come to his full development, and there is no reason to suppose that he would ever have attained a greater height. Indeed during his latter years he was tired of his art, neglected his work, became more and more academic, and preferred to bask in the sunshine of his fame on its broad levels, to girding up his loins to struggle up precipitous ascents to loftier peaks. The world already began to blame him for this neglect, and to say that he had forgotten how to paint himself, and gave his designs only to his students to execute. Moved by these rumors, he determined alone to execute a work in fresco, and this work was the famous Galatea of the Palazzo Farnese. He was far advanced in it, when, during his absence one morning, a dark, short,

stern-looking man called to see him. In the absence of Raffaele, this man gazed attentively at the Galatea for a long time, and then taking a piece of charcoal, he ascended the ladder which stood in the corner of the vast room, and drew off-hand on the wall a colossal male head. Then he came down and went away, saying to the attendant—"If Signore Raffaele wishes to know who came to see him, show him my card there on the wall." When Raffaele returned, the assistant told him of his visitor, and showed him the head. "That is Michel Angelo," he said, "or the devil."

And Michel Angelo it was. Raffaele well knew what that powerful and colossal head meant, and he felt the terrible truth of its silent criticism on his own work. It meant, Your fresco is too small for the room—your style is too pleasing and trivial. Make something grand and colossal. Brace your mind to higher purpose, train your hand to nobler design. I say that Raffaele felt this stern criticism, because he worked no more there, and only carried out this one design. Raffaele's disposition was sweet and attractive, and he was beloved by all his friends. Vasari says of him, that he was as much distinguished by his *amorevolezza ed umanità*, his affectionate and sympathetic nature, as by his excellence as an artist; and another contemporary speaks of him as of *summæ bonitatis*, perfect sweetness of character. All this one sees in his face, which, turning, gazes dreamily at us over his shoulder, with dark soft eyes, long hair, and smooth, unsuffering cheeks where Time has ploughed no furrows—easy, charming, graceful, refined, and somewhat feminine of character.

Michel Angelo was made of sterner stuff than this. His temper was violent, his bearing haughty, his character impetuous. He had none of the personal graces of his great rival. His face was, as it were, hammered sternly out by fate; his brow corrugated by care, his cheeks worn by thought, his hair and beard stiffly curled and bull-like; his expression sad and intense, with a weary longing in his deep-set eyes. Doubtless, at times, they flamed with indignation and passion—for he was very irascible, and suffered no liberties to be taken

with him. He could not "sport with Amaryllis in the shade, or with the tangles of Neera's hair," Art was his mistress, and a stern mistress she was, urging him ever onward to greater and greater heights. He loved her with a passion of the intellect; there was nothing he would not sacrifice for her. He was willing to be poor, almost to starve, to labor with incessant zeal, grudging even the time that sleep demanded, only to win her favor. He could not have been a pleasant companion, and he was never a lover of woman. His friendship with Vittoria Colonna was worlds away from the senses,—worlds away from such a connection as that of Raffaele with the Fornarina. They walked together in the higher fields of thought and feeling, in the region of ideas and aspirations. Their conversation was of art, and poesy, and religion, and the mysteries of life. They read to each other their poems, and discoursed on high themes of religion, and fate, and foreknowledge. The sonnets he addressed to her were in no trivial vein of human passion or sentiment.

"Rapt above earth" (he writes) "by power of one fair face,
Hers, in whose sway alone my heart delights,
I mingle with the Blest on those pure heights
Where man, yet mortal, rarely finds a place—
With Him who made the Work that Work
 accords
So well that, by its help and through His
 grace,
I raise my thoughts, inform my deeds and
 words,
Clasping her beauty in my soul's embrace."

In his *soul's* embrace, not in his arms. When he stood beside her dead body, he silently gazed at her, not daring to imprint a kiss on that serene brow even when life had departed. If he admired Petrarca, it was as a philosopher and a patriot,—for his canzone to Liberty, not for his sonnets to Laura. Dante, whom he called *Stella di alto valor*, the star of high power, was his favorite poet; Savonarola his single friend. The "*Divina Commedia*," or rather the "*Inferno*" alone, he thought worthy of illustration by his pencil; the doctrines of the latter he warmly espoused. "True beauty," says that great reformer, "comes only from the soul, from nobleness of spirit and purity of conduct." And so, in one of his

madrigals, says Michel Angelo. "They are but gross spirits who seek in sensual nature the beauty that uplifts and moves every healthy intelligence even to heaven."

For the most part he walked alone and avoided society, wrapped up in his own thoughts; and once, when meeting Raffaele, he reproached him for being surrounded by a *cortège* of flatterers; to which Raffaele bitterly retorted, "And you go alone, like the headsmen"—*andate solo come un boia*.

He was essentially original, and, unlike his great rival, followed in no one's footsteps. "Chi va dietro agli altri non li passa mai dinanzi," he said,—who follows behind others can never pass before them.

Yet, with all this ruggedness and imperiousness of character, he had a deep tenderness of nature, and was ready to meet any sacrifice for those whom he loved. Personal privations he cared little for, and sent to his family all his earnings, save what was absolutely necessary to support life. He had no greed for wealth, no love of display, no desire for luxuries: a better son never lived, and his unworthy brother he forgave over and over again, never weary of endeavoring to set him on his right path.

But at times he broke forth with a tremendous energy when pushed too far, as witness this letter to his brother. After saying, "If thou triest to do well, and to honor and revere thy father, I will aid thee like the others, and will provide for thee in good time a place of business," he thus breaks out in his postscript:—

"I have not wandered about all Italy, and borne every mortification, suffered hardship, lacerated my body with hard labor, and placed my life in a thousand dangers, except to aid my family; and now that I have begun to raise it somewhat, thou alone art the one to embroil and ruin in an hour that which I have labored so long to accomplish. By the body of Christ, but it shall be found true that I shall confound ten thousand such as thou art if it be needful—so be wise, and tempt not one who has already too much to bear."

He was generous and large in his charities. He supported out of his purse many poor persons, married and endowed secretly a number of young girls, and gave freely to all who surrounded him. "When I die," asked

he of his old and faithful servant Urbino, "what will become of you?" "I shall seek for another master in order to live," was the answer. "Ah, poor man!" cried Michel Angelo, and gave him at once 10,000 golden crowns. When this poor servant fell ill he tended him with the utmost care, as if he were a brother, and on his death broke out into loud lamentations, and would not be comforted.

His fiery and impetuous temper, however, led him often into violence. He was no respecter of persons, and he well knew how to stand up for the rights of man. There was nothing of the courtier in him; and he faced the Pope with an audacious firmness of purpose and expression unparalleled at that time; and yet he was singularly patient and enduring, and gave way to the variable Pontiff's whims and caprices whenever they did not touch his dignity as a man. Long periods of time he allowed himself to be employed in superintending the quarrying of marble at Carrara, though his brain was teeming with great conceptions. He was oppressed, agitated, irritated on every side by home troubles, by papal caprices, and by the intestine tumult of his country, and much of his life was wasted in merely mechanical work which any inferior man could as well have done. He was forced not only to quarry, but to do almost all the rude blocking out of his statues in marble, which should have been intrusted to others, and which would have been better done by mere mechanical workmen. His very impetuosity, his very genius, unfitted him for such work: while he should have been creating and designing, he was doing the rough work of a stone-cutter. So ardent was his nature, so burning his enthusiasm, that he could not fitly do this work. He was too impatient to get to the form within to take heed of the blows he struck at the shapeless mass that encumbered it, and thus it happened that he often ruined his statue by striking away what could never be replaced.

Vigenero thus describes him:—

"I have seen Michel Angelo, although sixty years of age, and not one of the most robust of men, smite down more scales from a very hard block of marble in a quarter of an hour, than three young marble-cutters would in three

or four times that space of time. He flung himself upon the marble with such impetuosity and fervor, as to induce me to believe that he would break the work into fragments. With a single blow he brought down scales of marble of three or four fingers in breadth, and with such precision to the line marked on the marble, that if he had broken away a very little more, he risked the ruin of the work."

This is pitiable. This was not the work for a great genius like him, but for a common stone-cutter. What waste of time and energy to no purpose,—nay, to worse than no purpose—to the danger, often the irreparable injury, of the statue. A dull, plodding, patient workman would have done it far better. It is as if an architect should be employed in planing the beams or laying the bricks and stones of the building he designed. In fact, Michel Angelo injured, and in some cases nearly ruined most of his statues by the very impatience of his genius. Thus the back head of the Moses has been struck away by one of these blows, and everywhere a careful eye detects the irreparable blow beyond its true limit. This is not the Michel Angelo which we are to reverence and admire; this is an *abbazzatore* roughing out the work. There is no difficulty in striking off large cleavings of marble at one stroke—any one can do that; and it is pitiable to find him so engaged.

Where we do find his technical excellence as a sculptor is when he comes to the surface—when with the drill he draws the outline with such force and wonderful precision—when his tooth-chisel models out, with such pure sense of form and such accomplished knowledge, the subtle anatomies of the body and the living curves of the palpitant flesh; and no sculptor can examine the colossal figures of the *Medici Chapel* without feeling the free and mighty touch of a great master of the marble. Here the hand and the mind work together, and the stone is plastic as clay to his power.

It was not until Michel Angelo was sixty years of age that, on the death of Antonio San Gallo, he was appointed to succeed him as architect, and to design and carry out the building of St. Peter's, then only rising from its foundations. To this appointment he answered, as he had before objected when commissioned to paint the Sistine

Chapel, "Architecture is not my art." But his objections were overruled. The Pope insisted, and he was finally prevailed upon to accept this commission, on the noble condition that his services should be gratuitous, and dedicated to the glory of God and of His Apostle, St. Peter; and to this he was actuated, not only from a grand sentiment, but because he was aware that hitherto the work had been conducted dishonestly, and with a sole view of greed and gain. Receiving nothing himself, he could the more easily suppress all speculation on the part of others.

He was, as he said, an old man in years, but in energy and power he had gained rather than lost, and he set himself at once to work, and designed that grand basilica which has been the admiration of centuries, and to swing, as he said, in air the Pantheon. That mighty dome is but the architectural brother of the great statues in the *Medicean Chapel*, and the Titan frescoes of the *Sistine Chapel*. Granted all the defects of this splendid basilica, all the objections of all the critics, well or ill founded, and all the deformities grafted on it by his successors—there it is, one of the noblest and grandest of all temples to the Deity, and one of the most beautiful. The dome itself, within and without, is a marvel of beauty and grandeur, to which all other domes, even that of Brunelleschi, must yield precedence. It is the uplifted brow and forehead that holds the brain of papal Rome, calm, and without a frown, silent, majestic, impressive. The church within has its own atmosphere, which scarcely knows the seasons without; and when the pageant and the pomp of the Catholic hierarchy passes along its nave, and the sunlight builds its golden slanting bridge of light from the lantern to the high altar, and the fumes of incense rise from the clinking censer at High Mass, and the solemn thrill of the silver trumpets sounds and swells and reverberates through the dim mosaicked dome where the saints are pictured above, cold must be his heart and dull his sense who is not touched to reverence. Here is the type of the universal Church—free and beautiful, large and loving; not grim and sombre and sad, like the northern Gothic cathedrals.

We grieve over all the bad taste of its interior decoration, all the giant and awkward statues, all the lamentable details, for which he is not responsible; but still, despite them all, the impression is great. When at twilight the shadows obscure all these trivialities, when the lofty cross above the altar rays forth its single illumination and the tasteless details disappear, and the towering arches rise unbroken with their solemn gulfs of darkness, one can feel how great, how astonishing this church is, in its broad architectural features.

At nearly this time Michel Angelo designed the Palazzo Farnese, the Church of Sta Maria degli Angeli in the ruins of the Baths of Diocletian, the Laurentian Library and the palaces on the Capitol, and various other buildings, all of which bear testimony to his power and skill as an architect.

For St. Peter's as it now stands Michel Angelo is not responsible. His idea was to make all subordinate to the dome; but after his death, the nave was prolonged by Carlo Maderno, the façade completely changed, and the main theme of the building was thus almost obliterated from the front. It is greatly to be regretted that his original design was not carried out. Every change from it was an injury. The only points from which one can get an idea of his intention is from behind or at the side, and there its colossal character is shown.

We have thus far considered Michel Angelo as a sculptor, painter, and architect. It remains to consider him as a poet. Nor in his poetry do we find any difference of character from what he exhibited in his other arts. He is rough, energetic, strong, full of high ideas, struggling with fate, oppressed and weary with life. He has none of the sweet numbers of Petrarca, or the lively spirit of Ariosto, or the chivalric tones of Tasso. His verse is rude, craggy, almost disjointed at times, and with little melody in it, but it is never feeble. It was not his art, he might have said, with more propriety than when he thus spoke of painting and architecture. Lofty thoughts have wrestled their way into verse, and constrained a rhythmic form to obey them. But there is a constant struggle for him in a form which

is not plastic to his touch. Still his poems are strong in their crabbedness, and stand like granite rocks in the general sweet mush of Italian verse.

Such, then, was Michel Angelo,—sculptor, painter, architect, poet, engineer, and able in all these arts. Nor would it have been possible for him to be so great in any one of them had he not trained his mind to all; for all the arts are but the various articulations of the self-same power, as the fingers are of the hand, and each lends aid to the other. Only by having all can the mind have its full grasp of art. It is too often insisted in our days that a man to be great in one art must devote himself exclusively to that; or if he be solicited by any other, he must merely toy with it. Such was not the doctrine of the artists of old, either in ancient days of Greece or at the epoch of the Renaissance. Phidias was a painter and architect as well as a sculptor, and so were nearly all the men of his time. Giotto, Leonardo, Ghiberti, Michel Angelo, Verrocchio, Cellini, Raffaele,—in a word, all the great men of the glorious age in Italy were accomplished in many arts. They more or less trained themselves in all. It might be said that not a single great man was not versed in more than one art. Thence it was that they derived their power. It does not suffice that the arm alone is strong; the whole body strikes with every blow.

The frescoes in the Sistine Chapel at Rome, and the statues in the Medicean Chapel at Florence, are the greatest monuments of Michel Angelo's power as an artist. Whatever may be the defects of these great works, they are of a Titanic brood, that have left no successors, as they had no progenitors. They defy criticism, however just, and stand by themselves outside the beaten track of art, to challenge our admiration. So also, despite of all his faults and defects, how grand a figure Michel Angelo himself is in history, how high a place he holds! His name itself is a power. He is one of the mighty masters that the world cannot forget. Kings and emperors die and are forgotten—dynasties change and governments fall,—but he, the silent, stern worker, reigns unmoved in the great realm of art.

Let us leave this great presence, and

pass into the other splendid chapel of the Medici which adjoins this, and mark the contrast, and see what came of some of the titular monarchs of his time who fretted their brief hour across the stage, and wore their purple, and issued their edicts, and were fawned upon and flattered in their pride of ephemeral power.

Passing across a corridor, you enter this domed chapel or mausoleum—and a splendid mausoleum it is. Its shape is octagonal. It is 63 metres in height, or about 200 feet, and is lined throughout with the richest marbles—of jasper, coralline, persicata, chalcedony, mother-of-pearl, agate, giallo and verde antico, porphyry, lapis-lazuli, onyx, oriental alabaster, and beautiful petrified woods; and its cost was no less than thirty-two millions of francs of to-day. Here were to lie the bodies of the Medici family, in honor of whom it was raised. On each of the eight sides is a vast arch, and inside six of these are six immense sarcophagi, four of red Egyptian granite and two of gray, with the arms of the family elaborately carved upon them, and surmounted with coronets adorned with precious gems. In two of the arches are colossal portrait statues,—one of Ferdinand III. in golden bronze, by Pietro Tacca; and the other of Cosimo II. in brown bronze, by John of Bologna, and both in the richest royal robes. The sarcophagi have the names of Ferdinand II., Cosimo III., Francesco I., Cosimo I. All that wealth and taste can do has been done to celebrate and perpetuate the memory of these royal dukes that reigned over Florence in its prosperous days.

And where are the bodies of these royal dukes? Here comes the saddest of stories. When the early bodies were first buried I know not; but in 1791 Ferdinand III. gathered together all the coffins in which they were laid, and had them piled together pell-mell in the subterranean vaults of this chapel, scarcely taking heed to distinguish them one from another; and here they remained, neglected and uncared for, and only protected from plunder by two wooden doors with common keys, until 1857. Then shame came over those who had the custody of the place, and it was determined to put them in order. In 1818 there had been a rumor that these Medi-

cean coffins had been violated and robbed of all the articles of value which they contained. But little heed was paid to this rumor, and it was not until thirty-nine years after that an examination into the real facts was made. It was then discovered that the rumor was well founded. The forty-nine coffins containing the remains of the family were taken down one by one, and a sad state of things was exposed. Some of them had been broken into and plundered, some were the hiding-places of vermin, and such was the nauseous odor they gave forth, that at least one of the persons employed in taking them down lost his life by inhaling it. Imperial Cæsar, dead and turned to clay, had become hideous and noisome. Of many of the ducal family nothing remained but fragments of bones and a handful of dust. But where the hand of the robber had not been, the splendid dresses covered with jewels, the silks and satins wrought over with gold embroidery, the richly chased helmets and swords crusted with gems and gold, still survived, though those who had worn them in their splendid pageants were but dust and crumbling bones within them.

“Here were sands, ignoble things,
Dropped from the ruined sides of kings.”

In many cases, where all else that bore the impress of life had vanished, the hair still remained almost as fresh as ever. Some bodies which had been carefully embalmed were in fair preservation, but some were fearfully altered. Ghastly and grinning skulls were there, adorned with crowns of gold. Dark and parchment-like faces were seen with their golden locks rich as ever, and twisted with gems and pearls and costly nets. The Cardinal Princes still wore their mitres and red cloaks, their purple pianete and glittering rings, their crosses of white enamel, their jacinths and amethysts and sapphires—all had survived their priestly selves. The dried bones of Vittoria della Rovere Montefeltro (whose very name is poetic) were draped in a robe of black silk of exquisite texture, trimmed with black and white lace, while on her breast lay a great golden medal, and on one side were her emblems, and on the other her portrait as she was in life, and as if to say, “Look

on this picture and on this." Alas, poor humanity! Beside her lay, almost a mere skeleton, Anna Luisa, the Electress Palatine of the Rhine, and daughter of Cosimo III., with the electoral crown surmounting her ghastly brow and face of black parchment, a crucifix of silver on her breast, and at her side a medal with her effigy and name; while near her lay her uncle, Francesco Maria, a mere mass of dust and robes and rags. Many had been stripped by profane hands of all their jewels and insignia, and among these were Cosimo I. and II., Eleonora de Toledo, Maria Christina, and others, to the number of twenty. The two bodies which were found in the best preservation were those of the Grand Duchesse Giovanna d'Austria, the wife of Francesco I., and their daughter Anna. Corruption had scarcely touched them, and there they lay fresh in color as if they had just died—the mother in her red satin, trimmed with lace, her red silk stockings and high-heeled shoes, the ear-rings hanging from her ears, and her blonde hair fresh as ever. And so, after cen-

turies had passed, the truth became evident of the rumor that ran through Florence at the time of their death, that they had died of poison. The arsenic which had taken from them their life had preserved their bodies in death. Giovanni delle Bande Nere was also here, his battles all over, his bones scattered and loose within his iron armor, and his rusted helmet with its visor down. And this was all that was left of the great Medici. Is there any lesson sadder than this? These royal persons, once so gay and proud and powerful, some of whom patronized Michel Angelo, and extended to him their gracious favor, and honored him perhaps with a smile, now so utterly dethroned by death, their names scarcely known, or, if known, not revered, while the poor stern artist they looked down upon sits like a monarch on the throne of fame, and, though dead, rules with his spirit and by his works in the august realm of art. Who has not heard his name? Who has not felt his influence? And ages shall come, and generations shall pass, and he will keep his kingdom.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

THE STORAGE OF LIFE AS A SANITARY STUDY.*

BY DR. BENJAMIN WARD RICHARDSON.

IN one of the most charming books of natural science, "The Select Works of Antony van Leeuwenhoek," the Immortal Beadle of the little town of Delft, and the first and, in some respects, the greatest of all the microscopists, there is an essay in which the philosophic writer enters into a speculation on the duration of life of different classes of animals. With that singular foresight which marks the work of this original investigator, he indicates that certain animals which present the shortest term of life produce the greatest number of young. He adduces the shrimp as a case in point. The shrimp propagates by eggs, and in such numbers that once, he says, when he began to count the eggs in one shrimp, he had not got

through the mass of them before he was tired and gave up the attempt. He then proceeds to compare these small and prolific animals with mighty monsters like the whale, and points out that such monsters bring forth their young perfectly formed and only a single one at one time; for, if these larger animals were as prolific as the smaller, the smaller would all be devoured by them, the sources of food would be stopped, and the feeder and the fed would soon become extinct.

From the contemplation thus started Leeuwenhoek proceeds to speculate on the length of life of the largest creatures, like the whale. Reflecting on the enormous bulk of these creatures, and on those huge bones of theirs which are in many places fixed up for public view, he conjectures that some of them might be of the age of a thousand years and upward. For he says, "I am persuaded

* Address delivered at the Royal Institution before the Sanitary Institute, on Thursday, July 12, 1888. Edwin Chadwick, C.B., in the Chair.

that fishes never die of old age, forasmuch as their bones, being always of a soft texture which never grows hard, may always be extended, so that the fish themselves are always growing larger. But terrestrial animals are exposed to the changes of atmosphere, whereby their bones grow hard, and when the bones are hardened, the body cannot be extended to a large size."

If this argument of the illustrious first microscopist were true, we sanitarians who have for our special business the art of prolonging life—human life especially—ought to set at once to work to find out a plan by which the bones of human beings could be kept in such a state of softness that they could continue to expand and extend, so that giants should be re-established like the race of giants of antiquity. And pray observe that the idea is not really absurd because it is at this time impossible. *Ceteris paribus*, it is probable that symmetrical and healthy size does largely determine the question of age, and that in the history of the natural life of man there may have been conditions in which human beings of immense build and of prodigious strength did inhabit the earth, and did live to an extraordinary age, according to our present idea of human longevity, because they were giants. To this observation let it also be added that in the life-history of other animals there are, apart from size, other examples of remarkable length of life. There are instances of fish—the pike as the best known instance—in which life has been maintained for a period of over two hundred years. There is, I believe, at the present time in the island of Mauritius a tortoise, a photograph of which I have here, which has lived between one and two hundred years. An elephant has been known to live one hundred and fifty years, and I have seen a parrot which, on evidence that was unmistakable, had turned its hundredth year.

There seem, indeed, to be among certain animals natural periods of life, which, by comparison with the common period of the life of man, are extremely prolonged. The animals, by some peculiar process, as yet but little investigated, hold life as a long possession, and to this faculty I apply the term

"The Storage of Life," applying it to-day to human life, because up to current date the sanitary question is confined mainly to the interests of members of the human family, and because the storage of life by the aid of sanitation in that family opens up for us, as sanitarians, a new idea of investigation and labor.

From the facts at our command, there is evidence that individual storage of life may be far greater than the vast majority of people either expect or hope for. The mean duration of life in this country may be taken at forty-one years. But we have instances upon instances in which this storage of life is doubled, and some in which it is trebled. Quite recently I had, at the same time, in the consulting room three gentlemen whose united ages reached the total of 262 years, or over 87 years each, and each with a fair promise of from four to five years more of life at least. I also, within the present quarter, saw on the same day two gentlemen whose united ages gave 186 years, or an average of 93 years each. I have seen, and carefully examined physically, a woman who had attained the age of 105 years, and who lived afterward for three or four years; and I once conducted an autopsy of a man who had passed his ninety-third year.

In all these examples, and in many others which in the course of a long professional career have come under my observation, there was nothing in the social condition of the individuals concerned that could of itself account for such an unusual storage of life as that which they presented. Two of those specially referred to were men of the highest class of mental power; the other has come down from one of the oldest of the noble families of Europe, and in the course of a most checkered and active career has been exposed to singular pressures, mental and bodily; a fourth has fought his own way from the lowest position to one of affluence and power; while the oldest of all was, from first to last, in abject poverty, and at the time when I visited her was in a workhouse, in which she had lived for years, and in which she died.

Facts like these, which are, indeed, so common that the narrative of a few

of them soon suffices, indicate that the sanitary problem, how to increase the storage of life in the individual, must after all be a very simple one indeed when the conditions leading to it are properly appreciated.

To break ground on this question, and to show that the question belongs to us as sanitarians, is the object of the present discourse. It is a study we especially ought to cultivate. To the great public our details about drainage, ventilation, baths, disposal of sewage, house construction, and the like, are becoming, by constant repetition, utterly wearisome; here we have a subject which is new for study, which opens up some of the most important researches affecting the history of mankind, past and present, and which will be practically useful for the future.

THE PROBLEM STATED.

The problem that lies before us may be briefly stated as follows. Certain proofs of the power of the human body to lay or store up life to a prolonged period are admitted. What are the conditions which favor such storage, and how can we promote such conditions?

The conditions are the following, and in the order stated:—

1. Hereditary qualification.
2. The virtue of continency.
3. Maintenance of balance of bodily function.
4. Perfect temperance.
5. Purity from implanted or acquired disease.

HEREDITARY QUALIFICATION.

I put the question of hereditary qualification in the first place because I feel sure, from observation and collection of data, that this is its true position. The fact is one of the most singular in the whole inquiry, and perhaps the most instructive. When the hereditary faculty for the storage of life is implanted in an individual body for a few generations it becomes, so to speak, an established principle, and the representatives of it, having once arrived past the period of life in which accidental deaths of various kinds are causes of mortality, continue to live, often in opposition to the most adverse influences to the continuance of life, beyond the average term of

life. The person gifted with this faculty of storage may be of fragile and delicate build of body, may even be deformed of body, may be of dull or of bright intellect, may be of cleanly or of uncleanly habit, may be placed in what would seem the most unfavorable position in life, or may be literally in want, and will yet continue to live on so as to see the whole of his or her more fortunate neighbors fall; nay, may even be so tired of the continuance of the monotony of the everlastingly recurring phenomena of life, as to be envious of the fate of the dead who have found their rest. Such a person may also be what is commonly called "an ailing body," not from the existence of any well-marked organic disease, for that is incompatible with the condition requisite for vital storage, but from a general feebleness and want of tone which affects alike unfavorably the mental as well as the physical powers. It is not necessary to convey by this statement that feebleness of the kind here described is a part of the required condition for storage, since they who are of the very opposite condition, the very strong, may possess the self-same faculty; but the existence of the faculty in the weak as well as in the strong must be affirmed. It is right also at this point to state that the storage of life in those who possess it in the most marked degree is and belongs to continuance of the process of life, not to the power of resisting interruptions to it in and during periods of strength and youthfulness. I can find no shadow of proof that those who have attained the oldest life have done so by virtue of any special physical ability inherent in them to resist the most fatal diseases. They have pulled through diseases, but they have not evaded them, and there is no evident proof that their special quality for a long life has materially aided them in the pulling through. The evidence is rather in favor of the view that, after having passed through the ordinary battles of disease, they have continued to hold on and enjoy the inborn capacity to live longer than their contemporaries in the race of life.

We have seen that peculiarities of body which do not seem to be favorable to the storage of life are, notwithstanding

ing, compatible with it. Are there any conditions or peculiarities of body which are signs of its existence in the individual?

Whatever peculiarities of this kind exist are strictly of the hereditary character, and are conveyed to the observer in the study of temperaments, rather than in any striking characteristics of strength or beauty. Thus, with whatever general appearances of body they may be combined, there are two temperaments which are incompatible with life-storage, and two which are so compatible with it that either in their single or their combined form they are, as I think, essential to its manifestation.

The two hereditary temperaments which, either singly or in combination, are incompatible with storage of life are the nervous and the lymphatic; the two which are compatible, and perhaps necessary, are the sanguine and the bilious. If we divide life into seven periods: (1) from birth to fifteen years—completed childhood; (2) from fifteen years to thirty—completed adolescence; (3) from thirty years to forty-five—completed manhood or womanhood; (4) from forty-five to sixty—ripened manhood or womanhood; (5) from sixty to seventy-five—first period of decline; (6) from seventy-five to ninety—second period of decline; (7) from ninety to one hundred or upward—period of senile maturity,—if we divide life into these seven parts, according to age, we may fairly apportion the life-value of the temperaments as follows, supposing the representatives of each temperament to run their natural course.

The storage of life in the sanguine temperament would be extended to the sixth stage, with an inclination to the seventh.

The storage in the nervous temperament would be to the fifth stage, running into the sixth.

The storage in the bilious temperament would be to the sixth stage at most.

The storage in the lymphatic temperament would be to the fifth stage.

Better, perhaps, than any of the single temperaments would be a mixture of the sanguine and the bilious; and indeed all the examples of special life-storage which I have met with have been of this hereditary admixture.

The organism which is best constituted for storage is therefore capable of being identified, and stands out, so to speak, in its own colors. The color of the iris or curtain of the eyeball, always an excellent test, is a light hazel; the hair is dark brown; the color of the skin is inclined to be florid, and the lips and eyelids are of good natural red—never pale, as in the pure nervous temperament, and never of dark bluish tint, as in the lymphatic or lymphatic bilious. In this mixed temperament of the sanguine and bilious a preponderance of the sanguine is, I believe, always an advantage.

The qualities here enumerated as represented in an organism well fitted for the storage of life are absolutely of hereditary character. They spring from combinations of parentage, and when the combinations are unalloyed by the introduction of any disturbing elements of disease the conditions for long storage are fortunately combined.

But what is the precise difference physically of a human body so constituted by heredity, as distinct from a body less favored, and that can give the capacity of storing up life, it is impossible to say. To declare that it is something derived from birth is to declare nothing more than a fact which, if we try to trace it back in its ancestral sense, is lost in the inquiry; that is to say, though it may be traced back for generations, it is lost at last historically, in regard to the cause of its origin.

There are, however, a few facts which are worthy of regard. When the tendency to long storage of life is present, by heredity, it need not be so from both parents. The tendency may descend strongly in one line, but is always most pronounced when it descends through both. When it descends on one side only, it is strongest on the male side.

If a good number of facts are collected in which the ages of parents, paternal and maternal, are discovered, the readings of the storage of life are so regular that a sufficient number would, I believe, yield an absolute record. I once had the opportunity of reading a series of histories of families whose paternal and maternal life-pedigrees were traceable with reliable accuracy. They were derived from insurance records,

and if not always so complete as was wished, were good of their kind, and gave results that may be accepted as indicative of the natural truth. From these readings it was elicited that whenever the life-pedigree can be traced through the parental lines for two complete generations, the value of the life of the third generation—accidents being of course excluded—is predicated with a certainty that is rather alarming to timorous minds. There need be no risk, commercially at any rate, in accepting the conclusion which the facts declare. If, for example, the age at death of the father and mother can be obtained accurately; if the age at death of the paternal grandfather and grandmother can be obtained: and if, finally, the age at death of the maternal grandfather and grandmother can be obtained, there will be at hand for calculation the life-storage of six persons. Presuming, then, that the said six persons all reached their full age, the simple sum of dividing the mean result by six will give the average length of each of the lines of descent, and that result, whatever it may be, will, with certain exceptions to be named later on, be the commercial value of the age of the third generation to which it refers. Thus, if the sum total of the ages of father and mother, father's father and mother, and mother's father and mother, be, say, 360 years, the natural life-storage of a person descended from them may safely be taken as sixty years.

The exceptions seem to run as follows. Sixty years is a turning point or point of equality, at which point the indications of the final stage of storage are all but absolutely represented. In other words, sixty means sixty all round. But if the combined term of years equalizes out at something under sixty—say fifty—then the term belonging to the surviving representative would not be fifty, but something under it—say forty-eight. If the term should be still lower—forty, for example—the reduction of the last living representatives would be proportionately reduced. On the other side, if the mean value of life of the six standards exceeded the equal point of sixty, then the value of life-storage would be improved. I should estimate that a mean of eighty years, based on

the standard of six antecedent lives, would yield a product that might be taken at ninety years at least; a mean of ninety, a product of a hundred years, and a mean of a hundred a product of a hundred and twenty, or even a hundred and thirty years.

It may reasonably be asked why and where there should be any change on either side. With a steadily decreasing storage of life why should not families die out altogether, and with an increasing value of life why should not families go on living continuously after the course of a few generations? To the first of these questions the answer is that failing families do die out. To the second it must be admitted that there has been no sufficient time in the history of mankind during historical dates to allow of an answer being given to the inquiry. For my part, I do not see, theoretically, any reason why, in a perfectly constituted human organism, there should be any necessity for the cessation of the storage of life. I see a very obvious necessity for death in a world which is always eating up its vital energy by the prodigal method of over-multiplying the organic forms which need the vital energy for their own existence, because the organic forms must destroy one another in order that the living may continue to live, and this no doubt is the cause, wholesale, of death. But in place of excessive reproduction of new forms put reconstruction of existing forms, and there does not appear to be the least reason why the individual storage of life should cease.

If this should be true of one species, it should be equally true of another, and should include man in its reading. In other words, there is no such thing, necessarily, as death, except from accident, violence, disease, or ignorance of the means for sustaining the natural function of vital reconstruction.

The reason why certain members of the human family possess an unusual faculty for the storage of life is a faculty that is born, not acquired, and which resembles other personal attributes derived by gradual evolution.

When I say that the faculty is born in order to be transmitted, I mean that this must be so according to our present position in regard to it, a point of very

considerable and, in fact, of vital moment from a practical outlook. For were it to be admitted on unassailable grounds that hereditary descent of faculty is absolute, and absolutely necessary, then all efforts to make general what is now exceptional would be so much time lost in ignorance of principles. The argument, however, would not be just, because there must have been some period in the lives of families when the gift of long life became a family characteristic. We need not suppose that the gift commenced all at once, for that would not be probable. We must rather suppose that it was the work of a gradual evolution, and it is quite just to suppose that it is going on even now in some favored families, or in some localities, or even in some countries. I have not had time to look the matter up so as to show from strict details that the storage of life is improving in our modern England, but I have not a shadow of a doubt that it is, and that the number of persons who reach the classical threescore years and ten at this moment is much above what it has ever been in the history of our country. This tendency is one of those processes which grows by what it feeds on, and we may justly expect that it will be continued in the future if it be cared for and cultivated, notwithstanding the fact which Mr. Chadwick pointed out in his report of 1842, that centenarians in some places, like Geneva, were rarer at that time than at other previous times when the value of life generally was less favorable.

If it be the fact that the possession of length of days depends primarily on heredity, we, as sanitarians interested in this question, and accepting the study of it as part of our daily work, have to inquire how far we may assist in improving that heredity toward longevity. We need not be deterred in this course by a feeling, sometimes expressed, that if we should succeed in producing a long-lived race, we should thereby secure also an overflowing race, which would over-populate the world. It is not strong and long-lived people who produce a large and helpless community, but, as we shall see in the sequel, feeble and short-lived populations.

Toward the accomplishment of this
NEW SERIES.—VOL. XLVIII., No. 4

object the first consideration is the selection of lives for parentage. Unless parentage be sound, it is clear, from what has been already said, that long storage of life in offspring will certainly fail. If such a social miracle could be performed as the fashion of a 'proper arrangement, before marriage, to prevent, generally, the marriage of health with disease, or, still more urgently, the intermarriage of disease, there would soon be an advance in the value of life on a scale grand in proportion to the extent to which it was carried out.

It would seem at first sight as if there were here a hopeless problem to solve, a hopeless position to attack. It was so not long ago; but I have noticed of late years, and much sooner than might have been expected, a desire on the part of marriageable persons to avoid the many dangers to health which are so likely to spring from unhealthy unions and from unions likely to lead to shortness of life. One essay, for example, in my own book, "*Diseases of Modern Life*," on the Intermarriage of Disease, has brought, I find, to me alone no fewer than thirty-two inquiries on various points touched on in that very short chapter, and has led, notably, twice to the sensible and friendly dissolution of engagements which carried out would almost of necessity have favored consequences of the most disastrous kind. We may therefore reasonably hope to effect, even within the narrow limits of one generation, a true advancement in this direction if we give our minds to the simple subject of the selection of the fittest of the human species for the continuous representation of humanity.

In the study of the sanitary branch of human knowledge thus referred to we should not be opening any new path, but rather be helping to widen an old one, and making it all the more popular, by the addition to it of physical as well as moral foundations. For ages past the Church has been doing good sanitary work in the care which it has taken to prevent marriages of consanguinity. It seems to have been seen from very early times that intermarriages of persons of the same family led to concentration of the vital failures of the family and to serious disasters from that cause. The wise provision was there-

fore instituted by the Church of breaking up the family to a considerable but not to a sufficient extent. What miseries a rule of the kind named checks is indicated by the most common evidence, if such evidence be only looked for. It is enough for me to give one proof alone to set it forth in all its solemnity of purpose. I have on my note-books an instance of one family, including in it three generations, in which seventeen persons were all deleted, to use a very significant expression, by the one factor, the intermarriage of first cousins in whom two diseases—consumption of the lungs on one side and cancer on the other—had found an introduction and a diathesis. From one or other of the diseases named, or from curious admixtures of the diseases which need not be described at the present moment, every one of the family group died prematurely. I admit that had they been all gifted with full capacity for life-storage they might have been models of longevity although they were related to each other; but, inasmuch as there would be no reasonable chance of any such concentration of vitality in so many members of one family at the present stage of human progress, the separation of families, for the widest selection of the fittest to live, is the soundest and most practical method.

The question is a sanitary one in the strictest sense of the word, and no argument of a sentimental kind, indicating acknowledged difficulties, ought for a moment to stand in our way. When we desire to raise into active existence horses for the race or the plough, sheep for the prize show, or even some specimens of flowers or plants for the sake of economy or beauty, we do not hesitate in determining to take the only natural means that are open to us to gain the required result. It is not until we come to the most precious specimen of all life, *man*, that we pause and practically cease to take any pains whatever. We are then so led away by sentiment that we permit the dearest interests to have the go-by, in order not to wound tender sensibilities; or if we do interfere, it is for the sake of some much lower and baser motive than health and good vital storage. I call this bad sanitation.

THE VIRTUE OF CONTINENCY.

The capacity for storage of life lies first in the force of heredity; but there are, as aids even to that force, and as aids also to a force of life that may not be exceedingly strong, certain other influences which we sanitarians should be the last to ignore or forget. These may be considered as secondary influences, in some degree; and yet, at the same time, they may be reckoned as possessing powers that in other points of view are of primary importance. I mean by this that they may become bases of health on which heredity itself may be fostered until it becomes a solid foundation. I have named these influences in the opening passages of this address, and I proceed to study the first of them under the head of the virtue of continency, or that virtue which would provide for the limitation of the family circle to such a degree that the actual necessities of the family may never be dangerously taxed by the largeness of it. I maintain that this is strictly a sanitary question, and that no consideration lying before us as sanitarians is more important. In these days, when the shoe pinches so keenly on the sensitive point of over-population, we are being visited by outbreaks of the extremist views on plans and devices for preventing the exuberance of human life; not everywhere, not all over the face of the earth, but in those centres of the earth where, by causes which may almost be called accidental the numbers of population have exceeded the means at command to keep them in a condition which is, in itself, so artificial as to rank among the abnormal conditions of humanity. The proposals on this matter which some would force on us are themselves abnormal, and, under natural states, would inflict a greater evil than they are intended to prevent, that, namely, of depopulating the earth altogether without controlling the passion which is the root of all evil. This is evidenced at the present time in France, where the systematic decrease of the people is producing, without any corresponding increase of morals, as serious an anxiety among some of the most thoughtful minded there as the excessive growth of population is creating anxiety among

the thoughtful minded here. It is our duty to avoid these extreme views and, free from panic induced by temporary social and political influences, which are purely human and are sure to be rectified under a better and more enlarged human understanding, try to bring man back to a complete accord with Nature, without infringing even one of her most important laws. Our duty in this respect lies in inculcating the very simplest of all the virtues—CONTINENCY OF LIFE, and in favoring all the conditions which render that virtue possible. We know, fortunately, what those conditions are. We know that under a social state in which health of life and wealth of life would coexist we should have a state where a noble civilization would be combined with a very frugal mode of existence, with moderation of passions and pleasures, and with such restraint of character that violent extremes of any kind would never be exhibited by those who wished to be accounted sane. With this would be connected all the external sanitary requirements for the maintenance of mental and physical health; and to these advantages would be added a due prudence in respect to marriage, so that marriages would not be contracted until the married had the means necessary for the maintenance of offspring. This is an essential provision, since death in every degree, great or little, is as surely the shadow of birth as the shadow of the twig of a tree upon the ground and the total eclipse of the omnipotent sun are one and the same phenomenon.

Some will say that the method here propounded is too slow in its action to meet pressing emergencies, although it may be a good method when, by a bolder plan, a preliminary reformation has been secured. But I venture to answer that no preliminary reformation is wanted, because the natural reformation covers all the ground, and because every unnatural change which may be established only makes it a harder task to come back to nature. At this moment we may be erring and straying from the right way like lost sheep; but there is the redeeming virtue in the fact that as we are only erring and straying we may be saved, while by other methods we are not merely erring and straying, but

are systematically and intentionally going from the right; are not lost sheep but headstrong ones, rushing into dangers infinitely greater than those we are anxious to avoid, and planting roots of evil which it will take ages of learning, wisdom, self-abnegation, and tribulation to remove; planting perdition that we may relieve poverty.

There are other persons who will agree with me on the question of method, but who will hold that the course I would suggest is simply impossible, and one that has never been, even under the most favorable conditions, attainable. To any objection of this kind I reply from direct evidence showing perfect practicability, and that without going into the poetical regions of the past, or out of the immediate history of our own era.

In the little community of Montreux in the Vaud, in Switzerland, a parish containing 2833 persons, a pastor there, M. Bridel, kept a record for many years of the social life. It was a model sanitary record. The births were at the rate of one in forty-five, the deaths one in sixty-four, or at the rate annually of 15.62 in the thousand living. The conditions and the consequent health of so favored a community were sustained by the comparative slowness and circumspection with which the successive generations of human life were brought into the world. There was no method of interruption to the natural life that could lead to any moral wrong; the social state in which the happy circumstances of one generation were handed down to the next generation "was due," says Sir Francis D'Irvenois, who relates the history, "simply to Swiss forethought and to the virtue of continence."

To this picture of a model community let us take a contrast, existent at the same time, and told by the same learned authority.

This contrast was found in the Russo-Greek community at Nisni Belgorod, a community of the same size and, if it had willed, of the same morality. Here the births were one in seventeen, the deaths one in twenty-five. "Mark," says D'Irvenois, "the figures which announce the proportional mortality of these contrasted communities. In the

Russian community one twenty-fifth disappeared annually; in the Swiss one sixty-fourth. The Russian generations passed away more than twice as rapidly as the generations of Montreux. Who would purchase the advantage, equivocal at best, of a triple number of births, accompanied by this enormous number of premature deaths? In Montreux, too, four-fifths of those born reached the age of twenty, while in the Russian district out of one thousand baptized six hundred and sixty-one perished before their fifteenth year. The nuptial garments of the mothers were the destined shrouds of the first-born. In the Russo-Greek community the march of life, seemingly so fruitful and rapid if it had been calculated by the birth-rate alone, was, in fact, the most murderous in Europe. In the Swiss community the march of life, so seemingly slow if estimated by the same method, was toward health and a steadily and improving vital progress.

As bearing on the storage of life, this lesson, derivable from two diverse populations, is rigidly relevant. If life must be stored fully, the first stages of it must be strong and the last stages of it must be long; for it is in the first stages of it that the duration is secured, in the last that it is realized. We must have a good first childhood if we would have a good second childhood, and then the full measure of life is secured.

The evidence is also fair that if we could, by our labors in the directions named above, increase the storage of life in the individual, by what may at first seem to be artificial cultivation, we should in the end cultivate the heredity; for this is precisely what nature does in all her vital processes. She stamps everything that is vital and lasting, through time. Time is her means of improvement in both method and work. Time takes the place, unconsciously, of design or purpose to those who do not follow or understand her ways, clearly to those who do.

It is, in fact, by this very method that nature maintains the balance of life altogether on the earth. When there is rapid production there is rapid death; when there is slow production there is, *ceteris paribus*, slow death. Fewer people, longer life for the few. But slow

production is a sanitary measure, and it and the results of it must be the resultant of purely natural causes. Strive by the unnatural to pervert the natural, and though we may succeed in one way we will fail in another. Limit the numbers of a race, limit growth by the imposition of unnatural laws, and the triumph will be the development of a limited population of an abortive type. We see this in local attempts to play the fool with nature. The wise countryman of Celestial soil checks the natural growth of his female child's feet by binding them firmly up in bandages. He succeeds to perfection, and he produces a cripple. What is true of the local is equally true of the general; a population may be limited in numbers by infringement of natural laws, but the certain result will be that which sanitarians would deem the worst of work, the promotion of a race in whom the good storage of a good life would be simply impossible. This is just what we do not want. We want to raise a race on each of whom every god has seemed to set his seal,

"To give the world assurance of a man."

From the study of the topic which lies now before us many questions of practical moment spring, and one above all, namely, how we as sanitary teachers can so proceed as to influence the world toward the adoption of the rule of continency of life? I believe we are already doing that in every effort we make to better the condition of the people of all grades and ranks of life. When we strive to give cleanly and comfortable homes, to find and promote rational amusements, to cultivate and distribute a pure and delightful literature, and to teach those habits which lead to purity of body as well as mind; when we lend ourselves to the maintenance of healthful bodily recreations for members of both sexes; and, when we discover and bring into action measures of an innocent and useful character in which the members of both sexes can reasonably participate without feeling themselves separated by some absurd and supernatural barrier as if they were human beings of different flesh and blood,—then we are doing the very choicest work for the regeneration of the race, for making it a race that shall be the parent of a

greater race, and for checking that overabundance of an inferior race which is the sign and seal of bad blood and of degraded vital power of body as well as mind.

Let us go on in this course ; let us be led into no other, and we shall leave a record which we may, it is probable, never behold, but which will be none the less clear to other eyes, that shall see it when ours are closed forever.

THE BALANCE OF BODILY FUNCTIONS.

The sanitarian, in the new work which lies before him, can render the most telling assistance to the good storage of life and to the storage of good life, by teaching the first steps, in the early days of the journey of life. But there is another course before him which is not less important, and which relates to the art of training the body in such form that all parts of it shall be kept in perfect balance and, if I may say so, in equal health. It has been too much of a rule to look upon the work of the trainer as that of one who is ministering to the amusements of life, or to the simple teaching of those who, for a professional purpose or for amateur display, are about to enter into some trial or competition of strength or of skill ; and, indeed, I have heard prudish people object to training on this very ground, that while it is all right for those who have to get their living by it, or who wish to show themselves off as particularly clever in winning races or other contests of a physical class, it is out of place in all cases where it is the desire to be well brought up and to be of ordinary good deportment. This, however, is merely putting the cart before the horse. These systematic trainings are just the sort of trainings which actually break the balance of parts, which tend to shorten, and which often do shorten, the vital powers of some of the very best endowed of mankind for the sustainment of a long existence. Such local overtraining is really a worse plan than that of employing no training at all, and is only equal in badness with that training into one kind of exercise by which special organs of the body are forced into quick and mature development before the other organs have reached the same development, or have

even reached their maturity. I think it worthy of special comment that in every person of very advanced and healthy life whom I have carefully examined as to the physical state and as to the state that has led to the longevity, this fact has come out first and foremost—that the organic functions were still acting in proper accord and perfect harmony. A comparatively weak body may thus be seen to have the capacity of storing up a long life and of passing by a much stronger body in the race. This was the actual case in the oldest person who ever came under my own direct observation. On the other side I do not remember any one of fine and vigorous frame of body and mind who, dying prematurely, did not die from the failure of some one vital organ almost exclusively. As the one shot which strikes the vital spot in a bird is the cause of death, so the one blow or series of blows on one organic structure in the well-built human form is the constant cause of collapse in the premature failure of that form. We have here before us, presented in the most tempting manner, a study second to none in the range of sanitation. It is a study which opens up to us the widest reach of sanitary practice and skill, extending into the daily life of men, women and children of every rank and of every occupation. At present, as a study it is far too loose and crude to be called a branch of knowledge, while too often it is merely offered to the world as a piece of flagrant and transparent quackery, which deceives the ignorant and, like the bone-setting sham in medicine, does an incalculable amount of injury. We have to reduce this method of equal training of the organs of the body for regular and systematic work to a regular and systematic science, so that it may be taught in elementary schools, become a natural part of the national education, and be so impressed, intelligently, on the mind as to be a duty for observance and conduct throughout the whole of life.

It is impossible too strongly to impress the fact that for long storage of life a physical training of the body, that shall secure a uniform strength, is a primary lesson in sanitation. We, as an Institute, ought to take up this question as one essentially in our own domain. It

comes most naturally before us, as health in relation to physical movement, and it would form an admirable subject of a special course of lectures; not a mere ephemeral course, but one that should go on from year to year with a constantly improving strain, adapted to the advances, the necessities, and, I may say, the fashions of the age.

The elements of this part of our subject are simple, but none the less effective on that account. We have to keep the public mind open to the fact that a weak and well-balanced body is practically a stronger body than a strong and unbalanced one; that a weak body may by properly balanced training be made one of great power for the retention of life; and that a body of original strength and beauty may be made of unusually long or of unusually short life, according as it is trained into the conditions leading to the one or the other.

PERFECTED OR ALL ROUND TEMPERANCE.

Another aid toward the storage of life is that stoical virtue which may be summed up in the term perfected or all round temperance. I do not include in this term what is commonly understood, abstinence merely from stimulating or alcoholic drinks. Such abstinence is more than half the battle, but it is far from all the battle. The storage of life is reduced by intemperance of speech, of action, and even of thought. We may consider that whatever quickens the action of the heart beyond its natural bounds is a form of intemperance. In our present imperfect mode of existence the heart is fited in each individual, according, largely, to his heredity, to do a certain amount of work, to beat a certain number of beats, for distributing daily a certain number of foot-tons of blood over the body, and then of finishing its course or career. It is probable that in the work thus carried out nothing is ever recalled. So much done, so much lost. The heart may wear out in its own structure by changes of disease going on there, and that adds to the evil, but I deal now with this ever-working organ in its natural state, as dying out simply by its own work, and it is by so studying it that the difficulties now being considered come into view. Stimulation of various

kinds, hastening the decline of power, thus comes into operation and the organ fails under it. Our good and useful friend the postman feels it from the excess of his work on foot; the doctor or nurse feels it when obliged to forfeit the natural time of sleep; the man in the money market feels it when, for that which is not bread, he lets his excitement of sale or purchase carry his heart away into wild hope or wilder despair; the man of unbridled passion, who grows pale or red with rage, feels it up to the extremest tension, and is almost invariably cut short in his career, long before it is at its natural fulfilment, by this fact of cardiac wear alone. Beyond all these the jealous man feels it and literally corrodes into broken heart long before the proper period for which he was constructed, for of all moral excitements jealousy is the most fatal. It constitutes a distinctive disease.

These are stimulations excited by and through the mind; but to them we must of course add others of grosser quality springing from the improper use of foods and drinks. Here, in regard to foods, there lies before us a wide field for research, for up to the present time there has been very little discovered that can be trusted as proved. That our various tissues are constructed from the foods we take, every school boy and girl is now taught; but what foods are best fitted for the special tissues and parts the most advanced physiologist is not able to say with any of that precision of knowledge which is so urgently required. For instance: there is one tissue of our bodies that is of first and greatest moment, I mean the elastic rubberlike tissue which gives elasticity to the lungs, to the arteries throughout all their course, and to some of the important membranous surfaces. If in the lung structure this elastic tissue fails, a large share of the expiratory function of the lung fails, and Dr. Francis Troup, of Edinburgh, in a splendid paper communicated to the *Edinburgh Medical Journal*, on the detection of pulmonary consumption by the microscope, has lately told us that the presence of the curly filaments of this tissue in the fluid expectorated by the patient is one of the earliest evidences of disintegration of the pulmonary organs. We all see the effects

of the degeneration of this elastic structure in the differences of youth and age. We speak of the elasticity of youth, the rigidity of age. We speak figuratively it will be said. No! we speak actually; for we are merely describing differences dependent purely on the condition of this veritable elastic tissue. The knowledge as far as it goes is good. We know the qualities of this tissue; I have myself vulcanized it as caoutchouc is vulcanized: we know its chemical composition; we know that it must originally be derived from food; but where and how it is constructed in the body, why it is so largely supplied and is so active in quality in the young body, so deficient and inactive in the old, we have no clear ideas whatever. We do not know what foods feed this tissue, what diminish it. We do not even know the elementary facts whether it is made at all after birth, or whether we are born, so to speak, with a store of it, which is left to wear out and is never recuperated. On all this matter of feeding, therefore, we have, as sanitarians, much to learn, and in this direction of learning we have as a primary duty to determine the most primitive of all questions, whether it is wise to use up as food the half-used-up tissues of the lower animals, or whether we should go direct to the vegetable world for our supplies and never swerve from that source.

Turning to the drinks which are necessary for perfecting the storage of life, I could say a great deal and shall say little. It would not be becoming of one whose views are so well known as mine to belabor you here with any long observations on the subject of temperance in regard to those fluids which by some wretched adventure of poor humanity in its puerile stage crept into use in some sections of the world as drinks exciting and vinous. But I must say that we may congratulate ourselves that their use has never extended beyond the human family, and that if the fish of the sea had discovered them the theory of Van Leeuwenhoek had never even to his fertile mind had any foundation. We may congratulate ourselves also as a human family that, except under the most degraded conditions, we are born abstainers from them, and live for our few first years protected from their action. Re-

garding this action and its influence on the storage of life I should be carrying complacency into the range of cowardice did I not add further that from the beginning to the end of the chapter the influence of alcohol on all the mechanism of the body that demands most care is toward deterioration and cessation of action, and this so determinately that a race could be produced under its baneful influence in which an artificial natural state—it is no paradox—should bring about a fixed lower limit of storage of life, a limit that should not represent, as its standard of duration, one-fourth of that which is now well known as the comparatively easily attainable duration.

PREVENTION OF DAMAGING DISEASES.

The existence among men of certain diseases which lead to physical damage and deterioration, and to the reduction of the capacity for the storage of life, is the last subject to which there is time to refer. Putting aside diseases which kill so often right off the reel, but which may not leave any very serious damage, in instances in which there is recovery from them, there are some which in the most conspicuous manner prevent the possibility of complete storage not alone in one but through many generations. The alcoholic diseases, the scrofulous and phthisical, the malignant or cancerous, the syphilitic, are, prominently, diseases of this order; and whoever in the sanitary line of research helps to remove them by getting at and removing their causes is among the truest friends of humanity that humanity ever possessed.

As against the whole argument of the storage of life, an objection may, I know, be made, that such storage is, after all, not worth having, and that a short life and a merry one is the golden rule. This theory of the butterfly order is pretty, but, brought to the proof, is the most miserable practice that the eye of man can see or his ear hear. The men who say it most feel its acute folly also most. When the mind and body are worn out, when there is forgetfulness of things, friends, and events, then, no doubt, the continuance of life is no longer desirable. But between the commencement of the last stage of a

long life and the establishment of the complete stage there may be, and often is, nay, always is when the process is healthy, a time of actual pleasure, during which the survey of the past and the recollection of the past are sources of the most peaceful and exalted happiness. For, as in the healthy first period of life hope is the spring, the mainspring of life, so in the last period, when that is healthy, realization is the note of success and satisfaction. Moreover, in some well-constituted bodies and minds, the actual winter of life is fruitful, nay positively rich in doing and in well-doing, without the fever and intense aspira-

tion of youth, but with the force which springs from knowledge that has ripened, and from wisdom that has fortified the knowledge. We have among us at this very moment one who has been for three parts of a century a giant in our own great cause, and who in the period of life coeval with the century, instead of being tired of life and of work, enjoys both to his heart's content. Need I go one step further in search of an exemplar, and that a living one, of my argument? I need not. I will leave, literally as well as figuratively, the proof of the argument with the chairman.—*Longman's Magazine.*

ON SOME LETTERS OF KEATS.

BY SIDNEY COLVIN.

WHILE the late Lord Houghton was preparing his *Life of Keats*, in 1845, he received a letter from a Mr. John Jeffrey, of Louisville, Kentucky, who had seen the announcement of his intention in the newspapers. "By my recent marriage," wrote Mr. Jeffrey, "with the widow of the late George Keats, who resided in this city, I have become possessed of papers and information relative to the poet Keats, without which it is impossible, in my opinion, to give his complete life; they consist of private letters addressed to George and Thomas Keats, and other connections of the family, written by John Keats during his tour through Scotland and other places, and are quite voluminous and interesting, forming a sort of journal well worthy of publication. Also of an unfinished tragedy, of which four acts are complete. Also of many sonnets and miscellaneous pieces of poetry, heretofore unpublished, as well as reminiscences and anecdotes of the poet, as given by the late George Keats and his wife. Copies," added Mr. Jeffrey, "of all papers in my possession shall be forwarded to you as soon as you make known to me that you have a desire to make a proper use of them."

When two years afterward Lord Houghton's book appeared, a chief part of its value was in fact derived, as every

reader knows, from the materials supplied by his Louisville correspondent. Especially "voluminous and interesting," to use Mr. Jeffrey's expression, proved to be the series of journal-letters written by the poet to his brother and sister-in-law in America during the twelve months between September, 1818, —when he had returned from his Scotch tour, with his own health shaken by over-exertion, to watch beside the death-bed of his younger brother Tom,—and September, 1819, when he spent at Winchester his last weeks of cheerful labor and manly hope, before the combined attacks of disease, anxiety, and passion brought him low. This is the year in which nearly all his best work was done, the year of "Hyperion," "St. Agnes' Eve," "Lamia," and the Odes. Bound to his brother and sister-in-law by ties of exceptional tenderness, he must needs have them still live with him in thought, and in his letters pours out his whole self to them, prose and poetry, the common and the exquisite, generosity and irritability, courage and weakness, boyish nonsense, side by side with the manliest wisdom, scraps of Cockney doggrel interspersed with strains of beauty that will never die, the tattle of suburban parlors with the speculations of an inspired young poet and philosopher: a fascinating medley, wherein we watch all the elements of character and genius

still seething in the constitution of this half-formed and half-trained, nobly-natured and astonishingly gifted lad.

Such is the character of these letters as we have been used to read them, either scattered among the pages of Lord Houghton's sympathetic narrative, or reprinted in the large edition of the poet's works by Mr. Buxton Forman. It turns out, however, that we have hitherto had them only in a very imperfect form. Lord Houghton never had the autographs before him, but edited them from the transcripts furnished to him by Mr. Jeffrey. Passages in which the poet had touched, whether kindly or satirically, on the quarrels and infirmities of his friends, the *misères* of their daily life, Lord Houghton omitted in order to save pain to persons still living. For this no one could find fault with him; but in other instances he carried editorial discretion far, at least according to the standard of to-day; as in substituting the phrase, since often quoted, "I have a firm belief in immortality, and so had Tom," for what I find were the poet's real words in the passage, "I have scarce a doubt of an immortality of some kind or another, neither had Tom."

The real offender in these matters, however, is Mr. Jeffrey. His copies of the correspondence in his hands (I have them now before me) were quite incomplete, and he would often arbitrarily leave out the very pith of the passage he was professing to transcribe. The true text of some of the letters has been restored in an American edition published five years ago by Mr. Speed, a grand-nephew of the poet. The original autographs of others are now in my hands for publication, through the kindness of Mr. W. G. Hurlbert, formerly of New York. A few extracts from these will best show the interest of much of the matter which Mr. Jeffrey thought proper to omit, and which has accordingly remained unpublished.

I will begin with passages from a letter written at Hampstead in the October (1818) following the poet's return from Scotland and preceding the death from consumption of his brother Tom. They are passages of no very special point, but characteristic as illustrating the daily tenor of his life and thoughts,

and the constant effort of imaginative affection whereby he sought to keep his intimacy with those he loved undiminished by separation.

"Why did I not write to Philadelphia? Really I am sorry for that neglect. I wish to go on writing *ad infinitum* to you—I wish for interesting matter and a pen as swift as the wind. But the fact is I go so little into the Crowd now that I have nothing fresh and fresh every day to speculate upon except my own whims and theories. I have been but once to Haydon's, once to Hunt's, once to Rice's, once to Hessey's. I have not seen Taylor, I have not been to the Theatre. Now if I had been many times to all these I could on my return at night have each day something new to tell you of without any stop. But now I have such a dearth that when I get to the end of this sentence and to the bottom of this page I must wait till I can find something interesting to [tell] you before I begin another. After all it is not much matter what it may be about, for the very words from such a distance penned by this hand will be grateful to you—even though I were to copy out the tale of Mother Hubbard or Little Red Riding Hood. I have been over to Dilke's this evening—there with Brown we have been talking of different and indifferent Matters—of Euclid, of Metaphysics, of the Bible, of Shakespeare, of the horrid system and consequences of the flogging at great schools. I know not yet how large a parcel I can send—I mean by way of Letters—I hope there can be no objection to my dowling up a quire made into a small compass. That is the manner in which I shall write. I shall send you more than letters—I mean a tale which I must begin on account of the activity of my mind; of its inability to remain at rest. It must be prose and not very exciting. I must do this because in the way I am at present situated I have too many interruptions to a train of feeling to be able to write Poetry. So I shall write this Tale, and if I think it worth while get a duplicate made before I send it off to you."

The prose tale which we find Keats here meditating he never really wrote. But in letter-writing to his kindred overseas he continued indefatigable, filling for them, at intervals sometimes of only a day or two, sometimes of two or three weeks or more, sheet on sheet of large quarto, or occasionally the largest folio, paper with his neat, close, rather boyish hand-writing. For regularity and absence of erasure—except in the drafting of his poems—the autographs of Keats, as collectors know, are as fair as those of Thackeray himself; but he often inadvertently drops or adds a letter or a word, and has moreover certain constant tricks of spelling, e.g. "copy," "affraid," "dilligent," with an apparently haphazard use of capitals as

illustrated in the present extracts. A few pages after the passage just quoted, he says, addressing his sister-in-law :

"To-morrow I shall call on your Mother and exchange information with her. On Tom's account I have not been able to pass so much time with her as I would otherwise have done. I have seen her but twice—once I dined with her and Charles. She was well, in good spirits and I kept her laughing at my bad jokes. We went to tea at Mrs. Millar's and in going were particularly struck with the light and shade through the Gate-way at the Horse Guards. I intend to write you such volumes that it will be impossible for me to keep any order or method in what I write: that will come first which is uppermost in my mind, not that which is uppermost in my heart—besides I should wish to give you a picture of our lives here whenever by a touch I can do it; even as you must see by the last sentence our walk past Whitehall all in good health and spirits. This I am certain of, because I felt so much pleasure from the simple idea of your playing a game of Cricket."

My next extract shall be from a letter written two months later (December—January, 1818-19), when Keats, after the death of his brother, had left his lodgings with Bentley the postman in Well Walk, Hampstead, to join his friend Brown in the semi-detached house lower down the heath known as Wentworth Place. Voyages and travels had always been among his favorite reading, and here we find his fancy stirred by an account of one of Ross's Arctic expeditions. Next comes gossip about common friends, and then the earliest glimpse which occurs in his correspondence of the young girl, Fanny Brawne, who was innocently about to play such havoc with his life; followed by a laugh at himself in the character of a suburban dandy and lady killer.

"Haydon was here yesterday—he amused us much by speaking of young Hoppner who went with Capt. Ross on a voyage of discovery to the Poles. The Ship was sometimes entirely surrounded with vast mountains and crags of ice and in a few minutes not a particle was to be seen all round the Horizon. Once they met with so vast a Mass that they gave themselves over for lost; their last resource was in meeting it with the Bowsprit, which they did and split it asunder and glided through it as it parted for a great distance—one Mile and more. Their eyes were so fatigued with the eternal dazzle and whiteness that they lay down on their backs upon deck to relieve their sight on the blue sky. Hoppner describes his dreadful weariness at the continual day—the sun ever moving in a circle round above their heads

—so pressing upon him that he could not rid himself of the sensation even in the dark hold of the Ship. The Esquimaux are described as the most wretched of Beings—they float from the summer to their winter residences and back again like white Bears on the ice floats. They seem never to have washed, and so when their features move the red skin shows beneath the crackling peel of dirt. They had no notion of any inhabitants in the World but themselves. The sailors who had not seen a Star for some time, when they came again southward on the hailing of the first revision of one all ran upon deck with feelings of the most joyful nature. Haydon's eyes will not suffer him to proceed with his picture—His Physician tells him he must remain two months more inactive. Hunt keeps on in his old way—I am completely tired of it all. He has lately published a Pocket-Book called the literary Pocket-Book—full of the most sickening stuff you can imagine. Reynolds is well; he has become an Edinburgh Reviewer. . . .

"I have not heard from Bailey. Rice I have seen very little of lately—and I am very sorry for it. The Miss R's are all as usual. Archer above all people called on me one day—he wanted some information by my means, from Hunt and Haydon, concerning some man they knew. I got him what he wanted but know none of the whys and wherefores. Poor Kirkman left Wentworth Place one evening about half-past eight and was stopped, beaten and robbed of his Watch in Pond Street. I saw him a few days since; he had not recovered from the bruise. I called on Hazlitt the day I went to Romney Street—I gave John Hunt extracts from your letters—he has taken no notice. I have seen Lamb lately. Brown and I were taken by Hunt to Novello's—there we were devastated and excruciated with bad and repeated puns. Brown don't want to go again. We went the other evening to see Brutus, a new Tragedy by Howard Payne, an American—Kean was excellent—the play was very bad. It is the first time I have been since I went with you to the Lyceum. Mrs. Brawne, who took Brown's house for the summer, still resides in Hampstead—she is a very nice woman—and her daughter senior is I think beautiful and elegant, graceful, silly, fashionable and strange. We have a little tiff now and then—and she behaves a little better, or I must have sheered off. I find by a sidelong report from your Mother that I am to be invited to Miss Millar's birthday dance. Shall I dance with Miss Waldegrave? Eh! I shall be obliged to shirk a good many there. I shall be the only Dandy there—and indeed I merely comply with the invitation that the party may not be entirely destitute of a specimen of that race. I shall appear in a complete dress of purple, Hat and all—with a list of the beauties I have conquered embroidered round my Calves."

One more picture, of about the same date, of the poet as he lived and would fain have his friends in fancy live with him. He has been copying for their entertainment some of the most vigor-

ous portions of Hazlitt's recent onslaughts upon Gifford, and goes on :

"This is the sort of *feu de joie* he keeps up. There is another extract or two—one especially which I will copy to-morrow—for the candles are burnt down and I am using the wax taper—which has a long snuff on it—the fire is at its last click—I am sitting with my back to it with one foot rather askew upon the rug and the other with heel a little elevated from the carpet. I am writing this on the 'Maid's Tragedy,' which I have read since tea with great pleasure. Besides this volume of Beaumont and Fletcher—there are on the table two volumes of Chaucer and a new work of Tom Moore's called 'Tom Cribb's memorial to Congress'—nothing in it. These are trifles, but I require nothing so much of you but that you will give one a like description of yourselves, however it may be, when you are writing to me. Could I see the same thing done of any great Man long since dead it would be a great delight : As to know in what position Shakespeare sat when he began 'To be or not to be'—such things become interesting from distance of time or place. I hope you are both now in that sweet sleep which no two beings deserve more than you do—I must fancy you so—and please myself in the fancy of speaking a prayer and a blessing over you and your lives—God bless you—I whisper good-night in your ears and you will dream of me."

The richest of all these long journal-letters of Keats, even as we have hitherto had it, is that to which he kept adding through nearly the whole spring of 1819, from February 14th till the second week in May. But the passages of it which the transcriber left out are perhaps those of the greatest interest, both personal and literary, of all. The first I shall give belongs to the second week of April, and requires a certain amount of preface. Wordsworth's poem "Peter Bell," written some twenty years before, had just been announced for publication. At this date, even among those who acknowledged the force of Wordsworth's genius, and could admire unreservedly such work as the "Ode on Immortality," or the more inspired parts of the "Excursion," it was the fashion to deride or lament the style of his early rustic ballads as mere perversity and aberration. The rising generation of literary liberals took this tone alike from the jeering invective of "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," and the lighter raillery of "Rejected Addresses." Partly also they were influenced by disappointment at the poet's own defection from liberal ideas, and not least by the stiffness and ego-

tism of his personal demeanor when during his visits to London he came personally among them. Hazlitt of course was bitter on the point : so in a less degree were Leigh Hunt and his group, including both Shelley and Keats. When "Peter Bell" was announced, it was assumed among them, from its title, that the poem was to be an addition to the class of rustic pieces they despised ; and a few days before its publication there appeared in all the booksellers' windows an anticipatory parody called also "Peter Bell," and bearing on the title-page the motto, "I am the real Simon Pure." The burlesque is savage, impertinent, and in parts funny enough. In a prose preface and supplementary essay, the lofty dogmatism and self-assertion of Wordsworth's critical essays are mocked in a vein between solemn parody and idle punning. The verse of the sham "Peter Bell" is of this quality :

"He is rurally related ;
Peter Bell hath country cousins,
(He had once a worthy mother),
Bells and Peters by the dozens,
But Peter Bell he hath no brother.

"Not a brother owneth he,
Peter Bell he hath no brother ;
His mother had no other son,
No other son e'er called her mother ;
Peter Bell hath brother none."

Or again :

"The hand of Peter Bell is busy
Under the pent-house of his hairs ;
His eye is like a solemn sermon ;
The little flea severely fares,
'Tis a sad day for the vermin.

"He is thinking of the Bible—
Peter Bell is old and blest ;
He doth pray and scratch away,
He doth scratch, and bitten, pray
To flee away and be at rest.

"At home his foster-child is cradled—
Four brown bugs are feeding there ;
Catch as many, sister Ann,
Catch as many as you can,
And yet the little insects spare.

"Why should blessed insects die ?
The flea doth skip o'er Betty Foy
Like a little living thing :
Though it hath not fin or wing,
Hath it not a moral joy ?"

There was one old and stanch admirer of Wordsworth—Charles Lamb—whose relish for a joke did not extend to jokes of this nature at his friend's ex-

pense. Readers of Lamb's letters (and who, since the publication of Canon Ainger's delightful edition, is not a reader or re-reader of these?) may remember the indignation he expresses on the appearance of this false "Peter Bell":—"The humor, if it is meant for humor, is forced; and then the price!—sixpence would have been dear for it. . . . Is there no law against these rascals? I would have this Lambert Simnel whipped at the cart's tail. . . . Who started the spurious 'P.B.' I have not heard. I should guess, one of the sneering brothers, the vile Smiths; but I have heard no name mentioned." "The vile Smiths" is rough indeed as a name for those genial parodists and most kindly men; nor was Lamb any more right in his guess than Byron, who took the skit for the work of Tom Moore. Its real author was a youth of twenty-three—John Hamilton Reynolds, the correspondent and intimate friend of Keats, and afterward brother-in-law of Thomas Hood. Reynolds shows in his early writings both a true spirit of fancy and romance and a vigorous vein of burlesque, with a British love of sports, especially the prize-ring, and the passion for punning which was epidemic among the wits of his age; but abandoning about this time letters for law, he wrote thereafter comparatively little, and for the most part under feigned names or anonymously. Keats was in the secret of the parody of "Peter Bell," as the unpublished parts of his correspondence show. First we find him writing, on April 15th:

"Wordsworth is going to publish a poem called 'Peter Bell'—what a perverse fellow it is! Why will he talk about Peter Bells? I was told not to tell—but to you it will not be telling—Reynolds hearing that said 'Peter Bell' was coming out, took it into his head to write a skit upon it called 'Peter Bell.' He did it as soon as thought on: it is to be published this morning, and comes out before the real 'Peter Bell,' with this admirable motto from the 'Bold Stroke for a Wife,' 'I am the real Simon Pure.' It would be just as well to trounce Lord Byron in the same manner."

Then four days later he resumes:

"When Reynolds was here on Monday, he asked me to give Hunt a hint to take notice of his 'Peter Bell' in the 'Examiner.' The best thing I can do is to write a little notice of it myself, which I will do here and copy out if it should suit my purpose."

"*Peter Bell*.—There have been lately advertised two Books both "*Peter Bell*" by name: what stuff the one was made of might be seen by the motto, "I am the real Simon Pure." This false Florimel has hurried from the press and obtruded herself into public notice, while for aught we know the real one may be still wandering about the woods and mountains. Let us hope she may soon make her appearance and make good her right to the magic girdle. The Pamphleteering Archinage we can perceive has rather a splenetic love than a downright hatred to real Florimels—if indeed they had been so christened—or had even a pretension to play at bob-cherry with Barbara Lewthwaite: but he has a fixed aversion to those three rhyming Graces, Alice Fell, Susan Gale, and Betty Foy; and now at length especially to *Peter Bell*—fit Apollo. It may be seen from one or two passages in this little skit that the writer of it has felt the finer parts of Mr. Wordsworth, and perhaps expatiated with his more remote and sublimer muse. This as far as it relates to *Peter Bell* is unlucky. The more he may love the sad embroidery of the *Excursion*, the more he will hate the coarse Samplers of Betty Foy and Alice Fell; and as they come from the same hand, the better will be able to imitate that which can be imitated, to wit, "*Peter Bell*"—as far as can be imagined from the obstinate Name. We repeat it is very unlucky. This real Simon Pure is in parts the very Man—there is a pernicious likeness in the scenery, a pestilent humor in the rhymes, and an inveterate cadence in some of the Stanzas that must be lamented. If we are one part amused with this, we are three parts sorry that an appreciator of Wordsworth should show so much temper at this really provoking name of "*Peter Bell*"!

"This will do well enough—I have copied it and enclosed it to Hunt. You will call it a little politic—seeing I keep clear of all parties, I say something for and against both parties, and suit it to the tune of the 'Examiner'—I meant to say I do not unsuit it—and I believe I think what I say: nay, I am sure I do, I and my conscience are in luck to-day, which is an excellent thing."

The little review Keats here sketches out is characteristic with its Spenserian allusions, and gracefully adroit as he meant it to be, in sparing offence alike to Wordsworth and his parodist. Turning to the pages of the "*Examiner*" for 1819, I find that it was printed there, after some slight editorial polishing by Leigh Hunt, in the number for April 26th; and we thus recover a fragment of Keats's published prose which had hitherto escaped the notice of his editors.

Following without a break on the words last quoted about "*Peter Bell*" comes another passage of still greater curiosity and interest, as follows:

"The other night I went to the play with

Rice, Reynolds and Martin; we saw a new dull and half damn'd opera called 'The Heart of Midlothian,' that was on Saturday. I stopped at Taylor's on Sunday with Woodhouse, and passed a quiet sort of pleasant day. I have been very much pleased with the Panorama of the Ship at the North Pole—with the icebergs, the mountains, the bears, the wolves, the seals, the penguins, and a large whale floating back above water—it is impossible to describe the place.

Wednesday Evening.

LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCI.

- "O what can all thee knight at arms
Alone and palely loitering?
The sedge has withered from the Lake
And no birds sing?
- "O what can all thee knight at arms
So haggard and so woe begone?
The squirrel's granary is full
And the harvest's done.
- "I see (death's) lilly on thy brow
With anguish moist and fever dew
And on thy cheek (death's) fading rose
Fast withereth too.
- "I met a Lady in the (Wolds) Meads
Full beautiful, a faery's child
Her hair was long, her foot was light,
And her eyes were wild.
- "I made a garland for her head
And bracelets too, and fragrant Zone.
She look'd me as she did love
And made sweet moan.
- "I set her on my pacing steed
And nothing else saw all day long
For sidelong would she bend and sing
A faery song.
- "She found me roots of relish sweet
And honey wild and (honey) dew
And once in language strange she said
I love thee true.
- "She took me to her elfin grot
And sigh'd full sore
And there she wept (and there she sigh'd)
And there I shut her wild wild eyes
With kisses four.
- "And there she lulled me asleep
And there I dream'd. Ah, woe betide!
The latest dream I ever dreamt
On the cold hill side.
- "I saw pale Kings and Princes too
Pale warriors death pale were they all
They cried La belle dame sans merci
Thee hath in thrall.
- "I saw their starv'd lips in the gloam
(all tremble) gap'd
With horrid warning a wide agape
And I woke and found me here
On the cold hill's side.

"And this is why I (wither) sojourn here
Alone and palely loitering;
Though the sedge is withered from the Lake
And no birds sing . . .

"Why four kisses, you will say—why four, because I wish to restrain the headlong impetuosity of my Muse—she would have fain said 'score' without hurting the rhyme—but we must temper the Imagination, as the Critics say, with Judgment. I was obliged to choose an even number that both eyes might have fair play, and to speak truly I think two a piece quite sufficient. Suppose I have said seven there would have been three and a half a piece—a very awkward affair and well got out of on my side."

Now this is to the student one of the choicest passages of a poet's MS. that can be imagined. I enter not into the question of the merits of "La Belle Dame Sans Merci," though to me it is the most beautiful thing of its kind in the world: for wildness, brevity, felicity of imagery and cadence, for romantic passion and suggestion, incomparable. The best lovers of poetry, however, seem oddly divided on the point. Rossetti thought nearly as I do. Mr. Coventry Patmore, if he will allow me to quote him, calls it "probably the very finest lyric in the English language." Matthew Arnold, on the other hand—alas! *quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus Tam cari capitis*—Matthew Arnold wrote to me a year ago: "The value you attach to 'La Belle Dame Sans Merci' is to me simply amazing." And Mr. Palgrave, in general one of the most enthusiastic of Keats' critics, dislikes greatly the "palely loitering" of the first line, thinking it a "thorough Leigh Hunt-ism." Be that as it may, the point is that we had until now no copy of the poem in its author's handwriting, and this passage of his letter supplies such a copy in the most interesting form—that of an unfinished draft corrected as he wrote it down. Keats' laughing comment on the mechanism of his own rhymes will jar only on persons of priggish mind. That which, coming from an outside critic, would have been a piece of pestilent flippancy, when it comes from the poet himself is but a proof the more of the spirit of humor, modesty, and plain sense which neither inspiration, nor the pride of inspiration, could conquer in him or long displace. The passage derives a further value from the fact that it settles the question, previously open, of the ex-

act date when this poem was composed. Mr. Buxton Forman had suggested that it belonged to the summer of 1820; but it turns out to have been really written (as I had previously shown reason to surmise) in April-May, 1819, the date also of Keats' masterpieces in another style—the odes "To Psyche," on "A Grecian Urn," and "To a Nightingale."

Immediately after "La Belle Dame Sans Merci" Keats copies for his correspondents another and far less valuable set of verses he had lately written, "The Song of the Four Fairies of Fire, Earth, Air, and Water, Salamander, Zephyr, Dusketha, and Breama." I trace a connection between this indifferent choral lyric of the elemental sprites (already published by Lord Houghton and Mr. Buxton Forman) and a passage of the same letter, written a few days earlier, when in the midst of gossip he breaks off, and writes down at a breath some ninety or a hundred of lines of what he pretends to be the twelfth and thirteenth cantos of a rhymed tale of fairyland. This fragment has never been printed. It is curious as showing that he had already in his mind the notion of a half-fanciful, half-satirical poem on a fairy theme, somewhat resembling that which he attempted seriously to carry out seven months later in the "Cap and Bells." Unlike the "Cap and Bells," the present fragment is written in the heroic metre (varied with dissyllabic rhymes and triplets). It is too long to quote here, and indeed hardly good enough, for the vein is not one wherein Keats excelled; but will find its place in the complete edition of his letters to his family and friends which I am now preparing. Meanwhile, here are some of the opening verses by way of specimen. A princess and her three attendants arrive upon the scene:

"When they had come into the Faery's Court
They rang—no one at home—all gone to sport

And dance and kiss and love as faeries do,—
For faeries be as human lovers true,—
Amid the woods they were so lone and wild
Where even the robin feels himself exil'd,
And where the very brooks as if afraid
Hurry along to some less magic shade.

'No one at home!' the fretful princess
cry'd,

'And all for nothing such a dreary ride,
And all for nothing my new diamond cross,
No one to see my Persian feathers toss;

No one to see my Ape, my Dwarf, my Fool,
Or how I pace my Otaheitan mule.
Ape, Dwarf, and Fool, why stand you gaping there?

Burst the door open, quick, or I declare,
I'll switch you soundly or in pieces tear.' "

Stopping in the middle of his verses as suddenly as he had begun, Keats adds:

"Brown is gone to bed—and I am tired of rhyming—there is a north wind blowing playing young gooseberry with the trees. I don't care so it helps even with a side wind a Letter to me—for I cannot put faith in any reports I hear of the Settlement, some are good and some bad. Last Sunday I took a Walk toward Highgate and in the lane that winds by the side of Lord Mansfield's park I met Mr. Green our Demonstrator at Gay's in conversation with Coleridge. I joined them after inquiring by a look whether it would be agreeable. I walked with him at his alderman-after dinner pace for nearly two miles I suppose. In those two miles he broached a thousand things—let me see if I can give you a list—Nightingales—Poetry—on Poetical Sensation—Metaphysics—Different genera and species of Dreams—Nightmare—a dream accompanied with a sense of touch—single and double touch—a dream related—First and second consciousness—the difference explained between will and Volition—so say metaphysicians from a want of smoking the second consciousness—Monsters—the Kraken—Mermaids—Southey believes in them—Southey's belief too much diluted—a Ghost story—Good morning. • I heard his voice as he came toward me—I heard it as he moved away—I had heard it all the interval—if it may be called so. He was civil enough to ask me to call at Highgate."

Here indeed is a passage for an intelligent transcriber to have chosen for leaving out. Even beside the finished and brilliant portrait by Carlyle in his *Life of Sterling*, this light sketch by our lad of genius of his encounter with the slow-shuffling, interminably-discoursing sage may hold its own. Probably it is the self-same meeting of which Coleridge himself told his nephew, Nelson Coleridge, a dozen years afterward, when its duration and his own discourse had alike faded from his mind; according to the well-known passage in his "Table-Talk":

"A loose, slack, not well-dressed youth met Mr. — and myself in a lane near Highgate. — knew him and spoke. It was Keats. He was introduced to me, and staid a minute or so. After he had left us a little way, he came back, and said: 'Let me carry away the memory, Coleridge, of having pressed your hand!' 'There is death in that hand,' I said to —, when Keats was gone; yet this was, I believe,

before the consumption showed itself distinctly."

Other personal passages in this same inexhaustible letter are of a less pleasant kind. Two in particular, which it was proper to suppress at first, may be published without impropriety now that all the persons concerned are dead. They relate to the reasons of the poet's quarrel with Charles Wells, afterward author of "Joseph and his Brethren," at this time a boisterous youth, barely grown up, with whom Keats had first been intimate as the schoolfellow of his younger brother Tom. That the quarrel was on account of a jest recklessly played off on Tom Keats during his sickness we knew; but the exact nature of the prank appears for the first time from the following passages. They exhibit the poet in that mood of righteous fury so often described by his friends, but rarely illustrated in his letters. He writes on April 15th:

"I found some of the correspondence between him and that degraded Wells and Amena. It is a wretched business, I do not know the rights of it—but what I do know would I am sure affect you so much that I am in two Minds whether I will tell you anything about it. And yet I do not see why—for anything tho' it be unpleasant that calls to mind those we still love has a compensation in itself for the pain it occasions—so very likely to-morrow I may set about copying the whole of what I have about it: with no sort of a Richardson self-satisfaction—I hate it to a sickness—and I am afraid more from indolence of mind than anything else. I wonder how people exist with all their worries."

And again a few days later:

"I have been looking over the correspondence of the pretended Amena and Wells this evening. I now see the whole cruel deception. I think Wells must have had an accomplice in it. Amena's Letters are in a Man's language and in a Man's hand imitating a woman's. The instigation to this diabolical scheme was vanity and the love of intrigue. It was no thoughtless hoax but a cruel deception on a sanguine Temperament, with every show of friendship. I do not think death too bad for the villain. The world would look upon it in a different light should I expose it—they would call it a frolic—so I must be wary—but I consider it my duty to be prudently revengeful. I will hang over his head like a sword by a hair. I will be opium to his vanity if I cannot injure his interests. He is a rat and he shall have ratsbane to his vanity. I will harm him all I possibly can. I have no doubt I shall be able to do so. Let us leave him to his misery alone except when we can throw in a little more."

I will conclude these unpublished extracts (still from the letter of February --May, 1819) with a fragment of cosmical and ethical speculation such as occurs not seldom in the poet's correspondence. "Whims and theories," as we have seen, is his own simpler name for flights of the sort. Unschooled, intuitive in all its processes, uncertain of any truth except the truth that is revealed to him as beauty, his mind nevertheless has wings, wherewith it rises at times into rarer air and regions of light more unclouded than are accessible to the toil of the best-trained and best-equipped philosopher who is not also a poet. The following passage is characteristically both strong and weak.

"I have been reading lately two very different books, Robertson's 'America' and Voltaire's 'Siècle de Louis XIV.' It is like walking arm and arm between Pizarro and the great-little Monarch. In how lamentable a case do we see the great body of the people in both instances; in the first where Men might seem to inherit quiet of Mind from unsophisticated senses, from uncontamination of civilization, and especially from their being as it were estranged from the mutual helps of Society and its mutual injuries—and thereby more immediately under the Protection of Providence: even there they had mortal pains to bear as bad, or even worse than Bailiffs, Debts and Poverities of civilized Life. The whole appears to resolve into this—that Man is originally a poor forked creature subject to the same mischances as the beasts of the forest, destined to hardships and disquietudes of some kind or other. If he improves by degrees his bodily accommodations and comforts—at each stage, at each ascent there are waiting for him a fresh set of annoyances: he is mortal, and there is still a heaven with its stars above his head. The most interesting question that can come before us is, How far by the persevering endeavors of a seldom-appearing Socrates Mankind may be made happy? I can imagine such happiness carried to an extreme—but what must it end in?—Death—and who could in such a case bear with death? The whole troubles of life, which are now frittered away in a series of years, would then be accumulated for the last days of a being who instead of hailing its approach would leave this world as Eve left Paradise. But in truth I do not at all believe in this sort of perfectibility. The nature of the world will not admit of it—the inhabitants of the world will correspond to itself. Let the fish Philosophize the ice away from the Rivers in winter time and they shall be at continual play in the tepid delight of summer. Look at the Poles and at the Sands of Africa, whirlpools and Volcanoes. Let men exterminate them and I will say that they arrive at earthly Happiness. The point at which Man may arrive is as far as the parallel state in inanimate nature and no fur-

ther. For instance, suppose a rose to have sensation. It blooms on a beautiful morning, it enjoys itself, but then comes a cold wind, a hot sun—it cannot escape it, it cannot destroy its annoyances—they are as native to the world as itself—no more can man be happy in spite, the worldly elements will prey upon his nature. The common cognomen of the world among the misguided and superstitious is "a vale of tears" from which we are to be redeemed by a certain arbitrary interposition of God and taken to Heaven. What a little circumscribed straightened notion! Call the world if you please 'The vale of Soul-making.' Then you will find out the use of the world. (I am speaking now in the highest terms for human nature, admitting it to be immortal which I will here take for granted for the purpose of showing a thought which has struck me concerning it.) I say 'Soul-making.' Souls are distinguished from an Intelligence. There may be intelligences or sparks of the divinity in millions—but they are not Souls till they acquire identities, till each one is personally itself. Intelligences are atoms of perception—they know and they see and they are pure, in short they are God.—How then are souls to be made? How then are these sparks which are God to have identity given them—so as ever to possess a bliss peculiar to each one's individual existence? How but by the medium of a world like this? This point I sincerely wish to consider because I think it a grander system of salvation than the Christian religion—or rather it is a system of spirit creation. This is effected by three grand materials acting the one upon the other for a series of years. These three materials are the *Intelligence*—the *human heart* (as distinguished from intelligence or Mind) and the *World or Elemental space* suited for the proper action of *Mind and Heart*, on each other for the purpose of forming the *Soul or Intelligence destined to possess the sense of Identity*. I can scarcely express what I but dimly perceive—and yet I think I perceive it—that you may judge the more clearly I will put it in the most homely form possible. I will

call the *world* a school instituted for the purpose of teaching little children to read—I will call the *human heart* the *horn book* read in that school—and I will call the *Child able to read the Soul* made from that *School* and its *horn book*. Do you not see how necessary a *World of Pains and troubles* is to school an *Intelligence* and make it a *Soul*? A *Place* where the heart must feel and suffer in a thousand diverse ways. Not merely is the heart a *Hornbook*, it is the *Mind's Bible*, it is the *Mind's experience*, it is the text from which the *Mind or Intelligence* sucks its identity. As various as the *Lives of Men* are—so various become their *Souls*, and thus does *God* make individual beings, *Souls*, *Identical Souls* of the sparks of his own essence. This appears to me a faint sketch of a system of *Salvation* which does not offend our reason and humanity. I am convinced that many difficulties which Christians labor under would vanish before it—there is one which even now strikes me—the *salvation of Children*. In them the spark, or intelligence, returns to God without any identity—it having had no time to learn of and be altered by the heart—or seat of the human Passions. . . . If what I have said should not be plain enough, as I fear it may not be, I will put you in the place where I began this series of thoughts—I mean I began by seeing how man was formed by circumstances—and what are circumstances but touchstones of his heart? and what are touchstones but provings of his heart, but fortifiers or alterers of his nature? and what is his altered nature but his *Soul*?—and what was his *Soul* before it came into the world and had these provings and alterations and perfectings?—An intelligence without identity—and how is this identity to be made? Through the medium of the *Heart*? and how is the heart to become this *Medium* but in a world of circumstances? There now I think what with Poetry and Theology you may thank your stars that my pen is not very long-winded."

—Macmillan's Magazine.

THE CHEVALIER DE FEUQUEROLLES.*

From the French.

BY M. M. MAXWELL SCOTT.

BUT Thou exulting and abounding River!
Making thy waves a blessing as they flow
Through banks whose beauty would endure
forever
Could man but leave thy bright creation so,
Nor its fair promise from the surface mow
With the sharp scythe of conflict; then to see
Thy valley of sweet waters, were to know,

* This is a true story, the main facts may be read in the records of the time, while the details are furnished by the archives of the House of Feuquerolles.

Earth paved like heaven; and to seem such
to me
Even now what wants thy stream?—that it
should Lethe be.
A thousand battles have assail'd thy banks,
But these and half their fame have pass'd
away,
And Slaughter heap'd on high his weltering
ranks;
Their very graves are gone, and what are
they?
Thy tide wash'd down the blood of yester-
day,

And all was stainless, and on thy clear
stream
Glass'd, with its dancing light, the sunny ray ;
But o'er the blacken'd memory's blighting
dream
Thy waves would vainly roll, all sweeping as
they seem.

—*Childe Harold*, Canto 3.

It was the eve of the Battle of Ramillies ; I had the honor of serving the King in his Company of Men-at-Arms who formed his body-guard. We lay quietly encamped several miles from the Dyle, and did not anticipate an engagement. On Whitsun eve the King's guard received orders to picquet their horses, and we then realized that the enemy was at hand. The next day when we were at Mass at daybreak, we suddenly heard the signal for mounting. I well remember that as the trumpet sounded, the priest, turning his pale face toward us, and raising his hands to heaven, said, "The Lord be with you !" We all mounted hastily, the priest's words rang in my ears for some moments, but soon the hurried movements of the army, the objects that passed and repassed, the approach of battle, the noise of the guns, the uncertainty, a something I know not what, which seemed to give more light to the day, and to open up the horizon beyond the limits of vision, made me oblivious of aught else. If moral drunkenness could exist, I should say I was inebriated in head and heart. My strength seemed to me immense, and my blood coursed with unusual rapidity. With my head held high, I spurred on my horse, calling to my companions and joking them. I was nineteen ! and I longed to gain my spurs. Oh, how happy I was !

At last it had come ! the longed-for day of battle. I saw the engagement commence, and soon it assumed colossal proportions. I could hear its thunders in the distance, and could see its action before me simple and sublime. Green trees, large fields clothed with shrubs, cottages scattered here and there, formed the surroundings, and in the midst of these moved the long columns of infantry and the serried lines of cavalry and chariots, while over all rose a strange sound of human voices mingled with the metallic crash of warlike instruments. I was wild with joy. I remember that for
NEW SERIES.—VOL. XLVIII., No. 4

a moment I thought I saw my father before me, and not alone. I saw other fantastic figures, among them the face of my betrothed. My father seemed to address me. "Be a man of honor," I heard ; and in the sad smile of the young girl, I read Faith and Hope. Lifting my eyes from the sword that my father had given me, to the scarf embroidered by Jeanne, the ends of which floated at my side, I murmured, "Always worthy of you." But a halt that we made at the village of Ramillies roused me from my happy dreams. The batallions were reformed, and the King's household troops were taking position, when we were suddenly attacked by the enemy's cavalry. The men-at-arms sustained the first shock with their ordinary valor, but soon they were forced to yield to superior numbers.

The King's guards were beginning to waver, when a squadron of the enemy, breaking their ranks, advanced upon us at full speed. Our company rallied and charged them, cutting the enemy to pieces, and forcing the survivors to fall back on their lines. I saw their captain fatally wounded by one of my friends ; when the poor wretch let go the reins of his horse, and fell back, his eyes, lit up with despair, fixed themselves upon me, and his lips, stained with blood, murmured some unintelligible words. When he fell, the noise of the fall made me again turn my eyes in his direction. His face seemed to distort itself, and he stretched out his arm as if he were invoking a curse upon us.

Soon other corpses fell above him, horses fought their way across the slain, and when I again passed the spot, out of breath, and maddened by the smoke, I could see nothing of the captain but the head and hand ; the sight lasted but for a moment, as long as I live, however, in the silence of the night, that head and hand will haunt and pursue me. All around in a terrible group lay the dead and dying, men and horses, abandoned uniforms and arms, and everywhere blood. But this crowd where all seemed dead, had a life of its own, from which arose in piercing accents a terrible mixture of prayer and blasphemy. In the midst of this shapeless mass a head and a hand seemed to detach themselves in brilliant outlines ;

the eyes were half open, and tears of blood had made their way down the face. I am told this is often the case after a violent death. The lips opened and showed teeth of a dazzling whiteness, and the damp hair was drawn over the side of the forehead where the veins stood out black and swollen. The hand closed convulsively over the blade of the sword. Those vacant eyes, the violet hue of the lips, and the tears of blood, I see still; I shall always see them. It will take much longer to read these lines than it took me to receive this terrible, ineffaceable impression. I was carried on by the rush of battle, attacking the enemy, defending myself, when, just as I was being swept beyond the sight of the head and hand, the crush forced me backward upon the scene and it seemed to me that the head moved, and that the hand pointed a finger at me, while I heard the word "malédiction." No doubt the sound came from some other dying man, but still! could it be possible that the captain was thus addressing me!

Meanwhile, in the hottest of the fight the light horsemen of the King's guard were performing prodigies of valor; there was a brave rivalry between them and the men-at-arms. We were victorious at this point, but our success cost us the life of Prince Maximilian who died like a hero. The buglers were sounding the retreat for our cavalry when we perceived that the enemy's cavalry had received a reinforcement and were attacking our right. Burning to drive them back we charged furiously, but the enemy met us pistols in hand and killed many of our men. The Prince, who was commanding us, was wounded in the thigh, but though the wound was severe, he continued to fight and encourage us by his example. In the *mêlée* I received a cut on my head from a sabre, and to add to our difficulties we had to cross an almost impassable morass. The Marquis de Gouffiers was one of the first to plunge into it, and perished in the attempt. My horse was almost engulfed, but he made such efforts, vigorously seconded by me, that we regained firm ground. In the distance I saw our standard surrounded by my few remaining comrades, for the men-at-arms had been nearly cut to pieces. I resolved

to join them at all hazards, though I had to pass through the enemy's cavalry which occupied the ground in detached groups. I galloped off therefore at full speed under a smart shower of bullets, a few horsemen pursued me; but I had already distanced them and was approaching our own people when I was overtaken by one of the enemy, and before I could turn round to face him a pistol shot deprived me of both my eyes. I fell, and was quickly surrounded, one of the soldiers recognized my uniform and exclaimed, "He belongs to the King's Household, give him no quarter," and another pistol shot was fired at my head crushing the skull. Even in my half unconscious state I realized that my only chance lay in showing no sign of life, so I remained perfectly still while the officers stripped me of my uniform and of my money and then remounted. I could hear them riding away. A few minutes later I heard the firing of artillery and supposed that our men had rallied and that the combat was recommencing.

Lying flat on the earth, suffering agonies of pain and deprived of my sight, I still kept the instinct of self-preservation. All my faculties were concentrated on that thought: my life! I wished to live—to live at any price. I was so young! "and the May sun had shone so brightly upon me only that morning."

Soon, however, my senses became less acute. I felt a dull rumbling in my ears, and frightful pains assailed me, my mouth grew dry and hard. I tried to change my position, but at the slightest movement my head seemed to be separating itself from my body. I fainted—and then! was it a dream, or was it the delirium of fever that brought this apparition before me? Of all my sufferings this was the greatest. The head of the dead captain placed itself close to mine. I felt his burning breath on my lips, his vacant, glassy eyes froze me with terror, and his icy hand pressed mine. If I moved, he moved also; and if I made a despairing effort to escape from him, his terrible hand seemed to strangle me. I know not how long this vision lasted—a minute, an hour, or a century it might be! At last the noise of the musketry, the heavy rush of the

squadrons roused me to consciousness. It seemed impossible that I should not be crushed to death by the masses of men and horses. I could only pray, "Oh my God." I have since learned that it was the Bavarian Guards who had come near the morass to disperse the enemy. A bloody engagement took place, and lasted long. Little by little the tumult ceased and the firing died away in the distance. Each shot affected me painfully, my poor head seemed continually to echo the two shots which had injured me so terribly.

The combatants had hardly gone when I heard on all sides groans and cries, words of despair, and mournful prayers for mercy. The sighs of the dying sounded in my ears with an unknown horror. In towns we seldom hear the complaints of men, or if so, they are softened by the tender care of friends; but on a battlefield abandoned by all, dying perhaps in the full strength of manhood, the murmurs of the dying are infinitely sad. I could hear the heavy faltering step of those who attempted to rise, one man rose, fell, and again rose, only to fall at my feet. I heard one long sigh, and then the silence told me he was dead. I longed to fly, my youth and the strength of my constitution were in my favor, and after a long struggle I managed to kneel up, and stretching out my arms tried to feel my way. Then I tried to take a few steps, but at each step I tumbled over the bodies that lay round me. At times I fainted from pain and exhaustion, but directly I recovered consciousness I made fresh efforts to save myself. At last I could hear frogs croaking, and feared I must be near the morass, and knowing that death was inevitable if I fell into it, I stopped and lay still. I could tell by the cooler air that night had come. What a night of horror that was! I passed through successive stages of resignation, of impatience, of sufferings of all kinds. I could hear people moving about, whom I recognized by their language as peasants of the neighborhood, and I called to them to have pity on me and to save me. For a long time my supplications were unheeded, but at last some of the peasants approached me; I described my sad condition, and implored them to take me from the battlefield. I said

they should never regret their charity to me. I spoke of money, of humanity, of everything that could touch them. After listening to me quietly these people robbed me of my clothes, telling me they were very sorry for me but that it was impossible I could recover, and then left me, exhorting me to have confidence in God. The wretches dared to speak to me of the justice of God, yet did not hesitate to rob me of all that remained to me. After a time, having treated many others in the same manner, the peasants returned to my neighborhood and I made another attempt to gain their sympathy. In the name of their mothers, their children, and of all they held dear, I conjured them to have pity upon me, or at least to leave me something to cover me. I tried to rise and go toward them, but before I had dragged myself a few steps, I felt a haversack thrown over me, and then I was left alone. Presently, however, the men returned and said that if I felt able to accompany them to the village, which was a mile off, they would conduct me thither. This offer reanimated my courage. I assured them I would follow them joyfully if they would call to me from time to time to guide me on the road.

Exerting all my strength I managed to rise. For a moment they seemed almost touched by my state, but nevertheless they walked on without attempting to assist me. I was so fearful of being left behind that I made heroic efforts to keep up with my guides. From time to time the heavy booty they carried forced them to stop, and I profited by these little halts to rest, but one of these moments of respite proved fatal to me. During one of them I fainted, and the peasants fancying no doubt that I was dead, proceeded on their way, leaving me to my fate. I cannot describe my despair when I regained consciousness and found myself deserted. My position was now even more appalling than it had been on the battlefield, the intense loneliness and the failure of my hopes utterly crushed me, and I know not how I survived. I had no idea where I was, and I knew that if I was still far from the village, my death must be a slow and terrible one, either the birds of prey or wild animals would

devour me, or I should starve to death. For the first time my heart cried out to God with the Christian's infinite trust. Oh how I pity those who, wishing to deny all religion, despise that faith which enables us to bear the sorrows of this life and blesses their patient acceptance. He is indeed miserable who in his extreme need cannot fix his hopes higher than this world.

I made no formal prayer, I used no words, but I lifted my heart to God and resigned myself to His Holy Will. "My God may Thy Will be done." The soft night breeze came to me laden with perfume. The slow beats of my heart seemed like celestial music. I no longer cried for help to man, I placed all my trust in Him who forgives those who suffer and repent.

The night passed slowly, toward morning it began to rain heavily. In all my troubles I had fortunately retained the haversack, it protected me now, and I lay wrapped in it upon the ground, which I could feel was covered by soft thick grass. At length the singing of the birds told me that day was dawning, and soon I heard church bells ringing. Presently a confused murmur of voices reached my ear; after many ineffectual efforts to rise, I succeeded in standing up and made signals, calling faintly for help. The villagers came toward me but were so appalled at my appearance that they could not speak, and soon turned away, one of them murmuring as he went, "Let the poor creature commend his soul to God for he cannot live long." I called to them, imploring them to take me to the village, assuring them that my wounds were not mortal, but no answer came—I was again deserted.

Now began again a time of agony—yesterday at the same hour I had been so happy—I had gone into action full of ardor, longing for glory. My horse seemed to share my excitement, and my very sword glowed in the rays of the sun. Surrounded by cheery comrades I was rich in hopes for the future, which to my nineteen years seemed endless, and now what was life to me. Where was my horse who loved me and neighed at my approach? Where was my sword, my father's gift? And Jeanne's scarf?

Oh Jeanne, my betrothed, whom I should never see again and who could

love me no more. . . . My God, my God, how wretched I am, I cried.

In my state of exhaustion and misery I know not how it was that the thoughts of the joys of this world which I had hardly tasted as yet, and which I was losing forever, should come before me. I remembered too that the previous summer one of my friends had lost his betrothed, and that at his desire I had visited the house of mourning. I could see the young girl, as I then beheld her, beautiful in death, with her hands clasped over the crucifix. My friend, standing by with bent head and sombre look, could only say these words, "May you never lose that which you love." And now I was losing everything—fame, fortune, my beautiful betrothed—my whole future. Why then should I wish to live? and yet I still clung to life, and as I heard people coming and going but always seeming deaf to my entreaties for help, a feeling of despair seized upon me. What had I done to these men that they should leave me thus to perish in their midst.

Toward evening I made another attempt, and walked a few paces, but the swampy nature of the ground made further progress dangerous. Again, therefore, I spent the night in the same circumstances, but this time a merciful unconsciousness stole over me, from which I was roused by the chill of dawn. For the second time the church bells and the singing of the birds told me that day had come, and soon I heard women's voices near me, and I thought that they at least would have pity on me, but my hope was vain. Uttering cries at my appearance, they also took flight, and then a terror which had not before presented itself to my mind took possession of me. I saw death before me, not the violent death with which the vision of the Captain's head had threatened me, not the death of the Christian, the thought of which had so consoled me, nor the thought of death made easier by the presence of some loved one, but a death horrible indeed, that of a condemned prisoner waiting in his cell for the fatal signal. I began to pray aloud, and then I called my mother's name. A burning thirst assailed me, and thinking that my agony was beginning I knelt up and made the sign of the cross.

"Why, is it possible you are not dead?" said a voice in my ear; "take courage, then, and I will fetch a horse and take you to the village." It was one of the peasants who had encouraged me to follow him the first day. At the sound of his words all my hopes revived. I rose, and trying to seize his hands I implored him not to leave me to fetch the horse, assuring him I could go with him if he would assist me. I threw my arms round his neck and held him tightly, fearing he might again abandon me. Perceiving my fears, he swore he would be faithful to me, and spoke so warmly that I trusted him. After a few steps I fainted, but the good man carried me on his shoulders.

When I came to my senses I found myself in an old, dilapidated chateau, surrounded by wounded men who had also taken refuge there. Fires were lit in the middle of each room, and stones placed round them for us to sit upon. The change from my previous terrible condition made me think my surroundings delightful. Some charitable souls came to assist us. One of these good women brought me a "bouillon" made with buttermilk, at any other time it would have disgusted me, but now I ate it with avidity. I had been for three days without food, but I had suffered so terribly in other ways that I hardly felt this privation. Later I was given some bread and an egg, and when evening came some one laid me on a bed of straw. During the early part of the night the noise around me was distracting; some of the poor creatures groaned, some cried aloud, or uttered blasphemies, while others disputed over their share of the straw or the fire. By the middle of the night there was comparative peace, however, interrupted only by smothered groans or low murmuring conversations. Each one described his wounds, and it is a real alleviation to the sufferer merely to describe what it is he suffers. I confess I found immense comfort in the pity my sad state awakened in these poor sufferers. We spent the night in these mutual offers of sympathy, for it was impossible to sleep.

Early in the morning we heard carriage wheels in the courtyard. It was a wagon sent from Namur by M. le Comte de Saillon, to take the wounded to the

town. When the news came a perfect tumult raged around me, all those who could drag themselves along besieged the wagon. I tried to follow my companions, but no one thought of me, and I was knocked over by the crowd. A monk who had accompanied the cart came to me and implored me to have patience, assuring me that other carriages were coming; but I could not resign myself to waiting, I shivered with impatience, and tried to walk on. At last I begged the monk to take me to the wagon. He consented, warning me, however, that it was already overcrowded, but I seized his cloak and repeated that there must be room for me, and that I would incommode no one. With the gentleness and charity belonging to his vocation, the good monk took my hand and walked in front of me. Without his help I must have perished in trying to cross the drawbridge, which was falling to pieces, and full of holes.

When those who filled the wagon caught sight of me, they told me to stand back, that the carriage was already too full, as indeed was true; but my kind guide appeased them, and promised that I should be placed in such a position as would not inconvenience them. I was accordingly seated at the end of the vehicle with my legs hanging over the door, and as the roads were rough and stony, I was tied in with ropes of straw. The good monk arranged for my comfort as far as possible, and said a few parting words suitable to my condition. We then set off, the shaking of the wagon added to the pain in my head, and I suffered intensely. From time to time one of my companions died and was thrown out on to the road. I could tell this by the noise of the body falling, by the cries of the survivors, and by the greater space in the wagon. When we reached Namur, we were three less than when we started. At the gates of the town we were met by a considerable number of priests and citizens, among whom were some charitable women. Seeing my pitiable condition, these took charge of me, and one of them gave me a biscuit soaked in spirits. Then a Capuchin monk took me on his shoulders and carried me to the hospital, where he placed me in one of the wards. Some one asked me who I was, and I gave my

name. My voice reached one of my old companions who was already an occupant of the ward, and he begged that I might be placed in a vacant bed next his. Poor de Grandmaison! What comfort his welcome gave me! and how much was implied by his long, silent clasp of my hand. He was the first of my comrades I had met, and between us words were unnecessary. His grasp of the hand meant tears and blood. Without speaking he said to me, "The King's men-at-arms are dead, and France is conquered."

When the surgeons came to inspect me, they seemed quite terrified at the sight of my wounds, my face was unrecognizable and they could not understand how I still lived. The nurses contented themselves with fomenting my head with spirits to bring down the inflammation, and promised to dress my wounds later. I was given food and fresh linen and soon felt more comfortable; indeed, when I compared my present state with all I had gone through, I felt almost happy. The first night, however, was very dreary. In the first place the doctors forgot me, and my pains increased, then I heard around me nothing but talk of legs and arms which had been, or were to be, amputated, while the cries of those under operation pierced my heart. My heated imagination brought before me incessantly the terrible instruments which caused these sufferings, I seemed to see bodies without arms, or arms without bodies; I thought I saw death stalking through the ward and leaping from bed to bed choosing his victims. My delirium had reached this point when something touched me and I screamed with terror—it was the surgeon who had come to dress my wounds. Later, when I told de Grandmaison of my terrors he laughed and said I had good reasons for my alarm, the light heart of the *gen d'arme* survived amid all his sufferings.

I could not get over my horror of my surroundings, the mere idea of being in a hospital terrified me, and I determined to get away cost what it might. Fortunately a good opportunity shortly presented itself. Two of our old comrades came to see de Grandmaison, and told him that they had heard I was mortally wounded. No doubt my friend made them a sign to be silent and pointed me

out to them, for after a few moments they approached my bed and one of them addressed me saying, "Courage, Feuquerolles, you will soon be all right."

Oh my dear friends, I replied, I am blind, and I shall certainly die unless you help me to get away from the hospital, I have an old friend in the town with whom I used to lodge, pray go to her and tell her of my state and implore her to take me in. My friends willingly accepted the commission, and accomplished it so successfully that my former hostess not being able herself to come to the hospital, sent her son to say that I should be most welcome. Without waiting even to thank the young man I threw myself out of bed, and seizing his arm begged him to conduct me at once to his house. The poor man endeavored to calm me, fearing the consequences of so rapid a move, and finally persuaded me to wait for a coach. As soon as it came we set off, after I had embraced poor de Grandmaison, whom I was not to meet again in this life. I will not weary the reader with the details of the long illness which followed; thanks to my good constitution and to the excellent nursing I received, I survived the terrible treatment necessitated by my wounds, and with returning strength my spirits revived. In spite of my blindness I rejoiced to live, and in contrasting my past misery with the kindness and comfort which surrounded me, I felt the deepest thankfulness.

I hesitate to mention my hostess or her home, well knowing her dislike to publicity of any kind. However, dear friend, you must permit me to linger for a moment on the memories which the thoughts of past kindness recall. As you will remember, I occupied your son's room overlooking the garden, from which the sweet-scented breezes reached me. The day I arrived your daughter was ill, and you concealed from her that a wounded officer lay in the house. Two days after she came to visit me, poor child, and I heard her voice, I was told she was beautiful, I know she was good—like an angel. Do you remember our talks, Madame? those were happy days in spite of my wounds, your daughter's companionship made me forget my sufferings. The day of departure came, alas! and I can recall every

detail of that moment, the provisions you had prepared for my journey, the scent bottle you gave me, and which I still preserve as a treasure. Marie allowed me to embrace her, thank your child for me. The remembrance of your goodness, Madame, will never leave my heart, and the gratitude of the wounded soldier will end only with his life.

II.

In trying to write the latter part of my short life's story I lose courage, the words I search for escape me, and I despair of expressing what I feel.

For me there is nothing left in life. No love, no smiles, no tears even. My days pass slowly and heavily. When my father's old servant has dressed me, when he has thrown a veil over me (for who could bear to look upon me) and placed me in the arm-chair, my day begins. When my mother speaks I can hear the tears in her voice, she has lost her son, the brilliant son of whom she was so proud, and hope has gone out of our life. I spend whole days in silence. I shiver with cold, and it is in vain that the rays of sunshine strive to warm my emaciated frame, and yet I am not twenty, and once I was as gay and brave a cavalier as could be! Before I joined the army I enjoyed everything, my sport, my long walks in the forest, all was pleasure, and when I returned home in the evening my high spirits cheered those dear ones who awaited me with impatience, and who would gently scold me for my long absences.

To-day! when I hear the rain dashing against the window I recall how in old days I depended on the weather, my spirits rose and fell with it, and now I have lost forever both the gray days of November and the sultry days of August. I loved nature and the sight of the birds and flowers. What beautiful things have I not dreamed when watching the summer sunsets. The boundless horizon spread before me seemed a fit emblem of my life then, with its immense possibilities of happiness. But—a pistol shot has shattered the prism that reflected those brilliant colors.

Only a year ago, Jeanne and I were so happy, and now the thought of that

time is more than I can bear. I have lost all my golden dreams; I am dead to glory, dead to love, dead to all I care for here below.

I was told that to obtain Jeanne's hand, I must make myself a name, so I determined to join the army, but before I went, we saw each other every day. She would sit in the recess of the window working, with me at her side. Sitting there, sometimes talking, sometimes silent, I had delicious dreams. My great ambition was to conceal from every one—from Jeanne herself especially—how much I loved her. She, with her little moods now gay, now sad, and her attempts at innocent coquetry, had complete power over me. I obeyed her in everything.

I can see Jeanne now as she looked then, with her head bent over her embroidery, her gold ringlets shading her face, to which the long dark eyelashes gave a special character. I do not know if she was beautiful, the charm of her expression was enough. We were very happy. Now, Jeanne weeps and prays for me in her convent.

But I am anxious to finish this sad story, and when my task is ended I shall wait calmly for death. I have only had courage to continue thus far through my strong desire to make known what a cruel fate that of a soldier may be. The pomp and pageantry of war hides from the spectators the suffering that lies beneath. In the towns, after a victory, when the bells ring, and the cannons fire, when the churches resound to the chant of the *Te Deum*, all hearts rejoice and the young men think only of glory—glory won, or to be won, and their wives and mothers share the enthusiasm. The old men even uncover their heads to salute the King's young soldiers. Every one is proud of the warriors whose glory is reflected upon them. But oh my friends, you prosperous citizens, industrious tradesmen, simple country people, you do not realize that the noise of the cannon and the pealing of the bells conceal from your ears the despairing cries of the wounded. Happy, prosperous world, will it ever be given to you to see among the folds of the conquered standards, amid all the trophies of victory, the blood stains of those who have died for their country.

Glory is a fine thing. It shines brilliant as a diamond, but also like the diamond it must be searched for under ground. When on a monarch's forehead, his people admire a costly gem, how few realize the fate of the multitudes who toil in the diamond mines of Brazil or Golconda? Yet it is not difficult to picture the life of the poor miner—working by the feeble light of a torch, bent with years and toil, far from his home and family, his whole life is given up to the search, often unavailing, of the precious gem, and for this jewel he has bartered health and liberty. This miner is the soldier. The diamond is fame.

One day I was walking with Jeanne—it is barely a year ago—and we were both sad and silent. At last Jeanne spoke—"Do not go to the war," she said; "remain with us, friendship is worth infinitely more than fame. Here we shall meet each day, and the present and the future, the sorrows and the joys of life will be ours to bear together." "But, Jeanne," I replied, "I must seek renown, I must earn some memories for my old age. I want to make a name for myself, so that the glory may be reflected back upon you. Jeanne, in a book you were reading to me the other day, Memory was spoken of as an angel, always young, always beautiful, in the shadow of whose wings we walk, and who smiles upon us each time we look back upon him. Well, we must claim that angel's care. We are very happy now, but we shall be far more happy when I return from the war. I shall be Captain Chevalier de St. Louis, possibly even Colonel, and I shall have soon fame among men. I shall be constant to you, Jeanne, for nowhere, in other lands, shall I find your like." . . .

(At this point a sudden fainting fit, followed by a long illness, interrupted the Chevalier's story. It was not till two months had passed that he who had written so far under his dictation dared to remind Monsieur de Feuquerolles that his history was still incomplete. One evening he resumed his task as follows:—)

I was then (to follow my own adventures without further digression) just leaving my kind hostess at Namur

on my return to France. Before my start I had, however, an unexpected pleasure. My father, about whose fate I was becoming anxious, sent me a messenger with a letter full of affection for me, and which contained some news of himself. He had been obliged to evacuate Brussels and occupy Liège, which he was now fortifying against the enemy, and as a siege was imminent he warned me to expect no further intelligence for some time. The first time I left the house at Namur it was to thank God for my wonderful recovery. I was taken to the church, and there, kneeling in one of the chapels, I tried to make a humble act of resignation to God's holy will—which for me consisted in a total renunciation of the joys of this world—accepting the desolate life which lay before me.

The next day I went to thank M. de Saillons, whose goodness to me had been untiring, and on the following morning started on my homeward journey under the care of two friends. At Arras, where we made a halt, some officers who were passing through the town called on us. They came from Flanders, and brought news of the war. One of these gentlemen described the gallant conduct of an officer who was defending a position of great danger, a bomb struck him in the side, but he continued to fight, preferring to die at his post. Soon however a pistol shot shattered his leg and he was removed to Nieuport, where he expired. We asked the name of this brave man and they named my father!

I fainted, and for long my friends thought I must die. I cannot even attempt to describe my despair, some sorrows are too deep to bear utterance. My great weakness was in itself the cause of my recovery I think. I was so crushed by misfortune that I bent before this new sorrow like a reed before the storm, often I could not even think.

At length the moment came in our sad journey when my friends told me they could see the towers of my mother's old chateau. We drove on in silence, broken only by the rattle of the carriage on the road. Presently this ceased, and I could tell we had entered the avenue and were in the shade of the great chestnut trees. I trembled from head to foot. The carriage stopped and some

one lifted me to the ground, I could feel the turf under my feet. Here in old days my father used to meet me! I heard a door open quickly and then I was folded in my mother's arms, her tears fell upon me, and I could hear her broken words, "My child, my child."

We entered the house where our relations and friends had assembled to greet my return, but soon they withdrew and left me alone with my mother. I threw myself on the ground beside her and

laid my head on her knee. We spoke of my father and of his glorious death, and my mother's words sank into my heart. Glory! she exclaimed, glory! my son—oh how dearly has it been bought.

Two years later.

My mother never recovered from the shock occasioned by our sorrows. Her funeral bells are ringing to-day. Oh! Lord my God, have mercy on me and take me also. I belong now to you alone.—*Scottish Review.*

RECENT ORIENTAL DISCOVERY.

BY PROFESSOR A. H. SAYCE.

THE great event of the season, so far as Oriental History is concerned, has been the discovery of a number of cuneiform tablets at Tel el-Amarna, in Upper Egypt. Tel el-Amarna stands on the site of the new capital built by Amenophis IV., more usually known as Khu-en-Aten, "the heretic king" of the eighteenth Egyptian dynasty, after his quarrel with the priests of Thebes. Its existence continued for but a short time after his death. With the return of the Court to the orthodox religion of Egypt it was deserted by its inhabitants, and its ruins show no traces of subsequent occupation.

It is among them that the *fellahin* have discovered a large collection of clay tablets, inscribed with cuneiform characters of a cursive Babylonian form, and in the Babylonian language. They turn out to consist, for the most part, of letters and despatches sent by the governors and kings of Palestine, Syria, Mesopotamia, and Babylonia to the two Egyptian monarchs Amenophis III. and IV., and a note in hieratic upon one of them states that a large portion of them had been transferred from Thebes to the new capital of Khu-en-Aten, along with the rest of the royal archives. Palestine at the time was held by Egyptian garrisons, the *matsartu* or "body-guard" of the governor, as they are termed in the despatches; and the representatives of the Egyptian Government seem to have been busily employed in sending news home about all that was going on. Among

the cities of Palestine from which letters were despatched we may mention Byblos, Simyra, Akko or Acre, Megiddo, and Ashkelon; and reference is made in one of them to a coalition, at the head of which was the King of Gath.

Five of the letters are from Burnaburyas, of Babylon, whose date was about B.C. 1430, which approximately fixes the period to which the reign of Khu-en-Aten must be assigned. But the largest number relate to Queen Tii, the mother of Khu-en-Aten, who, we learn, was the daughter of Dusratta, King of Mitanni. Mitanni lay on the eastern bank of the Euphrates, between Carchemish and the mouth of the Balikh, and as it is identified with the country called Naharina by the Egyptians, the geographical position of the latter is at last ascertained. It was doubtless from Mitanni that Queen Tii brought that worship of the Solar Disk which her son endeavored to force upon his unwilling subjects. In the age of the eighteenth Egyptian dynasty the people of Naharina were the dominant power in Syria; it was not until the rise of the nineteenth dynasty that the Hittites took their place. But the Hittites were already pressing southward, and one of the tablets, in which mention is made of the North Syrian city, Tunep or Tennib, contains an urgent request for assistance from the Egyptian king against these formidable invaders. It may be added that upon one occasion a *targumannu*, or "dragoman," was sent with the let-

ter, the first example known of a word which has since played so important a part in the Oriental world.

This unexpected revelation of active literary intercourse from one end of the civilized East to the other in the century before the date assigned by Egyptologists to the Exodus, is likely to produce a revolution in our conceptions of ancient Oriental history. It is needless to point out what an interest it possesses for the student of the Old Testament, or what important bearings it is likely to have upon the criticism of the Pentateuch. The most unexpected part of the discovery is the fact that the medium of literary correspondence was the Babylonian language and script. It is true that here and there we come across evidences that the writers were not of Babylonian origin, as when the king is called a "Sun-god," in accordance with Egyptian ideas, or when the first personal pronoun is expressed by the Phœnician *anuki* instead of the Assyro-Babylonian *anaku*. But the language of Babylonia is generally correctly written, and the scribes show that they had acquired a very thorough knowledge of the complicated cuneiform syllabary. It is evident not only that good schools existed throughout Western Asia, but an acquaintance with Babylonian literature as well. We can now explain the presence of the names of Babylonian deities, like Nebo or Rimmon, in Canaan, as well as the curious resemblances that exist between the cosmologies of Phœnicia and Babylonia.

Perhaps the most important result of the discovery is the evidence it affords us that some part, at any rate, of the books preserved in the libraries of Canaan were written in cuneiform characters, not upon papyrus, but upon imperishable clay. There is therefore some hope that when the excavator is able to exhume the buried relics of cities like Tyre or Kirjath-Sepher, "the town of books," he will find among them libraries similar to those of Assyria or Babylonia. Not only do we now know that the people of Canaan could read and write before the Israelitish conquest, we also know that they wrote upon clay. The "scribes" mentioned in the Song of Deborah (Judges v. 6) have become to us living realities.

The discontinuance of the old literary intercourse, and of the international language and script which accompanied it, must have been due to the advance of the Hittites and their long wars with the Egyptians, followed by the Israelitish invasion of Palestine. Western Asia was for a time a scene of bloodshed and disorder; Egypt had fallen into decay, and the cultured populations of Canaan were struggling for life and home. On the north were the Hittite tribes, on the south the children of Israel. When order began to reign again, the influence of Babylonia had passed away, and its cumbrous syllabary had been superseded by the simple Phœnician alphabet. The date at which this was introduced into Phœnicia has now to be fixed by the progress of archaeological research.

In Egypt, Mr. Naville, continuing his excavations at Bubastis on behalf of the Egypt Exploration Fund, has made a very curious discovery. Among the relics of ancient monuments heaped together on the site of the old temple of Pasht he has found a mutilated statue which bears upon it the name of King Ra-ian. Not only is the name new, and not very easily explicable from Egyptian sources, but it also goes to confirm the views of those who, like Mr. Cope Whitehouse, have maintained that Arab tradition should not be altogether despised and rejected. The Pharaoh Rayan has long played a prominent part in Arab legend; he was then reputed creator of the Fayûm, and it was from him that the Wady Rayan—now so famous in connection with the scheme of constructing a great storage-lake for the Nile—is said to have derived its name. Joseph was his Minister, and he belonged to those Amalekites of Midian, who, in the Arab writers, represent the Hyksos of Manetho. Egyptologists have hitherto refused to see any grains of truth in these Arab stories; but the discovery of the name of Ra-ian on the monument of Bubastis will oblige them to reconsider their decision, more especially if Mr. Griffith is right in identifying the prænomen of King Ra-ian with the mutilated cartouche on a lion of black granite, now in the British Museum, which belongs to the age of the Hyksos.

Mr. Flinders Petrie has been working in the Fayûm this winter at Biyahmu

and Howâra. At Biyahmu he has settled the question as to the position of the statues described by Herodotus as standing on the top of two pyramids in the middle of Lake Mœris. He has found remains of them, one of the fragments being inscribed with the name of Amen-em-hat III., the creator of the Fayûm, and he has also found that the sides of the two pedestals on which they stood were on one side sloped at an angle, so that at a distance they would have seemed of pyramidal shape. As the ground on which the pedestals stand is actually two feet lower than it was at the time of their erection, while there are indications that a road passed between them from the very first, it is evident that the Lake Mœris of Herodotus can never have had any existence, but must have represented an inundation of the Fayûm. Herodotus must have visited the spot when the dike was broken which prevented the waters of the high Nile from inundating the cultivated land.

Mr. Petrie agrees with Lepsius in placing the site of the famous Labyrinth at Howâra, and he believes he has discovered the traces of it in the deep beds of limestone chippings which cover a large area of ground there. Indeed at one spot he considers that he has come across a portion of the pavement. The question will be decided next winter, when he returns to the scene of his labors. We are told by Strabo that the tomb of the Pharaoh who created the Fayûm (Amen-em-hat III.) was in a pyramid adjoining the Labyrinth. Mr. Petrie has accordingly been patiently tunnelling into the heart of the brick pyramid of Howâra, and just before suspending his work for the season was rewarded by discovering a tomb roofed over with massive stones, which had never yielded up its secrets since the day when the pyramid was piled over it. If the body of Amen-em-hat III. is found within, all doubt as to the site of the Labyrinth will be removed; in any case Mr. Petrie has before him a prospect such as has never before fallen to the lot of an Egyptologist—that of opening for the first time the sepulchre of a Pharaoh of the twelfth dynasty.

The University Press of Cambridge must be congratulated on a work it has just published in two volumes. This is

Mr. Doughty's account of his "Travels in Arabia Deserta," a country which may be said to be more unknown than Central Africa. The book reads like the work of a traveller of the sixteenth century. The quaint style, the novelty of the country traversed by the author, the humble fashion in which he travelled, living on the charity of the natives, and sharing with the Bedouins their wretched fare, not to speak of his old-fashioned abhorrence of Mohammedanism and all its works, transport us to an age which we had fancied was long since past. It was unfortunate for Mr. Doughty that he travelled in districts never before trodden by a European, at a time when the war between Turkey and Russia had excited the fanaticism of the Mohammedans of Arabia to the highest pitch, and he was not unfrequently in danger of his life. Apart from the contributions he has made to our geographical and geological knowledge, it is to him that we owe the copies and squeezes of the Nabathean inscriptions at Medain Salih, which have been published by the French Government, and already described in this REVIEW. It was Mr. Doughty also who first made known the existence of the Nabathean monuments at Teyma, subsequently visited by Professor Euting and M. Huber, the oldest and most important of which is now in Paris.

It is with mixed feelings of envy and admiration that I mention the "Mémoires" of the French Archæological School at Cairo, sumptuously published by the French Government, of which the fourth volume has now appeared. It contains Coptic MSS. of the fourth and fifth centuries, edited and translated by M. Amélineau, which are of the highest value for the history of Coptic Christianity, and therewith of Egypt itself. The elaborate introduction of M. Amélineau indicates the light which they shed on a dark but important period, and paints in graphic colors the character of Coptic Christianity. In all essential characteristics it was the old faith of the people under another name. The earlier volumes of the "Mémoires" are mostly devoted to the study of the hieroglyphic monuments, or the later Arabic age of Egypt, and one of them contains the whole of the lengthy texts inscribed

on the walls of the tomb of Seti I. France can always find means for the endowment of science, whatever be her Government or the pressure of taxation; it raises a blush to remember that

wealthy England not only cannot provide funds for such a purpose, but has even reduced the pittance formerly granted to its National Museum.—*Contemporary Review*.

WHO WROTE DICKENS'S NOVELS?

It is well known to Americans, and especially to Americans of the far west, that the English understand little of their chief writers. It has only been given to American students of what are called Shakespeare's plays to understand their true inner significance and to recognize their real author. It is probable that, but for the spry intellect of the far west, Lord Bacon's authorship of the plays attributed by the dull Britisher to Shakespeare and Marlowe would never have been demonstrated, as it has triumphantly been, by my brilliant compatriot Professor Ignatius Donnelly. The leading writers about Shakespeare in England have persistently ignored the grand discovery made by Miss Delia Bacon. But the contemptuous silence of the Inglebys and Furnivalls, of Halliwell Philipps and "British Encyclopedia" Baynes, has not prevented the soaring of the Eagle Donnelly above the far horizon of the setting sun, to perceive with the clearness of eagle vision, and to proclaim in strident tones appropriate to a denizen of the occident, the true theory about works which no Britisher has ever rightly understood.

I make no doubt that had there been Americans and a far west in the days of Queen Elizabeth, Lord Bacon's authorship of the Shakespeare and Marlowe plays would have been demonstrated in his lifetime, even if not in the lifetime of Shakespeare. It might not have been agreeable to Lord Bacon, and it would certainly not have been agreeable to William Shakespeare, to have the whole matter revealed. But had there been a Professor Ignatius Donnelly in those days, we may be sure that, in discharge of his duty as a commentator on the conduct of other persons (a duty which every American regards as his birthright, especially if he chances to be connected with a newspaper), he would have disclosed the secret of the great cryptogram,

and made known to the world the crafty ways of the Lord High Chancellor, and the evil life, the mean and shifty character, of the man whom Jonson, Hemynge, and Condell pretended to regard with esteem and affection.

It has been my privilege (let me introduce myself, British reader, as the Honorable Ignorantius O'Reilly, of Nebraska, U.S.A.) to detect a secret akin to that which Lord Bacon strove in vain to conceal from the keen vision of my fellow-countryman of Minnesota. (The sneering Britisher may ask here, perhaps, whether Professor Donnelly understands Lord Bacon to have intended to conceal or to reveal the secret of his authorship. But the great Chancellor has already answered that sneer in the pertinent lines—

I may not conceal them, sir.
Conceal them, or thou diest,

immediately preceding, be it noticed, the words, "Why, sir, they were nothing but about Mistress Anne PAGE"—a reference to the page-ciphering which cannot be misunderstood.) A man who holds under Queen Victoria a position similar to that which Francis Bacon, Lord Verulam, held under Queen Elizabeth, a man who may be said to have taken all learning under his dominion, even as Lord Bacon "made all science his province," is the real author of the works which have hitherto gone under another's name. The Right Honorable William Ewart Gladstone is the veritable and "only begetter" (as Bacon puts it in the prefix to his "Sonnets") of "Pickwick" and "Oliver Twist," of "Nicholas Nickleby" and "Martin Chuzzlewit," of all the writings, in fine, which the deluded Britisher has hitherto attributed to Charles Dickens.

It has long been clear to every thinking mind that Charles Dickens could not possibly have written the works

which bear his name. Without admitting that all which Forster and others have related about Dickens can be trusted (indeed, I fully believe that Forster and Carlyle were in the plot which I have been privileged to detect), we can yet learn enough from Forster's "Life of Dickens" to see that neither by position nor by training was he likely to become the author of works in which politics, science, art, and literature are dealt with confidently and boldly, as by one who knew and could speak with authority.

When Charles Dickens wrote "Nicholas Nickleby" he had not as yet mingled in society with the lords and baronets, the Verisophts and Mulberry Hawks, with whose manners (much better known to Americans than to most Englishmen) the writer of that work exhibits so perfect a familiarity. Again, Dickens was at no time a profound student of science; but the author of the works attributed to Dickens refers often and pointedly to scientific matters! It may even be supposed that in some cases the author of the Dickens volumes made actual calculations to render his astronomical statements exact; for otherwise he would not have described Stephen Blackpool as watching a star which shone down the shaft into which he had fallen. Again, Dickens would have been content to say, in "Our Mutual Friend," that "so many months passed" and Bella Harmon presented John Harmon with his first-born. The real author of that work, with the confidence of one to whom the science of his day, like the learning of his day, is familiar, says instead, "The winds and tides rose and fell a certain number of times, the earth moved round the sun a certain number of times, the ship upon the ocean made her voyage safely, and brought a baby-Bella home." A British astronomer, a visitor here, has just told me that there must be some mistake in Mr. Gladstone's astronomy here, since the earth takes a year in travelling around the sun. This is all that was wanted to prove my case. It shows how dexterously the great statesman masked his learning. There is an analogous instance, in fact, in Lord Bacon's masterly manipulation of the folio edition of the Shakespeare plays, in which,

as Professor Donnelly has shown, the great cryptogram is concealed. Lord Bacon, we know, was a ripe Latinist, whereas Shakespeare "had little Latin and less Greek." Lord Bacon then, whose careful precision in such matters is well known, would never, except to conceal his identity, have allowed such a line as this to stand in the folio:

Bome boon for boon prescian, a little scratcht,

which is what the famous folio actually has instead of—

Bone? Bone for bene! Priscian a little scratched.

The great Chancellor successfully hid his identity as the overseer of the letterpress of the folio edition by making the printers set up the nonsense line in that edition. And in like manner the great statesman, whose learning and profound accuracy are well known, conceals his scientific knowledge and as far as possible his identity, by confounding (or seeming to confound) the motion of the moon around the earth with the motion of the earth around the sun. Proof positive, if further proof were needed than that which I shall presently supply, that the real author of the Dickens works was not Dickens, but a profound and learned scholar.

But let me at once turn to the cipher evidence which I have recognized in the "Charles Dickens edition" of the Dickens volumes—so for convenience to call the works of fiction produced under an assumed name by the Right Honorable William Ewart Gladstone, erst Prime Minister of England.

It can hardly have escaped attention, in the first place, that the name Dickens does not occur once in all the Dickens volumes—precisely as we find that the word Shakespeare does not appear once in the so-called Shakespeare plays. Yet Mr. Gladstone has as deftly brought in the characteristic portion, "Dick," of Dickens's name as Lord Bacon (in "Hotspur" and "peere out," etc.) has brought in the characteristic "spur," "peere," etc., of Shakespeare's. Indeed, in "David Copperfield" we have a veritable Mr. Dick; while we are significantly told that, though he is called Mr. Dick, *he has another name*—no other

than "Babley," a name obviously intended to remind Dickens that he is *not* to babble. It is Miss Trotwood (a name the parallelism of which to Gladstone at once attracts attention) who is careful to explain that Mr. Dick has this other name. As if to make assurance doubly sure, Dickens's Christian name is directly associated with Mr. Dick's throughout "David Copperfield." For Mr. Dick is represented as constantly striving to keep out the name of Charles from his memorial, yet constantly bringing it in—another hint to Dickens to be careful.

It is hardly necessary to remind those who have read Mr. Gladstone's "Oliver Twist" of the mysterious "Dick" in that work—one of those which compelled the great statesman to write under the shelter of a pseudonym and a cryptogram. For, as is well known (in America), no man in so prominent a position as Mr. Gladstone's, when "Oliver Twist" was written, could safely venture to speak disrespectfully of Beadledom. Observe that Dick vanishes from the story so completely, that but for the special system which the author had in view we may be sure Dick would never have reappeared. Yet, at the very crisis of the *dénouement*, we find, as the closing words of the chapter preceding the condemnation of Fagin, "Poor Dick was dead." In this work, also, the great author introduces the name Charles, which very seldom appears in later volumes of the Dickens series.

But even more decisive of Mr. Gladstone's purpose, if anything more decisive could be imagined, is the appearance of the strange name, Richard Doubledick, all made up, as it were, of Dicks (since it may be read Dick Double Dick), in the "Seven Poor Travellers"—this trebly Dicked character (so to describe his name) being also one of those who bears an assumed name. Moreover, he is introduced as coming "to this town of Chatham—if anybody knows where Chatham begins and Rochester ends," where Dickens passed so large a portion of his life.

I may as well explain that it was by these striking indications that I was led to seek for the cipher-system which I eventually succeeded in detecting in the Dickens volumes. That system is strik-

ingly like the Baconian cryptogram. Professor Donnelly was led to his discovery, it will be remembered, by the appearance of the name "bacon" ("bacon-fed knaves," "hang-hog is Latin for bacon," "On, 'bacons, on,' 'gammon,' etc."). I am half inclined to suspect that Mr. Gladstone had become in some way acquainted with the Bacon cryptogram. At any rate, I shall follow my distinguished compatriot, if he will allow me so to call him, in keeping the cypher key concealed for the present—though I shall be prepared to reveal it when I have worked out by its means the complete narrative of events relating to ministerial and parliamentary matters, and to the private history of the royal family, which the great statesman has concealed within the Dickens novels. The general plan of the cipher-system, and the method of reading the concealed narrative, may be indicated as follows:

There are thirteen cipher-numbers, all determined by one key number (which I keep a profound secret). Starting with any one of these numbers, we count to the corresponding word on each page of the "Charles Dickens edition" of any volume. The word thus reached is a word in the concealed narrative. In counting we may include or exclude proper names, or words within parentheses; we may count hyphenated words as one or two; we may count upward or downward or on alternate lines; or we may take two pages together and count across the pair; or we may count alternate lines from the top of one page and the bottom of the next (or of the next one, or two, and so forth); and we may employ other modifying methods—not as we please, however, but according to a definite system, which I am not at present prepared to disclose. Other devices are open to the cipher-reader, which I will indicate when I publish the complete narrative. The narrative already written contains 928 words. Now the chances are 2,739,142,870,605,129,999 to 1 against nine words, thus taken in succession according to definite (however complicated) law, forming a connected sentence. The student of the law of probabilities will perceive that the appearance of 928 words in such sequence as to form a connected narrative, *by accident*, is simply impossible.

Here, for instance, is the result of a process of alternate backward and forward counting applied to the "Charles Dickens edition" of "David Copperfield":

237-71 =	intermediate combinations	=	Dick[ens]
237-73 =	with which	=	has
237-71 =	I need	=	been
237-73 =	not here	=	ill
237-71 =	trouble the	=	from
237-73 =	reader	=	drinking
237-71 =	anxious only	=	iced
237-73 =	for the	=	soda
237-71 =	narrative	=	water

Now let the mathematician calculate for himself—as I have done—the odds that these coherent words come out by mere accident. I venture to say it is impossible. I could as well believe that by shaking together a hundred thousand alphabets and drawing letters at random one could produce Virgil's "Æneid."

At the risk of starting some American reader (I am not afraid of British readers) on the track of the cipher, I call attention to two manifestly cryptogamic passages which contain in reality the key of the whole system.

One is the famous passage in "Pickwick"—

BILST
UMPSHI
SM
ARK

where it will be noticed the Christian name of the People's William is manifestly included; in fact, we are carefully told how Mr. William [Stumps] prepared this cryptogram. Note also that we are told how Glad Mr. Pickwick was when he found this stone. This is evidence there is no mistaking.

The other is a passage not quite so celebrated but quite as obviously intended to conceal a secret. I refer to the letter in "Great Expectations"—the very name of which work shows us how much we may expect from its examination—

MI DEER JO I OPE U R KRWRITE WELL I OPE
I SHAL SON B HABELL J 2 TEDGE U JO
AN THEN WE SHORL B SO GLODD AN WEN I
M PRENGTD 2 U JO WOT LARX AN BLEVE
ME INF XN PIP.

Observe that, precisely as in the former hieroglyphic, we have the great commoner's Christian name in the modified form BIL, so in this we have the characteristic part of his surname in the modified form GLODD. But this is only

to guide the keener reader to look farther into the mysterious communication. I have done this; and I have discovered that Mr. Gladstone has made use of a trilateral cipher, akin to Lord Bacon's celebrated biliteral one—but simpler, because only four signs are required instead of five as when there are only two (instead of three) kinds of sign. Mr. Gladstone has always been celebrated for his "three courses"; and in this hieroglyph, accordingly, we find large capitals, small capitals, and lower case or small letters—besides numbers which have the same force as lower case letters. The concealed sentence, which contains twenty-nine letters does not begin at the beginning of the hieroglyph. I am not as yet ready to state where it begins or to disclose its real significance—for it tells the secret of the cipher-number, a knowledge of which would enable every one to read the whole narrative concealed by Mr. Gladstone in the Dickens volumes.

I reserve for the American public, as worthiest, those portions of the concealed narrative which I have already interpreted. I am told, indeed, that the British public will probably be so wrathful when the details I have to disclose are made known, that no British editor would publish even extracts of any considerable length. The account of Shakespeare published by Professor Donnelly has been denounced in no measured terms by insolent and arrogant British writers—simply because he lets you know that your vaunted Shakespeare was a coarse and illiterate plebeian, so evil a liver that at thirty he was already whitehaired and decrepit, besides being afflicted with all the diseases which a Thersites or a Caliban could bring within the compass of his curses. One indignant Shakespeare worshipper has even used as an appropriate quotation against Professor Donnelly the words of Imogen in Lord Bacon's "Cymbeline," where (in effect) she asks Iachimo how he dares come to Britain "to expound his beastly mind" there. Wherefore, I keep the details of the Dickens narrative for American readers, ready to hail with joy the discovery that a long-worshipped idol has feet of clay.

One point only remains to be mentioned. I have found that the edition

in which the Right Honorable Mr. Gladstone has concealed (or revealed, it is not quite easy to say which) his narrative of the Victorian age, is that known as the "Charles Dickens edition"—so specially named, no doubt, with the object of deceiving the public more effectually. It may perhaps be asked how, if this be the cryptogram edition, the concealed narrative can possibly have been brought into the earlier works, which remain verbally almost exactly the same in the "Charles Dickens edition" as when they were first published. Doubtless this captious objection will be much dwelt upon by British critics when my "Great Dickens Cryptogram" is published. But, rightly considered, this, which seems at a first view a serious difficulty, really helps us to understand how Mr. Gladstone has been able to combine so many great parts together—how, while holding a leading position for half a century in the politics of Great Britain, he has been also able to interpret Homer, to maintain an almost infinitely voluminous correspondence, to be an officiating minister among his parishioners, to assault such enemies of his religious views as Professor Huxley and Colonel Ingersoll, to fell gigantic trees at Hawarden, and (last but not least) to write the whole series of works so long attributed to Charles Dickens. Nothing but the amazing capacity and versatility which enabled Mr. Gladstone to foresee the paging of the intended cryptogram edition of the Dickens volumes, and to prepare beforehand the arrangement of the earlier editions, so that every word of the narrative he was planning should come into the place determined by the cipher system, could have enabled him to do all that he is known to have done—to be at once statesman, *littérateur*, theological champion, local deacon, and champion woodsman, while "beating the record" in multitudinous correspondence. Lord Bacon alone of all the men the world has known has matched the Right Honorable Mr. Gladstone in versatility—comparing the two men as pictured, respectively, by

Professor Ignatius Donnelly and by myself, Ignorantius O'Reilly. For we have the same difficulty to overcome, we learn the same lesson in overcoming it, in Lord Bacon's case as in Mr. Gladstone's. Lord Bacon wrote, for example, the First Part of "Henry IV.," in which Professor Donnelly has found so voluminous a narrative, before February 25, 1598 (new style), when it was entered in the Stationer's register; it passed through six quarto editions; and the folio which Professor Donnelly has made so famous was printed in 1625 from the fifth quarto, which had been published in 1613. Yet with amazing, one might almost say miraculous, powers of prevision, the Lord High Chancellor so wrote this fine play that when it took its place in the cryptogamic folio, every word wanted for his concealed (or revealed) narrative fell into its right place in the paging, according to the complicated cipher-system detected by the genius of a Donnelly. Only so marvellous a feat as this enables us to understand the marvellous way in which Bacon combined profound scientific investigations with his work as statesman and Lord High Chancellor, his work in gardening and house-adorning with extensive literary labors and strict attention to his own advancement. There is, indeed, one circumstance in regard to which Lord Bacon's achievement in writing the Shakespeare plays surpassed even Mr. Gladstone's in writing the Dickens novels. Lord Bacon was able to foresee the development of the English language during the two centuries and a half which (as he also foresaw) would elapse before his cryptogram was interpreted. Thus he was actually able to write Victorian English (with an American flavor!) in the days of Queen Elizabeth! Mr. Gladstone's concealed narrative is in the English of the present day: but it is written with the purity of style which we find in our best American authors, and which no Englishman, save Mr. Gladstone alone (and he only in this narrative), has ever been able to acquire.—*Cornhill Magazine.*

TO AN INFANT, WITH A WATCH IN HIS HAND.

BY J. S. D.

NOT the gray spectre of the scythe and sand,
 And soundless wings subversive in their flight,
 Not he, the wasteful wizard prone to blight
 And crumble all that hopeful men have planned,
 Frowns on us here. Careless to understand
 Symbol or measure of Time's speed and might,
 This infant grasps a watch with quick delight
 As a quaint plaything for his tiny hand.
 The hours, the minutes, gliding 'neath the glass,
 Evade his notice in their tardy pace ;
 But he remarks the lightsome seconds pass,
 And laughs to hear their footfalls as they race,—
 Ignorant that each chronicles, alas !
 A silenced heart for Death's still resting-place.

—Spectator.

PENNSYLVANIA DUTCH.

It is not generally known, even by people who have visited America, that there is in Pennsylvania, very near the cities of Philadelphia and New York, a population of more than two million inhabitants which is in many respects strangely like what its rural ancestors were in Germany more than two centuries ago. Some years since there were to be seen in a shop in Philadelphia several large books of Lutheran devotion in the type and spelling of 1540, bound in deeply-stamped white vellum, with heavy brass clasps. They did not look like imitations of old books, they seemed to be "the thing itself;" but the date was recent. "They are for the Pennsylvania Dutch," said the bookseller. "They would not believe that the Lord would hear them if they prayed to Him out of a modern-looking book. And those books, as you see them, have been printed and bound in that style for nearly two hundred years for the Pennsylvania Dutch market, just as they were printed for their ancestors during the Reformation."

There is probably no more striking instance of conservatism to be found anywhere in Europe than this; but the spirit manifested by the worthy "Dutchmen" is carried out by them consistently in everything else. "Follow thy

father, good son, and live as thy father before thee has done," is their golden rule of life. Firstly, they always speak among themselves a singular patois called Pennsylvania Dutch, from the word Deutsch. "It belongs," says Dr. Bausman, in his edition of the poems of Dr. H. Harbaugh, "to the South-German dialects," and, while partaking of all, "it is most closely allied to the Pfälzisch"—that is, to the Rhine German of the Palatinate. In the Valley of the Susquehanna, and beyond the Alleghany, it is much mingled with English. Further to the West we find in it traces of Scottish, Irish, Swedish, and French. It is specially remarkable in its having retained great numbers of old and curious German words, such as are now to be heard only in the remotest places of the Fatherland. We find the influence of the unchangeable English article *the* in *der*. Thus a man will say "Hen—scherr *der* blind Gaul uf, mer welle uf *der* Markt fahre"—i.e. "Henry, harness the blind horse; we will go to market!"

The following words illustrate the character of the vocabulary:—

Abbatig.
 Aern.
 Altfischen.
 Bail.

Especial. *Besonders*.
 Harvest. *Erndte*.
 Old-fashioned.
 Quickly. *Bald*.

Bense.	Cents. Pence.
Bieten.	To beat, Surpass.
Boghie.	Buggy, a vehicle.
Bungert.	Orchard. <i>Baumgarten.</i>
Buschleit.	Country people.
Däre.	This. <i>Dieser, Der.</i>
Dheerle.	A door. <i>Thürchen.</i>
Druwel.	Trouble.
Dschent'leit.	Gentlefolk.
Ennihau.	Anyhow.
Fitz.	A rod. <i>Ruthe.</i>
Gedschumpt.	Jumped.

*E.g. — Der Bull ist dem Dschack orrig no'ge-
lossa, un der Dschack hat ober de Fens ged-
schumpt un hat sei Britches serton—i.e. The
bull ran fiercely after Jack, who jumped over
the fence and tore his breeches. (N.B.—It
may be observed that this is a rather out-
specimen of Pennsylvania-Deutsch.)*

Geplicht.	Pleased.
Geschpeit.	Spied, seen.
Gut bei!	Good-bye!
Heemelt.	To feel a home longing.

"Wie heemelt mich do alles a'!"

Hen.	To have. <i>Haben.</i>
Imme.	In one. <i>In einem.</i>
Juschtament.	Truly. <i>Wirklich.</i>
Knitz.	Roguish.
Numme.	Only once. <i>Nur einmal.</i>
Rejert.	It rains.
Schreiwes.	Something written.
Sell. Selli.	That. <i>Selbe.</i>
Ufgedress.	Dressed up.

Kurtz, short, in this dialect becomes
Katze, e.g. :—

Der Mensch fum Weib gebora,
Lebt en ganze katze Zeit;
Un wért verflaumt geschora,
Bis in de Ewigkeit.

Man who is of woman born,
But a little time lives he;
Like a sheep he will be shorn,
Into all eternity.

Viersehn becomes *Fartzen*. An old
wagoner who was famous for his
"yarns" once declared that, during the
retreat of General Washington from
White Plains, he had driven his team so
fast that for fourteen miles not a wheel
had once touched the ground! "De
Wagen sen fartzen Meil gefohra ohne
en Rod zu Grund ganga ist."

Alt becomes *Olt*, and *Olt* is generally
applied to a wife, as *Mei Olt*, "my old
woman." So *olt wie der Nerd Schter*
—"As old as the North Star"—is a
very common simile.

A horse is always a *Gail* (or *Gaul*) in
Pennsylvanisch, and a *Fix-gail* is a fox-
horse or a sorrel—i.e. a fox-colored
animal :—

Shittl de Feddre en rop de Gans,
En alter Fix hot Hoor am Schwantz;
De Fix de sen de scheenste Gall,
Wenn sie fett gefiddert sei.

Shake the feathers and pluck the goose,
An old Fox hath hair on his tail;
The sorrels are the best horses
If they are well fed.

Sell, an abbreviation of *Selbe* or self,
as *dasselbe*, "that same," is still com-
mon in Swabia. The Pennsylvanian
uses it as general demonstrative pro-
noun, as "*Sell is wahr*"—that is, true.
It may be found in the following naïve
invitation from a young widow :—

Ah John, ach John—was kumest du net bei?
Ich bin zu haba, bin Wittfrah un frei.
Wees mehr vum Heiren als all die Maid,
Wees Haus zu halta un *sell* forst rate.

Ah, John! ah, John! why not come unto me?
I may be had—I'm a widow and free.
I know more about marriage than any maid;
I can keep house, too, and that first-rate.

In *Pennsylvania Dutch* and other *Es-
says*, by a lady, we are told that *Widdu
fauy* means *Willst du fahren?* or go
in a wagon, and that such expressions
as *Koocka multo*, for "Guck einmal da
(look there!)" and *Haltbyssel*, "Wait
a bit," and *Gutenobit* for "Guten
Abend!" may be heard. But these are
all merely South-German terms. Apple-
butter, or apple-sauce stewed in cider,
is *Lodwaerrick*, from the German *Lat-
werge*, an electuary. A very rich landed
proprietor is sometimes called a *Kanig*,
König, or king. An old Pennsylvanian
once said :—"I moost geh un see olt
Yoke (Jacob) Beidelman. Te beople
calls me *Kánig* ov de Manor (town-
ship), und tay calls him te *Kánig* ov te
Octorara. Now dese *kánigs* moost
come togéder—once." Accent to-
gether, and pass quickly over once, as
in *hinüber-dort* or *Zusammenkunft*.

Pennsylvania German is not, how-
ever, a broken or an irregular *patois*. It
has settled down into its own forms and
rules, and abides strictly by them. It
has also a small literature. At the head
of this was the late H. Harbaugh, D.D.,
whose poems are original, beautiful, and
touching in their simplicity. It is to be
regretted that the great admiration
which their intrinsic merit attracted in-
duced the writer in subsequent editions
to eliminate many English terms and re-
duce them to a more German form; but

as it is they are well worth study. They have been published in a collected form by the Reformed Church Board of Philadelphia. A very popular writer of comic sketches and author of a Pennsylvania Dutch Dictionary was E. H. Rauch, known under the sobriquet of Piet Schwefelbrenner. He also, wishing to be as English as possible, went even further than Harbaugh in a contrary direction, by writing all his German words according to English orthography, or rather phonography. The following is a specimen of his writing :—

Der klea meant mer awer sei net recht gsund, for er kreisht ols so greisel heftict-origg in der nacht. . . . Se sawya es waer an olty fraw drivva in Lodwarrickshtedde de kennt aw wocksa ferdreiv mit Warta, un aw so an geschmeer, was se mocht mit genset. De fraw sawya se waer a sivvaty shwester un a dochter fun eam daer sei dawdy nee net g'sea hut. Un sell gebt eara yetzt de gewalt so warta braucha fors aw wocksa tsu verdreiva.

In English :—

The little one, I think, is not right well, for he cries so cruelly hard (grausam heftig arg) in the night. They say there is an old woman over there in Applebuttertown, who can drive away growths (i.e. internal tumors, etc.) with (magic) words and by using an ointment which is made with goose-grease. The woman says she is a seventh sister and a daughter of one who never saw his father, and and that gives her now the power to use words which expel tumors.

This is a very inaccurate and misleading method of spelling a language by the standard of another. The following from a comic prophetic almanac gives us a much better idea of the dialect :—

JANUAR.—Ehn Mannakerl wu in dem Monat gebore is, macht en scharfsinniger Kerl, un gleicht ah eppes Guts zu trinke ; er giebt en-nihau en arger gespassiger Ding, und singe kann er bei Tschinks ! dass alles biete thut. Das Weibsmensch wu in dem Monat uf die Welt kummt, gebt 'na schmürte Hausfrau, wann sie schon alsemol ehn bissel brutzig drein guckt, so hat sie aber doch ehn gut Herz.

English :—

JANUARY.—A man born in this month is a sharp-witted fellow and also *likes* something good to drink, he is *anyhow* a good fellow, and he can sing by Jinks ! so as to *beat* everything. The woman who in this month comes into the world will be a *smart* (clever) housewife, and if she looks around and into matters a little angrily (*brutzig*, Palatinate or Pfälzisch) she has still a good heart.

The Pennsylvania German field is rich in curious old folk-lore of every kind, and those who are interested in that branch of archæology will be pleased to learn that the Ethnographical Bureau in Washington has not neglected it, one of its officers having for many years made extensive collections in it.—*Saturday Review*.

THE STOCK-RIDER'S GRAVE.

BY ROBERT RICHARDSON.

WHERE the myrtles grow thick by the bend of the creek,
And the shade of the she-oak is cool,
Where the stream turns aside its silver-clear tide
To a darkling and red-reeded pool ;
Within sound of the wash of the slow-flowing wave,
Bleached by sunshine and mildewed by rain,
Stands the little pine cross that betokens the grave
Of the stock-rider, Willie Lorraine.

'Twas in eighty-one that he came to the Run,
From a dale in the soft Devon land,
With the blue in his eyes of the English skies,
And a chin like a lady's hand.
And new chum as he was he took tides with the rest,
Did "jackeroo" work like another ;
And he soon bent his back to the wheel with the best,
Till we claimed him a mate and a brother.

For he parried our chaff with his buoyant laugh,
 And took to bush-life with a zest,
 Till I tell you none on the Walleroy Run
 But was ready to give Willie "best," *
 And bell-clear and strong rang his voice in the song
 At night round the merry camp fire,
 When the iron-bark's blaze through the quivering haze
 Leapt heavenward higher and higher.

And the swift jest went round to the joyous sound
 Of laughter like lightning free ;
 And the whole of the simple feast was crowned
 With a "billy" of bushman's tea.
 And now he has gone in his manhood's first flower,
 And the camp fire will know him no more ;
 The young heart that leapt to the sun or the shower,
 And was tender or strong to the core ;
 True as steel, yet as mild as a woman's is mild,
 And a soul like a sky without stain,
 The heart of a stag and the heart of a child
 United in Willie Lorraine.

The rains had been falling and falling a week,
 And the river a "banker" ran ;
 There was peril in swimming the Walleroy creek,
 Clear peril for horse and for man.
 But Willie had dared it that bitter June night
 As he rode by the fitful moon-gleam—
 He rode like a jockey, as firm and as light,
 And feared not the shock of the stream.

But he trusted too much to the strength of poor Bess,
 Who fought with her last ebbing breath
 'Gainst the black-flooded river, whose ice-cold embrace
 Swept them swift to the dark sea of death.
 We found him next day 'mid the reeds on the bank,
 His young life, like a star in eclipse,
 Gone down in the night, his soft hair wet and dank,
 The white dawn like a smile on his lips.

With rude hands we fashioned this cross rough and plain,
 And set it just here where he fell,
 And each man on the Run mourned for Willie Lorraine,
 With a depth my poor skill cannot tell.
 And when the sweet spring days their banner unfold,
 And lovely o'er valley and hill,
 The flame-tree and wattle, the red and the gold,
 With glory our south-land fill,

September's soft touch makes a beautiful place
 Of the stock-rider's lonely grave ;
 The acacias bend low in their delicate grace,
 And over him murmuring wave :
 Like a silver carillon by fairy hands rung
 The bell-birds are calling and calling,
 And from the near gorge, the dark cedars among,
 The torrent is falling and falling.

* "To give best" is, in Australian bush parlance, to yield precedence to.

But ah ! nevermore shall the young heart rejoice
 In the glad forest sounds that he loved ;
 Nevermore list with rapture the bell-bird's dear note,
 As down the green gullies he roved ;
 When his horse's fleet feet sent the shy echoes winging
 The dark aisles of the she-oaks along,
 And that crystal-clear chime that the bell-birds were ringing
 Was not half so clear as his song.

Two sad women wander, a sister and mother,
 Hand in hand by the gray English shore,
 And weep there in vain for the lost son and brother
 They shall fold to their hearts never more.
 And I would as they pace by the desolate strand
 Those women at least might know this—
 How beautiful here in the Austral land
 The grave of their darling is.

Since the night that he fell the swift years run on,
 But the camp shall for ever retain
 In memory green the mirth that is gone
 With the going of Willie Lorraine.
 For all, man and boy, on the far Walleroy
 Know the station a lonelier place
 For loss of the light of the blue eyes bright,
 And the sunshine of his face.

—Good Words.

LITERARY DRAM-DRINKING.

THE Bishop of Ripon, in his discourse on "Novels," gave expression to the mind of the generation when he complained that so many of the modern novels go too deep into subjects which are not at all essential to the telling of a story, like "Robert Elsmere" in relation to theology, "The New Antigone" in relation to religion, and some of Count Tolstoi's in relation to Russian history and politics. The Bishop expressed the opinion that novels are meant to relax the mind, not to string it up to the greater resolves of life, and that such novels as these, instead of relaxing it, prolong into the hours of relaxation all the anxieties and doubts of the graver and more responsible energies. We can quite understand this complaint coming from a hard-working Bishop, who really has probably but very little time for light literature, and likes, during the brief time he has, to have his mind diverted from its chief cares. But surely the Bishop forgets that the mass of novel-readers are, unfortunately, people who read very little else, and who, if

they only could be brought to take an interest in larger and weightier affairs, would be extremely benefited even if they did think themselves cruelly entrapped into a serious study under the false pretence of a refreshing amusement. The real danger of novel-reading is that those who once get accustomed to it find it very difficult to read anything else with anything like zest. They are just like dram-drinkers when they are offered lemonade, or even claret ; no lesser stimulant than brandy seems to bring them "any forrarder." The eager consumers of "Treasure Island," "She," and "Called Back" will tell you that even though Sir Walter Scott and Miss Austen may be high art, they are art too high for the present generation ; and as for anything instructive that does not even profess to be a novel at all, they glance languidly at it and pass by. To our minds, the danger is not that novels should be too much interwoven with serious subjects—though, of course, that may spoil the artistic effect if the serious subject be dragged

in by head and shoulders, and not truly amalgamated with the substance of the story—but that they should be too purely stimulant. One of the greatest advantages of such novels as Sir Walter Scott's, is that they do a good deal more than entertain with an exciting story; they fill the imagination with vivid historical pictures which enlarge the whole range of the reader's interests, and increase his knowledge of the world and of its ways in the past. We do not say that "Ivanhoe" or "Quentin Durward" would give the readers of those fascinating stories any large mass of historical knowledge; but they do excite the curiosity of the reader with regard to the times so vividly depicted, and make the study of the period to which they refer twice as interesting as it would have been before these tales had been read. And that, we conceive, is a great merit in a novel, not a great defect. The less these stimulating draughts confine themselves to the administration of mere excitements, the more they lead their readers to take a deep interest either in history or affairs, the more wholesome they will be and the less dangerous. Of course, that remark does not imply any excuse for novels which introduce a great deal of dull instructive padding. Such novels do not interest, and if they do not interest, they do not succeed in making their dullness useful. No great novelist ever made his novel instructive as well as entertaining without having as passionate an interest in the instructive parts of his story as he had in the romantic parts; the instructive elements, if introduced with a didactic purpose, are sure to fail. But though we entirely object to novels written with a didactic purpose, we do think it a very great advantage to, not a take-off from, any powerful story, that it can fill the reader's mind with a vivid interest in something larger and fuller of permanent value than the mere issue of a romantic enterprise or a love-story. Books like Cardinal Newman's "Callista," or Charles Kingsley's "Hypatia," or Sir Walter Scott's "Old Mortality," or George Eliot's "Romola," have a great merit in lifting the mind up to something like a passionate interest in history, by virtue of the charm they give to the picture of a particular group

of human beings. To find the materials of a wholesome interest in that which forms the background of a particular tale of adventure, is, to our mind, an immense boon to the reader. Such a tale leaves vivid impressions behind it which do not fade away with the incidents of the particular story, but tend at least to educate the readers of the story to understand conditions of existence quite unlike those in which they live. Such novels supply nourishment as well as stimulus, while the ordinary novel supplies stimulus alone.

The mischief of voracious novel-reading is really much more like the mischief of dram-drinking than appears at first sight. It tends to make all other literary nourishment intolerable, just as dram-drinking tends to make all true food intolerable, and to supersede food by drink. The voracious novel-reader of to-day, as we have said, rejects Scott, because Scott's novels contain so much good food that is not mere story-telling. The genuine novel-reader detests what he calls tame stories, stories in which the interest is not exaggerated and piled up ten times as high as the interests of ordinary life. He wants always to be feeling a thrill of excitement running through his nerves, always to be living in imagination through the concentrated essence of the perils of a hundred adventurous lives, instead of toiling calmly through the ordinary hopes and fears of one. No state of mind can be more unwholesome, because none is more calculated to divert the energies from the sort of quiet tasks to which they should be habitually applied, and to keep them stretched on the tenter-hooks of expectation, waiting for a sort of strain which is never likely to occur, and if it did occur, would certainly not find a man's energies any the better prepared for it, for having been worn out previously with a long series of imaginary excitements. The habit of dram-drinking, it is said, leads to fatty degeneration of the heart—*i. e.*, excessive fattening round the heart, and weak action of the heart in consequence. So, too, the habit of exciting novel-reading leads to fatty degeneration of the literary mind—*i. e.*, to an unhealthy and spasmodic action of the imagination, and a general weakening of the power of entering thor-

oughly into the solid interests of real life.

So far as we know, the only effective cure for this habit of literary dram-drinking—a cure not always forthcoming—is a moral shock of some kind which exposes the hollowness of all these unreal interests, and makes them appear as artificial and melodramatic as they actually are. That, however, is a cure which is an extremely painful one—almost cruel in its disillusionizing power. There are, we believe, some happier mortals who can cure themselves, as the grocers' shop-boys are said to be cured of their taste for sugar and raisins and such dainties, by an early surfeit of them; but that is a kind of cure which it takes a very healthy mind to operate upon. As a rule, even where the surfeit destroys the zest of novel-reading, it also leaves the mind too languid to take eagerly to plainer and more wholesome food, and so at once destroys the pleasure taken in the poison, and leaves the mischief produced by it. What over-stimulating novels do for the voracious reader of them is to establish false standards of life, false ideas of the sort of emergency which best calls out and exercises the character, false impressions of the discipline which a strong character needs, and of the mode by which that discipline is best attained. In point of fact, that which is most useful to the character bears about the same

proportion to that which is most exciting in life, as the drill of a well-disciplined army bears to the perilous crises of great battles. The voracious novel-reader learns about as much that is useful for the great crises of his life, by his novel-reading, as the raw recruit who should begin with a series of the most perilous battles in a great campaign, would learn by that most inappropriate of disciplines—a discipline which would probably teach him only to run away. The best way to prevent the disease of novel-reading from catching hold of the young, is to instil in them, if possible, an early craving for more solid food, and to instil it so thoroughly as to make them dislike the merely stimulating diet of unadulterated fiction. This is just as possible as it is to make the young dislike, as usually they will, highly stimulating drinks. There is a healthy love of reality in the young, if it can only be judiciously fostered, a healthy distaste for too high-spiced a literary nourishment. The best security against it is the natural urgency of their healthy appetite for the power of dealing effectually with the realities of life, if this be only judiciously and wisely stimulated. Such an appetite implies a sort of disgust for all that is utterly unreal, for all that is exaggerated in its tone and effeminate in its sensationalism; and a hearty liking for habitual, strenuous, and patient effort.—*Spectator*.

IL DOLCE FAR NIENTE.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

DEEM me not idle if I stray
Through the green woods this summer day;
My time, my will, my thoughts mine own,
Happy, happy, and all alone!

The fitful winds that wander by,
Waft balme and odors from the sky;
And fancies fall upon my brain,
Like flakes of snow or drops of rain.

The floating shadows on the grass
Yield me enjoyment as they pass,
And come, and go, like thoughts in dreams,
In swift and transitory gleams.

And if I lie me down to rest
On the cool sward's inviting breast,
Lulled by the murmur of the bees,
That swarm beneath the linden trees,

I seem to hold communion sweet
With fern and bracken at my feet,
And learn to bless the passing day,
And woo its favors while I may.

I toil not, neither do I spin,
Nor fear to lose, nor care to win,
But tread life's pathway uncontroll'd
By lust of power or greed of gold.

Yet I am richer, were my wealth
Measured by Love, by Hope, by Health,
And not by pomps and money-thralls,
Than Croesus in his marble halls.

The restful mind, the fallow sod,
May blossom in the Light of God ;
And mine, perchance, with favoring showers,
May ripen into summer flowers !

—Leisure Hour.

HANDCRAFT.

BY SIR JAMES CRICHTON-BROWNE, M.D., LL.D., F.R.S.

WHOEVER takes a comprehensive survey of England in these days, and notes the teeming masses in her cities and towns, the prolific multitudes scattered in her hamlets and cottages, and the increasing inadequacy of her fields, even when brought to their highest state of cultivation, to support their human burden, must soon realize the vital significance of the question, "Wherewithal shall we buy bread that these may eat?" And the obvious answer to that question, that the means to provide sustenance for this great company must be procured by exchanging for food the products of their industry, is scarcely calculated to allay the anxiety that it has conjured up, for we are told from many quarters that our industrial supremacy is on the wane, and that foreign nations are rapidly supplanting us in those markets where we have been wont to exchange for corn the fruits of our skill and labor. After the Paris Exhibition of 1867, the cry was first raised as to continental and American progress in engineering and manufactures, and since

that time we have had to listen to an ever swelling chorus of voices warning us that we are losing our leading position in the race of races, and must redouble our efforts if we are to hold our own. Now it is, as far as we are concerned, unhappily too true, that several foreign countries have developed their manufactures in a remarkable way in recent times, and deprived us of some of the advantages which we formerly enjoyed in competing with them ; but it is, I venture to say, not true that there has been, as we are often assured, any decadence in the ingenuity, intelligence, skill or perseverance of our working population, or that they have failed, during the last twenty years, to advance as rapidly as any population in the world, in all the constructive and decorative arts.

The gloom and chilliness of that protracted depression of trade which has hung round our planet like a belt of Saturn for several years, but which may be dissipated any morning by a brisk trade wind—springing up no man knows

where—the gloom and chilliness of this depression predisposes us to pessimistic views, and to give credence to statements which in brighter moments we would brush impatiently aside. And thus it is, I think, that even sagacious heads are shaken over statements like that of Mr. Oscar Browning, that we are every year losing ground in the race of industry to the better-trained foreigner, owing to our deplorable education, which prevents us at present from looking any foreigner in the face without a blush; or like that of Mr. Wilson, Head Master of Clifton College, that he came back from a visit to the continent with a feeling of humiliation, not unmixed with alarm, when he contrasted our condition and prospects with those of our industrial rivals; or like that of Mr. Felkin, that England is being robbed in detail of her industrial supremacy; or like that of Mr. Mundella, that every one must know that what we have to contend with is the lack of technical instruction for our working classes.

The difficulties and dangers that beset our industrial position are serious enough, and the need of an improved system of technical education among us is indisputable; but our difficulties are not to be overcome by misconceiving their source, nor ought our wants to be supplied on an exaggerated estimate of the benefits that are to accrue from the improvements we desire. And that it is a misconception to suppose that our industrial embarrassments have arisen from any deterioration or diminished rate of progress in the abilities or energies of our working classes, or that they can be relieved by technical education alone, however valuable that may be, I hope to be able to show. A rich and varied storehouse of facts bearing on the point at issue is to be found in the Report of the Royal Commission on Technical Instruction, and any one who will take the trouble to ransack that storehouse through and through, as I have done, will, I think, arrive at the comforting conclusion that we have no occasion to feel humiliated or to go about Europe blushing when the skill of our artisans and fabricators is in question. The Commissioners, who were appointed specially to compare the industrial capabilities of our own people with those of other coun-

tries, may be assumed to have directed their attention more particularly to those industries in which comparison was most easy, and in which England is most closely pressed; and it is, therefore, highly reassuring to find that in almost every branch of industry the palm is unhesitatingly awarded to this country. Their visits to establishments on the Continent, their conversations with the most eminent authorities, and with work-people in every department of manufacture which they investigated, and the inquiries carried on for them by deputies, have all combined to convince the Commissioners that, taking the arts of construction and the staple manufactures as a whole, our people "still maintain their position at the head of the industrial world."

Let me quote the verdicts of the Commissioners, or of those whom they consulted, upon a few of the industries which they passed under review. "In the ironworks of Westphalia," they say, "it was admitted that England may fairly claim the pre-eminence of the world." "In cotton-spinning and weaving" in Belgium, they remark, "English machinery and models are adopted everywhere, and English competition is the despair of every mill-owner." In the engineering works at Chemnitz, they report, "the superiority of English over other tools was willingly acknowledged, while we satisfied ourselves that the workmen there do not get through the same quantity of work that English workmen accomplish." In calico-printing, they conclude, "England still remains undoubted master." With reference to the textile manufactures of Saxony, they say, "Both yarns and pieces are generally in a better state after leaving the spinner and weaver in England than in Germany and France, while in the spinning of lustre, demilustre, and damask yarns, the manufacturers admitted that Bradford stands unrivalled." As regards the dyeing of mixed goods with cotton warp in the woollen industries of France, they intimate "the French merchants are willing to admit the superiority of English dyers." In respect of the silk industries of Creffeld, they explain that "the manufacturers there are much less afraid of the future competition of France and

Switzerland than of England. In power-loom weaving in particular, and in improvements in machinery, one English manufacturer has outstripped all rivals, and at the present time the honor of possessing the largest and probably the most successful silk factory in the world, belongs to a Yorkshire manufacturer." At the cotton-mill of MM. Henrich Kunz the Commissioners were assured by Mr. Hans Wunderly, whose judgment is entitled to the greatest weight, that the English are at the head of all the workmen he has ever seen, and he is familiar with those of France, Switzerland, Germany, and Italy. "For practical knowledge of their work and mechanical genius" they are, Mr. Wunderly declared, "better without technical education than continental workmen are with it, while for physical endurance and all-round capacity they know no rivals."

These extracts, taken at random from the second part of the Report, might have been multiplied indefinitely, but they are perhaps sufficient to establish that there is overwhelming evidence that the right hands of our workmen have not lost their cunning. One rises from the perusal of the Report without blushing or humiliation, but with a feeling of just pride that the inhabitants of this little island should still so manifestly excel in so many and such diverse pursuits. Each country on the Continent of Europe has some one particular star of industry, by which it is distinguished, but this country has a whole galaxy to boast of. And, indeed, our own experience in little matters leads us to the same conclusion as the Commissioners on Technical Education, for if we want a really good watch, a trustworthy and lasting timekeeper, we ask for one of English make, the *Ecole Horlogerie* of Besançon notwithstanding; and if we want a pair of gloves that will fit and hold together, we look for a big D on the buttons, and prefer that as a guarantee to any French or Saxony trade-mark.

But while the Report of the Technical Commissioners affords not a tittle of evidence that there has been in England any decline or fall in the dexterity, ingenuity, or productiveness of our workpeople, of any class, it supplies abundant confirmation of the statement, often

repeated and now painfully brought home to many of us, that there has been an enormous development of manufacturing power on the Continent in various branches of industry in the last quarter of a century, and that our markets are being encroached on and taken from us by rivals, who, if they do not equal us in skill yet surpass us in the cheapness of the commodities which they produce, and in their persistent energy in forcing these upon the markets. Everywhere on the Continent we hear of the establishment of new works and mills, or of the extension of old ones, and of endeavors to undersell England and oust her from markets of which she formally held exclusive possession. Vast strides have been made by France, Germany, and Switzerland in the exportation of manufactured goods of many kinds, which England at one time supplied to all who wanted them, and the utmost activity prevails in these countries in pushing their trade and diminishing the cost of their productions.

Now if we inquire how it is that England with unreduced skill and energy and command of capital is suffering so severely in the competition that is going on, we come upon several explanations. Many of what ought to be our greediest markets are closed to us by foreign tariffs, while foreign operatives are content to work for far longer hours, and for far lower wages, than our own. Then foreign manufactures are not hampered to the same degree with English ones, by restrictive Factory Acts and regulations as to the employment of children, nor are they embarrassed as much by the dictation of trades unions, nor do they on the whole suffer as much from time-breaking through drink. Railway rates, again, are sometimes in favor of the foreign manufacturer as against his English opponent, while in mountainous districts on the Continent cheap power is obtained, in a way denied to England, by the abundant water-supply utilized for motive purposes by turbines. But of all the causes which have contributed to the success of continental countries in their industrial attacks on England the most potent has perhaps been the unstinted introduction into them of English machinery, and of trained Eng-

lish instructors. When steam-engines were first introduced, and for years afterward, England was fortunately situated in having abundant supplies of coal and iron, a clever set of handicraftsmen, and ample capital, advantages not shared by the rest of the world. The natural result was that the multiplied production of the machine, combined with the excellence and increased cheapness of the product, enabled her to compete everywhere with all comers. Hence the very large profits made in the early days of machinery, when the foundation of the prosperity of the principal northern manufacturing towns and firms was laid. "The nation most happily placed for taking advantage of steam naturally reaped a great harvest, but as the use of steam superseding human labor has spread, and as machinery for the utilization of steam has been acquired by continental countries, the primary and exceptional advantages of England have shrunk." The fact is, that England has been long busily engaged in distributing over the Continent weapons with which she is now herself assailed; and go where you will, you now find the most perfect creations of English hands doing their best to steal the bread from English mouths. Nearly all the cotton-spinning machinery in France, Belgium, and the Rhine provinces, has been imported from England. The wool-combing establishments of France are furnished with splendid machinery and engines from England, and so are the woollen factories of Belgium and Italy. In textile factories everywhere looms from Bradford and Keighley are found at work, and in hosiery factories also English machinery abounds. In engineering and steel and iron works in Belgium, Switzerland, and Germany, English tools and machinery are extensively employed. In every corner of Europe where industry has raised its head, the mechanical slaves of England are toiling for foreign masters, and not only so, but English men as well as machines are found enlisted in the campaign against the mother country. Several essentially English industries have been transplanted to the Continent by colonies of English operatives, who have been induced to take up their abode there, and English managers, foremen, superin-

tendents, engineers, and mechanics have been chiefly instrumental in developing, and are largely employed in directing many kinds of manufacture in every part of Europe. But here we come upon indications of the effects of the higher scientific and technical education which is now being zealously carried on in many Continental States, for the evidence is clear that English managers and foremen are not now as frequently employed on the continent as they formerly were. The theoretical instruction in the scientific principles applicable to trade and the practical training afforded in polytechnic schools, insure now an ample supply of persons competent to become heads of departments, capable of anticipating results, of calculating beforehand the quantity and quality of materials required, of originating new methods, and of meeting contingencies. English foremen and superintendents are therefore not in such request as they once were. The opinion of the well-informed seems to be all but unanimous that technical training is of the first importance to those who are to take a leading and controlling part in works, and especially in works connected with chemical industries, but opinion seems to be almost equally unanimous that technical instruction may very well stop here, and that it is not necessary or desirable for the lower strata of the toiling masses. Leaving out of view at present the beneficial influence of various subjects, scientific and practical, included under technical education as recreative and elevating pursuits, it is of interest to note that all over Europe those who know most of large industrial concerns put a strict limit to what technical education can accomplish, and do not expect from it any improvement in the skill or fertility of the general body of workpeople. That the marked superiority of England in manufactures hitherto has been in no way attributable to technical education, will be obvious when it is remembered that the great complaint against us is that we have neglected this, in comparison with our neighbors, and that the remarkable advances in manufacturing prosperity achieved by our neighbors cannot justly be ascribed to it, becomes clear when it is demonstrated that this may almost

invariably be traced in each particular case to some other cause. In many instances we find the Technical Commissioners themselves guarding against exaggerated notions as to what this special education has done or can do. "In France," they observe, "as in other countries, we did not receive any evidence that technical schools have been of advantage to spinning or weaving." "If the hosiery and glove manufactures of Chemnitz," they remark, "are taking a strong position, this appears to be due to other conditions and not to the influence of technical education." "In the silk industries of Rhenish Prussia," they add, "it was represented that theoretical knowledge would be a drawback to the workers." One of the chief engineers of Saxony discredited technical schools to the Commissioners, because they subordinate the practical to the theoretical, and Dr. Siemens told them that there are more polytechnic schools in Germany than are necessary.

And here the question may properly be asked. What are the conditions, then, which have favored the industrial superiority which this country has so long enjoyed? If technical education is of value only to the pioneers, what is it that has made the great army of workers capable of following their lead? What is it, and this is really the supreme question for us, that in the absence of technical education has enabled the English nation to assume a commanding position in most of the fields of industry which it has entered, and that must receive attention if that commanding position is to be maintained? We have already in part answered this question when adverting to the advantages of England's geographical position, and of her mineral wealth, but other factors have contributed in no mean degree to her industrial supremacy, and to these I would direct attention. They consist in (1) the characteristics of the race, (2) the good health of the people, (3) their inherited skill, (4) the early training of their hands.

The characteristics of the Anglo-Saxon race, which in its westward migrations gave it victory over feeble tribes, have availed it in its industrial conflicts not less than in its territorial wars, and given it possession of many of the most fruitful portions of the earth's surface,

thus enabling it to secure for itself that ample supply of food which is essential to good physical development and sound health. And good physical development and sound health have again nourished the spirit of enterprise, enabled the Anglo-Saxon race to extend its dominion, and played a far larger part than is often appreciated in the establishment of that commercial and industrial supremacy which it has heretofore enjoyed. It is not insular vanity, but scientific truth, to say that the English people excel all other European peoples at this day in bodily development and health. In height, weight, and chest girth any large number of Englishmen will give a higher average than an equal number of Frenchmen, Germans, or Belgians. Army returns relating to conscripts and recruits, vital statistics dealing with the mortality of large towns, and the results of investigations as to the relative prevalence of certain forms of disease, put it beyond cavil that the standard of health is higher with us than in other countries, and that we are more exempt than they from physical deformities and defects. Far, indeed, are we in any of these matters from being what we ought to be, but still it behoves us to recognize the position we occupy, and to look to it jealously that we lose no point in that competition in health and strength which, after all, lies at the very foundation of industrial prosperity. The Technical Commissioner, although looking with unprofessional eyes, did not fail to notice the inferiority of continental operatives to English ones in bodily stamina and working power. "Swiss workers," they report, "are short and thick-set in comparison with English ones." "The factory girls of Saxony," they declare, "are less comely than those of Nottingham." "The wool-workers of Alsace," they say, "are not equal in strength to those of Yorkshire and Lancashire," and German engineers, although intelligent and healthy, "cannot get through the same amount of work with English ones."

Now this physical superiority and better health of our working classes is surely a most precious endowment, deserving of anxious conservation. On the lowest ground, and apart from that

higher pleasure in existence which it connotes, it is the very marrow of our industrial system. As long as we remain a little taller than our industrial antagonists, as long as we outweigh them in the balance, score more on the spirometer than they, and outstrip them in athletic sports, we can afford to look calmly on temporary checks to industry in times of readjustment, to pursue with out apprehension our destined path, and to keep our heads cool even on the subject of technical education. But there is need, and grave need, at this juncture, of emphasizing the truth that corporeal health and vigor lie at the root of all true success in national as in individual life; for there is some risk that in our alarm at the losses we have sustained and with which we are threatened, in the industrial campaign, and at the manoeuvres of those who strive with us, we may be led to adopt measures calculated to sacrifice a cardinal to a subsidiary condition of victory. There are preachers abroad, able and eloquent preachers too, who, being deeply impressed by our diminished exports and contracting markets and by the educational activity of the Continent, would persuade us that our only hope for the future lies in a high pressure and enforced system of education, elementary and technical, which, if carried out as they advise, would, by sapping the nervous energy of our people and reducing their health standard, do infinitely more mischief in our industrial future than any attainments which it might secure could do good.

If, bearing in mind that the pre-eminence of this country has been achieved under no very advanced system of what is commonly called education, but by virtue, in great measure, of natural advantages and of the strength, health, spirit, and endurance of our men and women, we proceed to inquire how this strength, health, spirit, and endurance, originally race characteristics, have been fostered and sustained, we meet immediately one circumstance or set of circumstances which, among many, merits special consideration in this connection, and that is the restrictions which have, for some time, been imposed among us on the labor of the weak and immature. These restrictions, as has been admitted, somewhat handicap our manufacturers

in the meantime; but no medical man who examines their effects, and contrasts the accounts transmitted to us of the dwarfed, bandy-legged, and sickly factory hands of the past with the actual condition of our mill-workers of to-day, can doubt that they have been beneficent in their operations, and must in the long run give us the advantage over manufacturing countries in which they are not adopted. Even as it is, our operatives hold their own and produce as much per head as those who, on the Continent, toil for far longer hours. And in the future, it may be safely predicted, they will, if they have their health maintained at a high level and are protected against exhaustion and over-strain, altogether distance those who go on making inordinate drafts on their constitutional resources. But in order that they may do this the benefits of these restrictions must be secured to them, and all attempts resisted to introduce, under a disguise, what would practically amount to an extension of the hours of labor. We are told with admiration of some employers on the Continent who have provided for their hands evening classes, in which subjects having a direct bearing on their daily work are taught, and attendance on which is compulsory up to certain ages, and it is not obscurely hinted that technical education might be partly carried on here by some such method. Now, yielding to no one in my appreciation of technical and science teaching in their proper place, I would venture to urge, that it would be disastrous to resort to such a veiled scheme of industrial home-lessons or keeping in, and that what the bulk of our unskilled or slightly skilled operatives, who form the broad base of our pyramid of industry, require in their evening hours, is not a renewal or continuation of the work of the day, but an entire change, healthy exercise, restorative rest, exhilarating recreation, and complete liberty to do with their leisure what they please. Let there be science and technical and literary classes for those who have the will and power to push on—the born sons of genius or the tortured victims of ambition—or for those who find refreshment in intellectual pursuits; but for the dense masses of our workpeople, who need only a small modicum of special-

ized skill in their daily task, quite other pastimes are desirable in order that degeneracy may be avoided. Their lives are tedious and monotonous, and they want variety, and would certainly not do their work any better for being lectured on applied science. For them, nothing but injury to health, and mental dyspepsia or discontentment, could accrue from any curtailment of their off-time, and indeed the tendency should be rather to extend than to curtail this. The division of labor, which is still steadily going on, almost involves this, for it is impossible for any one, without detriment, to keep at some minute bit of handicraft for the same time that might be devoted to a varied and interesting occupation, without fatigue. And the segregation of labor in factories means the same thing, for the drain on attention is much heavier in the case of work carried on in a crowd than in that of work done in privacy; and the growing nervousness of the age, which elementary education must, however wisely regulated, more or less aggravate (for all education tends to nervousness), also suggests a lightening rather than an augmentation of our labor burdens, for the more sentient a human being becomes, the less capable is he of bearing long drawn out drudgery. The load that was borne with dogged determination by coarsely organized nerves becomes excruciating to these that are finely strung, and must be often shifted, or else destructive anodynes will be had recourse to. The rapid multiplication of music-halls in our towns of late years, the portentous diffusion of betting, and the ever-increasing railway-travelling of our working classes are, I conceive, signs of the craving for change and excitement which monotonous occupation engenders, and which is not to be appeased by technical education, or banished by grandmotherly meddling on the part of employers. Unless the signs of the times are strangely misread, what our operatives in this country require are good wages, ample facilities for instruction and amusement, good music, accessible art, and absolute freedom to regulate their own affairs. They would surely resent the dispensation—described to us in glowing terms—under which many Continental operatives are

content to live, a dispensation under which they are housed, and gardened, and tutored, and doctored, and co-operative-stored, and superannuated by the firm. It must be confessed that a dismal sense of inexorable routine and individual extinction is created by the pretty picture of their well-ordered lives. There comes a not unwarrantable apprehension that imbecility might result in a few generations from such wholesale and pertinacious dry-nursing, under which crowds of men are grown, fed, and tended with an eye to their productiveness, just as flocks of Aylesbury ducks are with an eye to their plumpness; and a suspicion steals into the mind that the tatters and hardships of the gypsy's tent are in some lights preferable to such clock-work comfort and prim propriety. One is almost tempted to travesty the Laureate and exclaim:

Were it not better not to be
Than live so full of industry.

There is no doubt something attractive in the outside survey of a huge well-oiled, smoothly-working social machine, but it is to be hoped that we do not include in our dreams of industrial development the conversion of the whole country into an immense factory, spotlessly white-washed, well ventilated, with a smokeless chimney, and surrounded by garden allotments, schools, museums, laboratories, laundries, cottage hospitals, and neat cemeteries over which "well-groomed weeping willows" wave conventional woe.

The third factor in the industrial superiority of this country, second only in importance to physical development and health, is the inherited skill of our workpeople—that special quickness and aptitude of hand and eye which are drawn from a long line of industrially trained ancestors. Any one with half an eye must have seen how gestures and habits of movement and expression pass on from sire to son even when imitation was impossible, and must agree with George Eliot when she exclaims—

I need a record deeper than the skin!
What, shall the trick of nostrils and of lips
Descend through generations, and the soul
That moves within our frame like God in
worlds,
Convulsing, urging, melting, withering,
Imprint no records, leave no documents,
Of her great history?

Deep imprints, elaborate documents inscribed with the history of many a silent and forgotten soul, exist in each of us. All students of handwriting know how certain styles of penmanship run in families and remain unaltered under the most diverse methods of instruction, and all students of heredity will be prepared to admit that not only may the children's teeth be set on edge because their fathers have eaten sour grapes, but that their fingers may be gifted with nimbleness because their fathers' brows have known the sweat of labor. There is one thing that cannot be manufactured to order, and that is the genius of a people. It is not by the leaves of a summer, multitudinous though they be, but by the immemorial foliage of bygone years that the trunks of the forest have been built up; and it is not by the exertions of any one generation, but by slow increments of growth through centuries, that English brain and muscle have reached that special development which is the substratum of our manufacturing ability. It is certainly not in one generation that foreigners, with all the advantages of technical education, but with less handy progenitors, can acquire the manual dexterity which English people possess, and of which different varieties exist in different districts of the country, in which different kinds of industries, involving different kinds of movements, are carried on. The spinners of Oldham are said to be born with a twist in their fingers and thumbs, and in the button-mills of Birmingham I was assured by experienced persons, that children brought in from agricultural districts are slower in picking up the manipulations required in that trade, and clumsier in performing them, than the children of Birmingham button-workers themselves. In a large number of industries in which English workmen excel, it is acknowledged that an inherited predisposition has had something to do with their excellence, and wherever, on the Continent, any particular industry is conducted with peculiar skill, it is pointed out that a congenital adaptation to it exists. Thus, as regards the handloom silk-weavers of Lyons, the Technical Commissioners say that their skill is simply marvellous, families having been for generations distinguished for

dexterity and delicacy in manipulations. "From father to son," they remark, "the loom has been handed down, and the weavers meet together and talk of their work until technical knowledge has become natural to them, and skill has been raised to a high degree of excellence." Of course machines, like Melchisedek, have neither father nor mother, and are innocent of hereditary tendencies; but wherever human beings are engaged in production, the fruits of their labor will, in quantity or quality, bear traces, like the cadence of their voice and accents of their speech, of the lineage from which they have sprung and of the locality in which they have been bred. The spider spreads its web, the silkworm spins its cocoon, and the upholsterer bee hangs its cell with the crimson damask of the rose, without any technical education, and inherited skill must count for something in the useful arts.

But inherited skill, the third factor in our industrial supremacy, will be of small avail to human beings if it is not called into play by timely exercise, and this brings us to the fourth, and last-named factor—early training of the hand. In the affairs of every organ in the body, it is now recognized, there is a tide which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune, but which, if neglected at this critical time, leaves the organ more or less hopelessly stranded, and, in the case of the hand, that tide is in flood early in life. Writing masters attest that children who are left to a certain age without instruction can never afterward be taught to write with grace and fluency, and a glance at any biographical dictionary will convince that almost all those who have arrived at eminence in pictorial or plastic art have felt the impulse to manual expression in early life, and have exercised themselves in it while still very young. Giotto was discovered by Cimabue, sketching on a stone one of the sheep which he was shepherding when only ten years old. Gainsborough gave proof of marked talent for landscape painting when scarcely fourteen. Canova modelled exquisitely in butter when thirteen years old. Turner exhibited in the Royal Academy at the age of fifteen. Sir Edwin Landseer gained the prize of the Society of Arts when he was thir-

teen. George Moreland had pictures accepted by the Academy when not yet ten. Thorwaldsen had made a reputation as a carver of the figure-heads of ships when thirteen, and Wilkie drew spirited portraits of his schoolfellows when only seven. And so in every employment in which the hand is used, it might be shown that those who have become most proficient have used the hand early, and that, as an instrument, the hand is always awkward and unwieldy that has been left untrained in youth.

But this great principle, that the hand that is to be really a hand and not a bunch of thumbs must be trained early, rests now no longer on empirical observations, but has a physiological explanation beneath it. It has now been established by the researches of Hughlings-Jackson, Ferrier, and others, that the brain is not as it was at one time supposed, a single organ acting as a whole, but a congeries of organs capable of more or less independent action. The brain, it has been shown, may be roughly divided into a sensory and a motor area, and an area that is not demonstrably either sensory or motor, the last-named lying in front, and being probably concerned in the higher mental processes, the second, lying behind and below, being the receptacle of the impressions poured in by the senses, and the third, lying in the middle, being the fountain of all muscular movements in which will, intention, or memory are involved. And it has been further shown that this motor area, lying in the middle of the brain, is made up of a number of distinct centres, presiding over groups of muscles, and excitation of which is followed by definite movements. This is clearly exhibited in Ferrier's experiments. The animal, let us say a monkey, deeply asleep from chloroform, lies on the table before the Professor. The top of the skull is rapidly removed, the membranes are divided, and the living but slumbrous brain is exposed to view. The Professor then touching certain points on the surface of the brain, with the electrodes connected with a galvanic battery, produces with unerring precision whatever movements may be desired. I will cause the monkey, he says, to close its hand; he touches a particular convolu-

tion, when instantly the fist is clinched. I will cause it, he goes on, to move its tail; he touches another point, and the caudal appendage (if it happens to have one) is wagged vigorously. I will cause it, he continues, to protrude its tongue; he touches another point, and out comes the unruly member. And so on through movements of the lip and nostril, leg and foot, hand and arm, trunk and head, mouth and eyes. In every instance the definite movement predicted follows on the galvanic stimulation of the appropriate centre, and the same movement invariably follows the stimulation of the same centre. To the uninitiated observer, the whole process looks like magic or an ingenious trick, and one layman who witnessed it was with difficulty persuaded that the monkey was not made of gutta-percha and fitted with springs. Not more certainly does the piano respond by certain notes to the depression of certain keys than does the brain answer by definite movements to the electric touch of certain defined centres.

Now these motor centres, which have been experimentally demonstrated in the brains of animals, have been proved by the demonstrations of that arch-vivisectioner—who is always performing the cruellest experiments on human beings, and without anaesthetics—to exist in the human brain in exactly the same order that they do in the brains of animals, so that we are scientifically entitled to affirm that a large area in the middle of the human brain is made up of motor centres, and that among these motor centres there is a series or group which presides over the movements of the hand and arm. But in speaking of this middle region of the brains and the centres included in it as motor, it must be mentioned that the word motor is used in a special sense. These centres are not motor simply in the sense of sending forth motor impulses in response to excitation from without—the reflex centres in the spinal cord can do that—but motor in the sense of being the springs of movements dictated by the will, or necessary for the expression of thought or emotion, or the gratification of desire, and in the sense of being the repository of the chronicles of all the knowledge that our muscular opera-

tions have put us in possession of. Ideal movements form a no less important element in our intellectual acquisitions than ideally revived sensations which we have experienced, and the muscles not only obey the commands of volition, but vastly increase out information and furnish us with indispensable instruments of thought. The crudest analysis of our ideas at once reveals to us that we have very few that are of purely sensory composition, and that very few objects are known to us by their sensory characters alone. If we conjure up before us the idea of an orange, we have a revival in memory not merely of the brilliant patch of color that affected the retina, and of the fragrance that titillated the olfactory nerves, but of the circular sweep of the eyeballs caused by the movements of the muscles in travelling round the circumference of the figure. If we recall in memory some bygone conversation, or a passage from some favorite author, we revive not merely the sounds of the words or the vision of the printed symbols representing them, but the actual movements of the muscles of the chest, larynx, tongue, and lips that were necessary for their articulation. Brain motor centres are incessantly taking an indispensable share in our mental life, and mind would be as impossible without them as would the circulation of the blood without one ventricle of the heart; and besides this, they are constantly animating and controlling our muscular apparatus in all its intelligent applications. It is plain, then, that the highest possible functional activity of these centres is a thing to be aimed at with a view to general mental power, as well as with a view to muscular expertness; and as the hand centres hold a prominent place among the motor centres, and are in relation with an organ which, in prehension, in touch, and in a thousand different combinations of movement, adds enormously to our intellectual resources, besides enabling us to give almost unlimited expression to our thoughts and sentiments, it is plain that the highest possible functional activity of these hand centres is of paramount consequence, not less to mental grasp than to industrial success. And that this highest functional activity of the hand centres is only to be reached

through the exercise of the hand, and the early exercise of the hand, I shall next endeavor to show.

Motor centres in the brain, although capable, in a way, of spontaneous and independent action, do not, as a rule, act singly, but in combined and blended action with each other and with sensory centres, and in order that centre may thus co-operate with centre, pathways of communication must be opened between them. The little nerve cells that form the active part of each centre—the hidden arcana of the mental forces—must put forth buds and branches, or arms to intertwine, or join hands with branches or arms from the cells of other centres, and innumerable cross-roads, loops and circuits must be opened up and worn smooth by traffic, in order that a brain potential may become a brain actual. A brain that is to be serviceable must be used and well used, and what is true of a brain is true of all its parts. A brain centre that is to be serviceable must be used and well used; and so it follows that the hand centres, if they are to be serviceable, must be used and well used. If a brain or centre is not used at all it undergoes degeneration, if it is imperfectly used it becomes weak and sluggish, if it is excessively used it becomes irritable and unstable. And the just use of every brain centre necessarily implies the just use of the bodily organs with which it is in connection. It is impossible to use a brain dissevered from a body, a visual centre cut off from the eye, a motor centre cut off from its tributary muscles. It is impossible to establish communication between centre and centre, unless the parts subtending these centres are used. A muscle, the nerve of which has been divided so that it can no longer receive messages from its centre, undergoes fatty degeneration, and becomes permanently useless, and a centre that is separated from its peripheral sphere undergoes degeneration and becomes useless also. Gudden, a Swiss physiologist, has shown that if the eye of a young pigeon be enucleated, the visual centre in the brain will be found shortly afterward to have wasted away; and it is a common observation that in persons who have been long bed-ridden by chronic disease, and debarred from all

muscular exercise, the whole motor area of the brain is, after death, more or less atrophied and water-logged. It is unquestionably essential to the welfare of all motor centres, and especially of the large and complicated motor centres of the hand, that the parts with which they are immediately connected should be used in an active and varied manner.

But I must go a little farther than this, and maintain that use, to be truly useful to brain centres, must be resorted to, at the proper time, and that exercise has an even more significant relation to the growth and development of centres than to the maintenance of their healthy activity.

The several centres of the brain do not expand and blossom all at once. They evolve gradually and in succession, and in every brain there are at one and the same time zones of budding spring, of luxuriant summer, and of harvest, opulent or meagre as the case may be. In the first months of life the human brain is smooth on its surface, as the brains of many animals are permanently (the rabbit for instance); and it is during infancy, childhood, and youth, that the convolutions, or foldings on its surface, which so largely increase its area, make their appearance, while at the same time the cells in the gray matter, which at birth are round, put forth buds and filaments, and become caudate, stellate, and branched. The brain may go on increasing in size up till twenty-five years of age, but it is during infancy and childhood that it grows most rapidly; and then it is that the convolutions are rounded off, and the centres evolved, not all contemporaneously, but in definite order and at different rates; then it is that the cells in each centre are plastic, mobile, and prolific, and may be stimulated to extend their connections. I need scarcely remark that the infant uses its leg muscles in walking long before its articulatory muscles in speech, the explanation of this being that the motor centres of the leg, in the brain, are in advance in their development of the motor centres of the tongue and lips. We now know that each centre has its own nascent or growth period, which is sometimes very short, as it must be in the centre in which the movements of sucking are co-ordinated, and sometimes

very long, as in those in which are co-ordinated the movements of the hand, from its first feeble grasp, up to its consummate achievements in shaping and making. But whether the nascent period be long or short, it is of signal importance to the whole future of the centre, that it should be taken advantage of while it lasts, and that the organs related to the centre should be duly exercised during its continuance. If the nascent period is permitted to slip past unimproved, no subsequent labor or assiduity will compensate for the loss thus sustained.

As regards the sensory centres there is not much danger of their remaining unexercised; for unless you shut a boy up in a dark and silent chamber, or blindfold him and stuff his ears with cotton-wool, you can scarcely prevent him from using his eyes and ears, while the probability is that his palate, if he be left to himself, will suffer rather from over-indulgence than from defective stimulation. But as regards the motor centres the case is very different, for we can restrain the use of the muscles as a whole or in groups, and deprive them of that healthy activity which is needful for their own development and for the well-balanced growth of the brain. We can pin boys down on benches, we can restrain them for restlessness, we can coerce them to walk sedately, we can withhold their hands from exploration and mischief, and their whole bodies from rollicking activity; and in doing so we are modifying the development of their brains. In two cases since the definition of the centres by Ferrier was accomplished, post mortem examinations have been made on the bodies of adult men who had each lost a leg in early infancy, and in the brains of both of them the centre for the lost leg was found somewhat stunted and undeveloped. On the other hand, post mortem examinations have been performed on the bodies of several men who had had a leg amputated after they had grown up, and had lived for many years thereafter, and in their brains the leg-centres have always been found of fully average size; from which it may be deduced that a brain motor centre, cheated of appropriate exercise at its nascent or growth period, does not develop properly, but that the

same centre if deprived of appropriate exercise after it is once fully developed, does not necessarily dwindle and decay. In the latter case, having, during its development, formed communications with many other centres, it is not altogether thrown out of the circle of mental life when the limb, which informs it, and by which it is informed, is removed, but may still continue to take part in ideation, and to maintain its nutrition by adequate functional activity.

Now if the argument that the development of motor centres in the brain hinges in a great degree on the movements and exercises of youth has been followed and accepted, it will be readily understood how important the nature of the part played by early exercise of the hand is in evoking inherited skill, and in creating the industrial capabilities of a nation. It will be readily perceived how essential it is still to insist on early exercises of the hand, if our industrial superiority is to be maintained. The nascent or development period of the hand centres has not yet been accurately measured off; it probably extends from the first year to the end of adolescence; but there can be no doubt that its most active epoch is from the fourth to the fifteenth year, after which these centres become comparatively fixed and stubborn. Hence it can be understood that boys and girls whose hands have been left altogether untrained up to the fifteenth year are practically incapable of high manual efficiency ever afterward. And hence we can comprehend how, by keeping the children of our working-classes without hand-training, and in school up to that age, poring over books, by cramming them with decimals and geography, while their hands hang flaccid, and their digits grow clumsy and stiff, by withholding them from timely exercise in handicraft, we should be doing our best to abolish the skill of our next generation of workers. It has been urged lately by men of light and leading—among others by Mr. Wilson, head-master of Clifton College—that the age of compulsory elementary education should be prolonged by a year or two, but it is earnestly to be trusted that very careful inquiries will be instituted before any step of that sort is sanctioned. To me it seems not unlikely that such

an extension of verbal at the expense of manual education would defeat the very object which those recommending it hold in view, and tend ultimately to banish manual dexterity and expertness from our shores. All practical men with whom I have conversed on the subject have agreed that the manual training of the artisan or operative should not be postponed beyond the fourteenth year, and that the shop or factory is the only school in which thorough manual training can be obtained. Book learning is an excellent thing in due season, but so is hand learning, and the one should not be allowed to usurp the place of the other. An infant taken from the cradle and reared in swaddling bands so as to be deprived of all muscular movement, and thus of the stimulus requisite to the development of the motor centres in its cerebrum, would almost infallibly grow up an idiot, and the boy who is reared with his hands bandaged, physically or morally, or who is by any means withheld from ample exercise and varied discipline of these wonderful and willing organs, must grow up, to some extent, feeble and incapable. Depend upon it that much of the confusion of thought, awkwardness, bashfulness, stutterings, stupidity, and irresolution which we encounter in the world, and even in highly educated men and women, is dependent on defective or misdirected muscular training, and that the thoughtful and diligent cultivation of this is conducive to breadth of mind as well as to breadth of shoulders. Depend upon it that there is much virtue, intellectual and moral, in a trade well learned, and that a strong, steady, adroit and obedient right hand is one of man's proudest possessions—as proud a possession as a glib tongue, for there must be a strong, steady, adroit and obedient brain behind to drive it.

The most learned and affluent Jews have always been taught a trade. Spinoza made spectacles, and Mendelssohn spun silk, and I would firmly maintain that every boy, no matter what his social position or prospects may be, should learn some handicraft, and that every girl should be brought up to ply her fingers deftly. In secondary and high schools, shops for manual training are very desirable, and such shops have in-

deed been provided in some of them, though perhaps they are not utilized as systematically and generally as they might be. Clearness and precision of thought, besides some vulgar usefulness, would flow from a brief apprenticeship served in them during the course of the longer apprenticeship to letters, and it would be a preservative to mental health, to studious brain-workers, and harassed business-men all their days, to have an interesting mechanical occupation to which to turn. In central elementary schools, like those in Manchester, Sheffield, and Birmingham, into which are gathered the more promising and advanced pupils from the ordinary elementary schools of the town or city, to be trained as managers, foremen, workmen of a superior class, or for even higher walks in life, and in which the period of elementary education is prolonged, workshops should certainly be established, so that the hand centres may not lie fallow too long. Such manual schools, attached to higher elementary schools, even although they may not shorten the subsequent apprenticeship, still do valuable work; but I question much whether success can attend the attempt to annex such schools to ordinary Board or denominational schools. The fact is that elementary schools, with the Code hanging over them and crippled by the system of payment by results, have already quite enough to do. The withdrawal of scholars for two or three hours a week, for manual instruction, from the obligatory school work, while the requirements of examiners remained the same, could only lead to increased overpressure. The expense and practical difficulty also of providing tools, material, and instruction at a large number of schools must always stand in the way of the multiplication of school workshops. The attempt to provide such workshops in connection with two Board Schools in Manchester has proved a failure, and when I visited these workshops three years ago they were abandoned to dust and dilapidation, containing only some warped benches, impossible lathes, broken tools, and very uncouth specimens of carpentry. The manual training in our elementary schools, and during elementary education ages, which is, as it has been argued, of such high con-

sequence to the industrial future of the country, which is, by stimulating growth in the hand centres in the brain when they are in their most mobile and ductile and active state, to preserve our national skill, and brace the sinews of the national character, is, I believe, to be most readily and effectually obtained in drawing and modelling. These should be an obligatory part of school work, and should be taught only by those who have a knowledge of them, and have been trained in the art of teaching them. Living as we have done, at any rate in the industrial hives of England, in the midst of much ugliness, and destitute of the art traditions and art treasures of some continental countries, we have hitherto neglected art education, and have been content that drawing should be taught by making shaky copies of hideous lithographs of landscapes and cottages, in which "a decent straight line would," it has been said, "be regarded as a blemish and unpicturesque." But we are awakening to a better sense of the value of drawing as a branch of education, and as the best preliminary education for the hand. We are learning that drawing when taught badly is mischievous and a waste of time, but when taught truly is conducive to accuracy of observation, to reasoning from effect to cause, to habits of neatness, to the love of the beautiful and true, and to that hand-skill which it is of such vital consequence to us to retain. By some mitigation of the demands of inspectors in compulsory and class subjects, and by some re-arrangement of our school curriculum, time must be found for the thorough and methodical teaching of drawing, which in infant schools should occupy one half the school time, and in elementary schools hold a more prominent and honored place than it has heretofore done. Drawing and modelling, it appears to me, offer the true universal training of the hand, the best exercise for the hand centres in the brain, and the most suitable introduction to the handicrafts which the great bulk of our people must follow for a living. Now that the age at which manual occupations are begun has been raised, and properly raised, in order that elementary education may be secured, drawing and modelling have

assumed a new importance as branches of education. The time to begin the training of the hand is in the infant school, and not after passing the sixth standard.

In those admirable technical schools which are springing up in our large towns, to serve as connecting links between the elementary school and the workshop, and in which the foremen, managers, and the most skilled artisans of the future will, in all probability, receive some part of their training, instruction in drawing, and more especially in drawing with rule and compass, will, in conjunction with instruction in the rudiments of science bearing upon industry, take an exalted position. The organization of these schools at present leaves little to be desired, and the work which they are already accomplishing is of conspicuous value; but here, again, we must guard ourselves against expecting too much from them, and against extending unduly the time spent in them, remembering that the workshop is still, and ever must be, the best school for the foreman, and that downright experience is the choicest training for the practical man. "The training of the shop," said Mr. Reynolds, the founder and able and energetic superintendent of the Technical School at Manchester, in an interview which I had with him a

short time ago, "is, and always must be, superior to that of any technical or manual school. It is carried on under a sense of responsibility, and with a consciousness that penalties attach to failure in it, and, above all, it is real and earnest." Mr. Reynolds' remarks recalled to me the old story of the amateur angler who went to fish in a Scotch stream, provided with the finest rod and reel that money could buy, the most invisible tackle, and the most improved fly-hooks, and who, having flogged the water for hours without getting a nibble, had the mortification of seeing an old fisherman near him pull out the trout by dozens, with nothing but a bit of stick and a string. Puzzled and disappointed, he at last went up to the old man and asked him, "What is the meaning of this? How comes it that I, with the most perfect appliances, catch nothing, while you, with only the clumsiest tools, are so successful?" To which the old man answered: "The meaning o't, Sir, I tak' to be this, that I'm fishin' for fish, and ye're fishin' for fun." The story seems to me to illustrate the difference which must, to some extent, exist between technical school and workshop training, and to explain the greater intensity of purpose and better practical results which must attend the latter.—*National Review.*

OLD AMERICAN CUSTOMS.—A CORN PARTY.

THERE is something very pathetic in an old letter, especially if the hand that penned it has long lain stiff and cold, the busy brain silent and unresponsive. Such a letter lies before us now; its paper, under time's gentle touch, has faded and mellowed into a soft creamy tone, its gilt edges are tarnished, the little old-fashioned rose embossed in the corner is scarcely discernible, and yet at the first few words a train of pleasant recollection is set in motion; of happy laughter, of joyous feet beating out the measure to gay country-dance or grave "Sir Roger de Coverley"; of bright faces and graceful forms; and in one little moment all the present slips from us, and the past usurps its place, and sets the world's clock back by close on half a century.

The writing of the letter is minute and particular, even as the author's mind moved in a similar groove, and his genius, while it delighted in tragic, heroic, or pathetic incident, never despised the smallest minutiae or infinitesimal detail.

This is how the little note runs:—

Hall, Thursday morn. Aug. 24.

My dear Stevens,—Parties (ladies' is meant) like "time and tide wait for no man." In despite of the weather there will be a fiddle in motion here, this evening, and I trust you, too.

Yours very truly,

J. FENIMORE COOPER.

Brigadier Stevens.

Forty years and more have passed since this invitation issued from the great author's hands, and yet how

closely we of to-day seem linked with the novelist who has been dead for a generation! Only a short time ago his sister Charlotte died in the fulness of years at the old historic mansion that bears his name in New York State, and with her death memory steps backward for a brief moment, and conjures up the historical personages that moulded in some degree her destiny. How many of those who look upon her quiet grave in the churchyard at Cooperstown, with its modest stone and inscription—"Anne Charlotte Fenimore Cooper, daughter of James Fenimore Cooper, born May 14, 1817, died March 22, 1885. Blessed be God"—will remember her as the "little Sister Anne" of whom Fenimore Cooper speaks so pleasantly, or give one thought to the hidden sorrow of her life? She died as she had lived; faithful to the one love of her girlhood—Talleyrand.

Fenimore Cooper passed much of his time in Albany, the capital city of the State of New York; in those days of the "old Code," the Chancellor's Court and the Court for Correction of Errors were held in different cities according as the State Legislature appointed, and the causes were tried in the Legislative Chamber before the deputies to the Senate, who listened with due dignity to the rhetoric and forensic skill of the ablest jurists of the day. The new Code has done away with this custom; the Chancellor's Court has become a tradition only, and the Court of Errors is submerged into the Supreme Court and Court of Appeals at Washington; but in those old days "Court" was more often held in Albany than any other city, and, in consequence, the quaint old Dutch town, built on the beautiful Hudson, could boast a more than ordinary learned and cultivated society. Men whose names have more than a local reputation—Henry Clay, Daniel Webster, his friend Samuel Stevens, Chancellor Walworth, the last to hold that office—were often heard within the old Capitol's walls. Here, then, Fenimore Cooper delighted to abide and to gather about him, in true old-fashioned hospitality, the young and the merry, the aged and the grave, until, like Cooperstown Hall, his city home rang again to the echo of light laughter and happy jest.

In no city of the United States were old customs and habits so long retained or so genuinely honored as in Albany. The dead Dutch ancestors who had founded the pretty town all up and down the steep hills—whose substantial mansions built of Flemish brick and tile stood somewhat back from the pavement, built also of brick laid in zigzag pattern, were shaded by tall trees of elm and oak, maple and beech, remnants of the once virgin forest that bordered the wild beautiful river, where the "redman" shot up and down in his light canoe, or crept from trail to trail that stretched across the forest and connected Lake Ontario with Lake Erie—had also left another legacy to their descendants; indomitable pride and indomitable perseverance, not to say obstinacy. For any one who scorned to tread in the footsteps of his progenitors, or drew back from a rigid observance of all the old Knickerbocker traditions and customs, there was but one judgment—like St. Paul they hesitated not in passing sentence, "Let him be anathema." Thus year by year passed on, and little or no change crept among the sober, dignified, haughty members of society who formed the exclusive circle into which no stranger was admitted unawares.

Among all the old customs none held a higher place in all hearts than the annual Corn Party given by old Colonel Van Brocken, at his fine residence, standing a little without the city's limits, and surrounded by his own grain-fields, fruit-orchards, and gardens. The house was built of the inevitable red brick, brought from Holland in one of the Colonel's grandsire's ships; mellow and warm and soft to the eye by all the years of sun that had shone on it and rain that had fallen on it. Over the wide casements the sweet-briar climbed, and nodded its tiny rose-flower in at the open windows; a broad veranda stretched across the front of the house, made of wood and most cunningly carved along the bottom railing and at the top of the sloping roof in *fleurs de lys* and stiff open leaf patterns. Here a Virginia creeper made a bower of green in summer-time and a wreath of flame in autumn, when the first frost caught it still green, and changed it, as by magic, into a garland of glowing reds and yellows; and here

at all seasons of the year, save midwinter, were to be found the rocking-chairs of many generations, from the patriarchal grandfather of "Shaker" build to the tiny twisted willow-work affair, too small for any one save "baby." The door stood open wide always, and the hearty welcome thus assured on first approach was amply carried out by the genial owner. Below, some little distance, lay the river, and further yet the masts of river sloops and luggers, with smaller craft of dingy and flat-boat, shot up between the trees that bordered the steep banks.

These particular festivities crowned the successful harvest of the Indian corn, which forms a large staple in the farmer's cereals. Those who have never seen the corn growing and who have never partaken of its succulent fruit when rightly cooked and served can scarcely appreciate the beauty of the one or the excellence of the other. Grown in large ploughed fields and sown in the spring the Indian corn by midsummer is at its prime. It grows from six to ten feet in height, each strong central stalk supporting two or three "ears" of fruit, that spring from it at a very slight angle; these are closely folded in dark green sheaths, that protect the young unformed kernels from climatic changes; long narrow green leaves fall gracefully from the quivering pointed tip, where gather the seed-flowers, to the bottom of the parent stalk. As the fruit ripens the green sheaths open bit by bit, and the "cob," covered with round pearly-white grains, peeps forth; then from the top of each sheath droop fine tiny tendrils, as soft as silk and variegated in color from pale yellow to blue-purple; these tendrils form a sort of tassel that bends and bows and waves in the slightest breeze, adding a charming changeable sheen to the dark-green leaves and stalk.

Looking across a cornfield in full perfection, with a summer sky overhead and a south wind ruffling the silken tassels and singing through the graceful leaves, is like a glimpse of a tropical inland sea touched to life and color by the reflection of roseate sunset clouds.

With the end of summer comes the harvesting and garnering of the coarser corn, which is used for the cattle and made into an ordinary flour used by the

farmers in the winter; the better sort, or sweet corn, that which forms so important an item in a good housewife's *cuisine*, passes with the summer, like other good fruits of the season.

The harvesting or "huskin'" of the corn, which occurs some time in October, is one of the most popular festivals of the year. The stalks are cut in full fruit and stacked in the fields to mature, after which they are carried into a large barn, where all the lads and lasses of the neighborhood are already assembled; here they strip the ears from the parent stem, and, removing the outer sheaths, cast the ear into open bins, to be further selected and "shucked" before it is finally garnered. Several days are occupied in this way, and many are the jests and merry the laughter that flies from lip to lip or echoes through the open rafters, while dexterous fingers tear apart the sheaths and bright eyes look expectantly at each concealed cob as it comes to light; for in every well-conducted "huskins" there should be found *one red ear of corn*, and he or she who is the happy discoverer of this desired trophy is made king or queen of the revels that follow, and for a brief half-hour tastes all the sweets and none of the bitters of sovereignty. When all the ears are stripped and lie heaped together in open bins, and the red ear has been proclaimed, a procession is formed, headed by the farmer and his wife, who walk in triumph followed by all their hands, leading the victorious maid carrying her patent of royalty—the red ear—in her hand, from the "huskins" barn to another large granary which has been effectively decorated with green boughs and corn-ears. At one end stands the throne, and the rough plank floor has been plentifully strewn with sawdust. Here the ceremony of crowning takes place, and the subsequent enthronement. The throne is usually some treasured old chair, high-backed and so tall in the seat as to be approached only by a companion footstool or "cricket," carved very resplendently about the legs. One such "chair of state," used on like occasions, is now in the Historical Society's Rooms of Connecticut; it has upon its carved oak back the arms of England, while above, forming a canopy, is the British crown elaborately entwined.

In days of colonial rule it was the Governor's chair, from which he issued edicts and passed judgments upon the dutiful subjects of His Majesty's colony.

At this ceremony all the household and invited guests of the mansion are present and yield their congratulations and homage to the queen, joining in the quadrille and country dance and paying due deference to the sovereign of the night; a supper held in the farmer's kitchen concludes the festivities of a "Corn Huskins."

But the merriment and jollity of the occasion is not confined to the farmer's home, for in the mansion gay revels hold equal sway. For a week previous gilt-edged, satin-faced notes have been flying about bidding the happy exclusives of Albany society to a Corn Party at Colonel Van Brocken's, and a very jolly company assemble at the mansion on this midsummer evening. After all the farm sports are well established, the Colonel leads the way back to the open house, where in the great hall, opening at either end on to wide verandas, supper-tables are enticingly laid out with snowy damask, old china, and heavy plate worth its weight in gold. Before the Colonel stands a "guinea" punch-bowl, and at his right hand a case containing fat square bottles, whose very shapes tell of priceless liqueurs and "smuggled" spirits; on a tray are lemons, sugar, mint cut very fine, cucumber sliced on ice, cloves, and a glass jug of water. On each guest's plate lies a small napkin, spread cornerwise, tiny cruets of salt and pepper, and a small plate holding a roll of fresh butter.

When the company are seated and a blessing has been asked, negro servants enter carrying long "platters" heaped high and covered with napkins; these are placed at regular distances, and when uncovered disclose ears of corn, white and firm and smoking hot. Each guest takes an ear, which he delicately seasons, and, raising it daintily in both hands folded in the napkin, prepares to indulge in as delicious a commodity as can well be imagined. Meantime the Colonel has brewed his punch and the glasses are filled, Champagne and lighter wines pass from hand to hand, and with the first toast to the "harvest," the Corn Party is fairly started.

Many and varied are the courses; but the chief ingredient of each dish is the same. Corn-fritters follow the first entrée, light as a feather, delicately browned, crisp and sweet; then comes "succatash," the true Indian dish, cooked by Indian recipe. To prepare this the corn has been boiled lightly and taken from the cob, not a kernel broken or injured, and placed in a sauce of milk and cream, with a little butter, pepper, and salt; to this is added an equal portion of Lima beans, a delicate bean, not known in this country, of rich and succulent flavor; this dish is served hot and is considered the *pièce de résistance* of the feast.

There is a story of an old Indian chief, who was once entertained at a banquet, and who sat through each course with a stolid face and imperturbable manner, not appearing in the least impressed by the varied and lavish display until a dish of "succatash" was passed; he helped himself liberally, and when his empty plate was about to be removed, said, very quietly, "Yes, change the plate and I'll take some more succatash," which remark he repeated at every remaining course, and followed up by demolishing successive plates of succatash. Then follow roasted corn, corn cooked in cream, with corn-bread and corn-cakes as lighter relays.

Meantime the toasts have been given and drunk, the wine has passed and repassed, and now, at the upper end of the large hall, the musicians are already taking their places and tuning their instruments; The Colonel leads out the oldest matron, the young people pair rapidly, two long lines are quickly formed, and in another moment, to the tune of "Money-musk," Sir Roger is in full swing, graced by "pigeon-wing" and "double pigeon-wing," "cut" by the elder gallants with surprising agility, and responded to by marvellous and wonderful pirouettes and courtesies from the ladies. The negro servants gather on the veranda and look in at door or window, their black faces shining with good humor, their eyes rolling, their teeth gleaming; while now and again smothered exclamations of "Hi, Massa Col'n'l!" "Lordy, my Missie, she hab de fairy foot!" accompanied by sub-

dued chuckles of delight, bespeak their pride and pleasure in the performance.

All too soon the hours pass by, and the mellow harvest moon stands high in the dark summer heavens ere the last good-by has been said, the last trill of musical voices dies on the ear, and the last white hand waves adieu to the brave Colonel as he stands alone in the shadow of the wide house door. In the fields beyond the poor bare stalks, despoiled of their wealth of green leaves and ripe fruit, look melancholy and forlorn; the wind moans dismally through them, and the moon casts strange shadows about their stunted, denuded remains; but in the granaries the fragrant corn is safely garnered, waiting for the morrow's grinding-stone, and in the farmhouse the queen of the revels dreams of the evening's conquests, and in the hall the belle of the Corn Party shares a like delusion, and rehearses in dreamland her triumphs of the night.

It has been said of America that she owns no traditions and keeps no record of the manners and customs of the good old days; that her men are absorbed in money-getting; her women either im-

mersed in frivolous worldliness, or in lecturing on pronounced franchise principles; that her children are only pigmy types of their elders, with sharp tongues and bad manners; and that neither the past nor the future holds any place in their calculations; that the present, and the present only, is the watchword of their creed. And yet in many an old homestead, in many a farm-house, on many a plantation, and in many a wide manor, from Maine's "stormy rock-bound coast" to the borders of the gentle St. John's river of Florida, many and many an old tradition is honored and treasured, many a family custom kept up from generation to generation, and many a simple habit has been so often handed down from age to age that it bears upon it somewhat of the sanctity of religion.

To such a generation of simple, dignified, unostentatious people did the Colonel and his Corn Party belong; rich in all of this world's goods, but richer still in those gifts of kindness, generosity, and courtesy, that mark the old-fashioned gentleman of a bygone age.—*Saturday Review.*

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE TARIFF HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES.

A Series of Essays. By F. G. Taussig, LL.B., Ph.D., Assistant Professor of Political Economy in Harvard University. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The agitation in the political world of the United States, pending the Presidential election, makes these essays, in their collected form, peculiarly acceptable. Originally issued as separate pamphlets or contributed to magazines, they have been thoroughly revised and enlarged to constitute a full history of tariff legislation in our country. The arguments which are involved in the question of protection or free trade are so complex and depend so closely on facts and figures that misrepresentation of the actual workings of any special tariff system becomes very easy. Such a handbook as this, giving us in compact form the essential things involved in our different tariffs since the beginning, cannot but be of great use. Professor Taussig does not take the attitude of the special pleader—for his primary function in

the matter is that of a historian—but it is very evident that his opinion, as a student of tariff legislation and an observer of the different experiments that have been made in this country, is hostile to protection.

There is no primary question of ethics, of abstract right and wrong in this issue—a feature contrary to the essence of many other public questions. In a general way, the assertion is right that in principle free trade is more consonant with the higher laws of civilization than is its rival. But the main question which is to be considered is purely one of national advantage, not of international. The law of self-protection is the paramount one. In discussing the tariff, the consideration is not what is best for the world, but what is best for the United States. Recognizing this and observant of the true function of political economy, which is not to set up theories, but to record facts and to make strictly logical inductions from them, Professor Taussig presents us with a general drift of opinion, sharply though not intolerantly critical of the results of pro-

protective legislation in America. His careful analysis of each period of legislation in our tariff history indicates that the low tariff periods have been, on the whole, more highly conducive to general natural growth. The unique factors which enter into our political and social conditions are shown to have been the main causes of our prosperity, not high tariff or low tariff. It is shown, indeed (as hardly need to be shown, for the truth is self-evident), that there are periods in national history when protective laws are necessary to industry. This branch of the argument is merely cited to sharply limit the conditions under which such necessity exists. We think that the author clearly shows that such conditions have ceased to exist for all of our principal industries, such as cotton, woollen, silk iron, and steel mills, and most of the forms of general manufacturing. In the first chapter, entitled "Protection to Young Industries as Applied to the United States," which is packed full of facts and figures, a reader will find much material to digest and light to clear away the masses of sophistical fog which has been spread on this question.

In summing up on the influences of tariff laws from 1830 to 1860, the author makes the following pregnant remarks: "We often hear it said that any considerable reduction from the scale of duties in the present tariff would bring about the disappearance of manufacturing industries, or, at least, a disastrous check to their development. But the experience of the period before 1860 shows that predictions of this sort have little warrant. At present, as before 1860, the great textile manufacturers are not dependent to any great extent on protective duties of the kind now imposed. The direction of this growth has been somewhat affected by these duties, yet in a less degree than might have been expected. It is striking that both under a system of high protection, which has been maintained since the Civil War, and under the more moderate system that preceded it, the cotton and woollen industries have been in the main kept to those goods of common use and large consumption, to which the economic conditions of the United States might be expected to lead them. The same would doubtless be found true of other branches of manufacture. In some cases, no doubt, their growth has been stimulated beyond the point at which they could maintain themselves under conditions of freedom. The making of pig iron in the eastern part of the United States now presents in some degree the case of an industry dependent on a protective duty.

Yet the bulk even of the manufacture of crude iron would not be likely to disappear under duties much lower than the present, or even in entire absence of duties. In general, the extent to which mechanical branches of manufacture have been brought into existence and maintained by the protective system is greatly exaggerated by its advocates; and even the character and direction of their development have been less influenced than, on grounds of general reasoning, might have been expected." We make this long citation to show how candid Mr. Taussig is in admitting all that can be fairly claimed by his opponents. One of the most suggestive sections of the book is that devoted to the history of the present tariff, which is characterized as a history of the way in which the war duties were retained, increased, and systematized, and of the half-hearted and unsuccessful efforts at reduction and reform which have been made from time to time. The various attempts to bring about a change such as that advocated by President Cleveland and incorporated in the Mills Bill are explained, and the causes which defeated them. It is shown that a large majority of the leading Republican statesmen have from time to time acknowledged the strength of the arguments which enter into the need of just such a bill to reduce the burdens of the nation. The fact that much of the duty percentage now exacted has been raised above the rate of war duties is not generally known. The ingenious legislation by which this was achieved is plainly analyzed, and we see how shrewd were the tricksters who thus bamboozled Congress and laid a terrible burden on the people of the nation. Students of tariff questions can do no better than to read Mr. Taussig's admirable sketch. His reasoning on this abstruse topic is clear as crystal, and it is difficult to escape his conclusion that practically the war tariff under which we have been laboring since the war has robbed the people of hundreds of millions of dollars.

A HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES AND ITS PEOPLE. For the Use of Schools. By Edward Eggleston. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

School books have reached great perfection in recent years. Literary skill, new insight into the best conditions of teaching, and a deeper knowledge into the needs of teaching, and a lavish use of the resources of illustration mark many of these works. We have a striking example in the book before us, which chil-

dren will study in school and read out of school with equal delight and interest. It is what the school book ought to be, *par excellence*—a stimulating book. The history, in the first place, is written on the modern theory. It is not merely a record of wars, adventure, and of government. It is this and also a history of industry, of science, of literature, of customs and habits, of progress, and, in fact, of everything that appertains to the development of a people in the arts of civilization. All this is told in a simple, clear, charming style, which will even interest children of a larger growth, as well as the younger people. The book is brilliantly and elaborately illustrated. Maps, sketches of events, portraits, character illustrations, costumes, furniture, methods of punishment, weapons, views of scenery, agricultural implements, modes of travel, architecture—in truth, nearly everything marking changes in civilization are made vivid with the pencil of the draughtsman. Nearly every page glows with an illustration, many of them of high artistic merit. The youngster who does not delight in this book must be stupid indeed. It may be set down as reaching high-water mark in excellence as a school-book. As a book for the family, it is equally good, and it can hardly fail of having a big sale over the bookseller's counter as well as through the conventional channels of the school-book trade. One is tempted to use superlatives in describing a work which so perfectly fulfils its purpose as this. Both the author and publishers may be congratulated in the production of an absolute model of its class. One is tempted to wish he were young again, to experience the delights that this work is sure to give to the mere reader, as well as to the student.

EVAN HARRINGTON. A Novel. By George Meredith. Author's Edition. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

Among the leading English writers of fiction, George Meredith has long been known as a novelist of extraordinary merit. His reputation, however, for many years was confined to the select few, or at least was only appraised by such at its real worth. His constituency is now beginning to enlarge, and the genius which shines so brilliantly on every page to give pleasure to a much wider circle than the highly cultivated and critical minority. At the same time, he never will become popular in the sense that Dickens, Charles

Reade, or William Black are popular. His subtle studies of character and of class, his keen insight into the deepest secrets of the heart, and his brilliant satire are expressed with a certain haughty indifference to the conventional requirements of the novel-reader's taste. His idiosyncrasies of expression are like caviare or olives, something we learn to like with a struggle. Once, however, the peculiarities of his style and methods are mastered and made familiar, the reader enjoys him with an ever-growing delight. One of the wittiest writers of his age he certainly is. Every sentence sparkles; and yet terseness of construction and thought packed away in brief compass, with a disposition to construct sentences in a way not altogether English, sometimes make the reader miss the force of his point. At least, it is grasped only by a second reading.

"Evan Harrington," the book before us, is not so marked by the more extreme exhibition of these literary traits as some of his other novels—"The Egoist," for example. It is, therefore, likely to be the medium of making Mr. Meredith's quality of genius more appreciated by the many. The story is that of the son of a tailor, who by his sterling honesty and truthfulness of character, in conjunction with noble gifts of mind and person, overcomes the prejudices of caste and wealth, and marries a girl of a rank far superior to his own. The power and brilliancy with which the result is worked out, the acumen and knowledge of men—almost Shakespearian—of his studies of character, the rain of epigrams and *mots*, which make the pages scintillate, fascinate the novel-reader who reads for something more than story. The people who learn to enjoy George Meredith are enlarging their own resources of intellectual pleasure in a material degree. It is singular that even in England this author, who has been writing for at least a quarter of a century, is utterly ignored, except by a very small minority. To these people he ranks so high that no contemporary author is fit to be compared with him. We are not prepared to endorse so extravagant an estimate. But that he has all the qualities of a novelist of great genius, except the power of telling a story swiftly and smoothly, we are quite prepared to admit. Indeed, by the consent of readers of the better sort, the story is the least part of a novel nowadays. The quality of pleasure to be derived from other characteristics of good fiction is far more rich and subtle. Roberts Brothers have done the world of American

readers a good turn in publishing an English edition of Balzac. We may say the same of their American edition of George Meredith.

size, and the colors with which it is painted are in excellent preservation.

FOREIGN LITERARY AND ART NOTES.

SAYS the London *Athenæum*: "The story entitled 'The Black Arrow: a Tale of Tunstall Forest,' by Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson, which Messrs. Cassell announce, first saw the light in the latter half of 1883, during which period it ran as a serial in *Young Folks*, the author's name being given as 'Captain George North.' Subsequently revised by the author for further publication, in March of the present year it commenced as a serial under the title 'The Outlaws of Tunstall Forest' in a syndicate of American newspapers, and in May began also to appear in the same form in a few newspapers in this country. The volume was, we believe, published in the States a month ago, while the English issue is to be out in a few days. This successful resuscitation of an old story is almost as remarkable from a commercial standpoint as is 'The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde' from a literary point of view."

THE Directors of the Peninsular and Oriental Company are about to issue a little work, to be called 'The P. and O. Pocket-Book,' a minute volume some five inches long, containing a variety of information useful to passengers visiting the East. The work will be edited by Mr. Sutherland, M.P., chairman of the company, who contributes a chapter on its history and an article on the Suez Canal. Mr. Sala will write an article on Australia and New Zealand, Sir Edwin Arnold on India, Sir Thomas Wade on China, and Mr. Lucy on Japan.

"ROBERT ELSMERE" has been a great success financially as well as in a literary sense. This is shown in the fact that it was issued in a one-volume form recently, and the whole edition of 5000 copies was at once taken up by the trade.

IN recent excavations on the Acropolis have been found a fine bronze statuette, fifteen centimètres high, representing Minerva, and, near the Parthenon, the magnificent torso of a woman, of archaic style and of remarkable workmanship. This latter discovery is of great value as it fits exactly to a head of equally archaic style already found, and the statue is now almost complete. It is of half the natural

THE French journals record the death, in his eighty-third year, on June 29th, of M. A. Armand, a distinguished architect, much employed in the construction of railway stations on a grand scale, such as the Gares St. Lazare (Paris), Versailles, St. Cloud, and Lille. He obtained the Legion of Honor in 1847, and was made an officer in 1862; he was a Corresponding Member of the Institute of Architects. Having formed a large collection of Italian medals of the Renaissance period, he published a valuable work on the "Médailleurs Italiens." He studied in the École des Beaux-Arts under Achille Leclerc.

ANOTHER veteran artist has passed away in the person of M. Étex, distinguished alike as sculptor, painter, and architect. He was a pupil of Pradier and also of Ingres, whose monument he executed many years afterward at Montauban. M. Étex made his reputation under the reign of Louis Philippe, obtaining Second-Class Medals in 1833 and 1838, and the Legion of Honor in 1841. He executed a large number of busts of distinguished men, and in addition to his other occupations he both wrote and lectured on art.

THE two surviving sisters of John Leech are in much distress, their efforts to earn a livelihood for themselves having failed through no fault of their own, and, when now no longer young, they find themselves without support beyond a pension of 35*l.* each from the Civil List, and an allowance to the elder of them of 18*l.* a year from the Vintners' Company. A committee has been formed to help them, in the hope that of the legion of people who have found amusement and pleasure in Leech's art a sufficient number will be willing to aid his sisters so as to provide for their old age.

M. LOUIS OSCAR ROTY has been elected a Member of the Académie des Beaux-Arts (Gravure), in the place of M. Bertinot, whose death recently occurred. M. Roty has Medals of the Third Class, 1873; Second Class, 1882; and First Class, 1885; he won the Prix de Rome in 1873, and in 1885 was admitted to the Legion of Honor.

THE municipality of Paris has bought for the trivial sum of 6000 francs the fine group by M. Albert-Lefevre entitled "Frère et Sœur," which many visitors will remember at the lately closed Salon; and for 4000 francs "L'Atelier de Teinture," by M. Gilbert.

AMONG noteworthy recent additions to the Louvre are a large painting by Dumont le Romain; "Les Chiens," by Decamps; "Enlèvement de Psyché," by Prud'hon; "Aurore et Céphale," by Guérin, bequeathed by Madame de Sommariva; and two pictures by Courbet and Fromentin, being "Biche sous Bois," by the former, and "Femmes aux Bords du Nil," by the latter.

MR. EDW. MAUNDE THOMPSON, who has been recommended by the Trustees for the appointment of Principal Librarian of the British Museum, is in his forty-ninth year, and considerably younger than his immediate predecessors when they entered office. Mr. Thompson was educated at Rugby School, and was appointed to the British Museum June 20th, 1861, obtaining a place in the secretary's office. After a short time he was transferred to the Department of Manuscripts, where he served under the late Sir Frederic Madden and Mr. Bond. On the promotion of the latter, Mr. Thompson succeeded as Keeper of the Department and Egerton Librarian December 17th, 1878.

AT the sale of Mrs. Procter's (widow of "Barry Cornwall") books by Messrs. Puttick & Simpson, some interesting presentation copies of works by modern writers produced high prices, of which the following are the chief: Thackeray's "Esmond," with inscription to Mrs. Procter, signed "W. M. T.," 13*l*. "The Charles Dickens Birthday Book," presented by Kate Perugini, 6*l*. Mr. J. R. Lowell's "Democracy," "to my dear Young friend Mrs. Procter, 1886," 4*l*. 4*s*. Mr. Swinburne's "Atalanta in Calydon," "from the author," 7*l*. The Browning books, of which there were eighteen different works, produced 26*l*.; and the minor books generally realized one hundred per cent more than their ordinary value. This was to be expected under the circumstances.

It is proposed to issue, under authority from the Government, a series of volumes to be entitled "The Fauna of British India," containing descriptions of the animals found in British India and its dependencies, including Ceylon and Burma. For the present the work will be restricted to vertebrate animals. The editorship of it has been intrusted by the Secretary of State for India in Council to Mr. W. T. Blanford, and the publication to Messrs. Taylor & Francis. The descriptions of vertebrates will occupy seven volumes, of which one will be devoted to mammals, three to birds, one to reptiles and batrachians, and two to

fishes. The mammals will be described by Mr. Blanford, the reptiles and batrachians by Mr. G. A. Boulenger, and the fishes by Mr. F. Day, C.I.E. A half-volume of mammals is now in the press. It is expected that one or two volumes will be issued each year.

THE Museum at Athens has just acquired a magnificent bas-relief from Eleusis, one metre high and eighty centimètres wide, which had been hidden by a peasant. The scene represents a group of Demeter, Persephone, and Triptolemus, and is an exact copy, made in the fifth century before Christ, of the fine votive relief discovered by Lenormant in the same place, and belonging to the same age.

MR. ROBERT BUCHANAN will shortly publish a new poem, in rhymed verse, of a partly humorous character, founded on a well-known legend. It will be issued in the first place with illustrations. The second edition of the "City of Dream" is already almost exhausted—a result due in no little measure to Mr. Lecky's panegyric at the Royal Academy banquet.

No edition has hitherto existed of the remnants of the Italic dialects (Oscan, Umbrian, etc.), except in the valuable, but costly, commentaries of Zvétaieff, Bréal or Bücheler; and none of these comprises the whole of the material. Messrs. Trübner & Co. will shortly issue a full text of all the inscriptions in an inexpensive form, with a dialect map, edited and arranged, with full references to the authorities, by Mr. R. S. Conway of Caius College, Cambridge, author of "Verner's Law in Italy."

By the death of M. Abel Bergaigne, which occurred on August 9th, France loses a leading Orientalist. M. Bergaigne held the chair of Sanscrit at the Sorbonne, and served several times on the council of the Société Asiatique, in whose *Journal* he published several of his chief works. Among the most important of these were his "Études sur le Lexique du Rig-Veda," and his work on the Cambodian inscriptions. He also published in 1872 a useful text and translation of the gnomic poem "Bhāmīnt-vilāsa," forming the first full and critical edition of that work.

THE Sixteenth Fascicule of the "Archives Historiques de la Gascogne" contains the "Ambassade en Turquie de Jean de Gontaut de Biron, Baron de Salignac, 1605-1610," prefaced with a life by the Comte Théodore de Gontaut Biron. The memoir is interesting. The work consists of portions of the inedited

"Ambassade en Turquie de M. de Salignac" (MS. Bib. Nat. [fo. 18,076]), which narrates his residence at Constantinople, and gives a vivid picture of the life of an ambassador there at the beginning of the seventeenth century.

SIR MORELL MACKENZIE is at work on his reply to the recently published attack upon him by the German physicians. His answer will be shortly published in book-form simultaneously in England and Germany. Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston & Co. will be the English publishers. A considerable portion of it will be in the nature of personal anecdote by Sir Morell respecting his illustrious patient the late Emperor Frederick.

A COMMITTEE has been formed for the purpose of erecting a memorial to Christopher Marlowe—a scheme which originated with the Elizabethan Literary Society of Toynbee Hall. Among its members are Robert Browning, A. H. Bullen, Lord Coleridge, Professor Edward Dowden, W. J. Evelyn, Havelock Ellis, Dr. H. J. Furnivall, Edmund Gosse, the Rev. A. B. Grosart, Professor Hales, Henry Irving, Joseph Knight, James Russell Lowell, and Algernon C. Swinburne. No decision has yet been arrived at as to the form the memorial will take. Marlowe was buried in the churchyard of St. Nicholas, Deptford; but the place of his grave is unknown, and doubts have been expressed as to the appropriateness of a memorial in a church. All suggestions will, however, be carefully considered at a meeting of sympathizers with the scheme, which will be called some time in October.

THE results of the university of St. Andrew's L.L.A. (women's) examination for the present year have just been issued. Out of 553 candidates who entered for examination at twenty-four different centres, 126 passed in the full number of subjects required for the L.L.A. diploma. Taking a joint view of all the subjects in which candidates entered, passes were obtained in 642 instances and honors in 156. From the commencement of the scheme in 1877, 1674 candidates in all have been entered for this examination, and 693 have obtained the title of L.L.A.

M. BARTHÉLEMY SAINT-HILAIRE, the veteran interpreter of Aristotle, in a detailed review of the "Sacred Books of the East," which appears in the June number of the *Journal des Savants*, warmly acknowledges the obligations due from all scholars to Professor Max Müller and his fellow-laborers, as well as to the dele-

gates of the Clarendon Press for their support of this *magnum opus*. Without being biased by any dogmatic prejudice, he frankly puts forward the suggestion that a critical English translation both of the Bible and the Talmud should be incorporated, at the end, to render the series of the "Sacred Books of the East" really complete, and thus crown the whole grand edifice.

DR. MAX LEHMANN gave at a recent seance of the Academy of Sciences at Berlin an interesting account of several hitherto unpublished works of Frederick the Great. They all belong to the last period of the king's life, dating from May, 1782, to November, 1784, and bear respectively the titles of "Considérations sur l'État Politique de l'Europe (May 9th, 1782)," "Réflexion sur l'Administration des Finances pour le Gouvernement Prussien," and "De la Politique." The two first-named works bear the character of political testaments, while the last seems to be a fragment only of a larger work, and destined to be a continuation of the king's memoirs.

It is still *Goethe und kein Ende*. A marble tablet bearing a medallion of Goethe has been put up on the Brenner Pass to celebrate his journey to Italy.

THE death of Dr. Bonitz, the distinguished scholar, whose edition of "The Metaphysics" was known to every Aristotelian scholar, is announced. He was a Hanoverian, born in 1814, but he was most of his life a teacher in Berlin and a professor in Vienna. He greatly promoted the study of both Aristotle and Plato, and also did excellent work as a critic of the text of Sophocles and Thucydides, besides being versed in the Homeric question. He was also a high authority on educational matters.

ONE of the most active and promising of recent Swedish novelists, Madame Victoria Benedictsson, who wrote under the pseudonym of "Ernest Ahlgren," died suddenly during a visit to Copenhagen on July 23d. She was born on March 6th, 1850. Her first collection of tales appeared in 1884, and since then she has published volume after volume in rapid succession. One or two short dramatic works by Madame Benedictsson have been produced at the Royal Theatre in Stockholm.

AN English edition of the popular French weekly, *Paris Illustré*, will shortly be produced from week to week in Great Britain and the United States. The enterprise is to be under-

taken by the firm which publishes *Art and Letters* simultaneously with the French original.

FRIEDRICH HOFFMANN, who has edited the *Gartenlaube* for the last twenty-seven years, a writer of popular poems and tales for children, has died at Leipzig in his seventy-sixth year.

THE Swiss Historische Verein der V. Orte holds its forty-sixth yearly meeting in Zug on September 24th. The Verein für Geschichte des Bodensees und seine Umgebung meets this year at Ueberlingen, on the Lake of Constance, on September 23d and 24th. The valuable collection of articles lately found in *Pfahlbauten* at Steckborn, including many rare specimens of horn implements, will be exhibited.

THE next general meeting of the Neuphilologen will be held toward the end of September at Dresden. An exhibition of illustrations and works calculated to facilitate the understanding of Shakespeare, Scott, Burns, Molière, and other poets will be connected with the congress. Baron Lavelle's interesting Dante collection will form an important part of the exhibition.

WE regret to hear of the death of Mr. William Chappell, the well-known author of "Popular Music in the Olden Time," who did so much service in the editing of our old ballads.

THE deaths are announced of M. Théodore Juste, the voluminous Belgian historian, best known by his twenty volumes on "Les Fondateurs de la Monarchie Belge," and of M. E. Hennequin, the author of "La Critique Scientifique."

DR. BIRKBECK HILL has in the press a series of unpublished letters written by David Hume, largely regarding the revision of his book, to William Strahan, the king's printer and member of Parliament, between November 30th, 1756, and August 12th, 1776—just a fortnight before Hume's death. Hume, writing on public affairs to a brother Scotchman, shows without concealment the bitterness of his feelings toward England, and his hatred of "that wicked madman," "that cut-throat," the Earl of Chatham. He early saw the folly of the war with America. Among the additional correspondence included is a letter by Adam Smith; and there are two by Hutton the Moravian, which show that that religious enthusiast, shortly after Hume's death, borrowed from Strahan some of the letters, and laid them before the king. From one of them George

III. learned how hopeless had the American War seemed to his favorite Tory historian.

GERMAN papers announce the death of a popular Austrian poet, Karl Elmar (pseudonym for Schwiedack), who was born in 1815. His plays enjoyed at one time great popularity, and some of them continued to be performed even in recent times. He died in straitened circumstances. We are also informed of the death of Dr. Ernst Ranke, the youngest brother of the famous historian. He was born in 1814, and held the post of Professor of Theology at the University of Marburg.

ANOTHER Luther find is reported from Zwickau, in Saxony, where the "Commentaries on the Psalter," issued in 1519-1521, have been discovered in the Rathsschulbibliothek.

IN continuation of his "Chapitres Nobles de Lorraine," M. Félix de Salles proposes to issue a work entitled "Chapitres Nobles d'Autriche," which besides giving full details relating to the annals of the orders will contain authentic lists and documents, together with facsimiles of portraits, jewels, medals, seals, and decorations. M. de Salles is the author of "Annales de l'Ordre Teutonique," and of "Annales de l'Ordre de Malte."

THE next volume of the Hakluyt Society's series will contain a description of the two famous old globes in the library of the Middle Temple. These globes, one terrestrial, the other celestial, were the first ever made in England. The maker was E. Molyneux, and the date is 1593, although the geography on the terrestrial globe was subsequently brought down to 1603. A hand-book or description of both was written in Latin in 1593 by Robert Hughes, a mathematician and friend of Sir Walter Raleigh. In 1823 a translation of this work was made by Chilmead, of Oxford; and this, which has been prepared for publication by Mr. Coote, of the map department of the British Museum, forms the substance of the forthcoming volume. Mr. Clements R. Markham will prepare an introduction and annotations. In connection with these globes Mr. Coote has made a curious discovery. In the third act of "Twelfth Night," Shakespeare puts into the mouth of one of the characters the words, "He does smile his face into more lines than are in the new map, with the augmentation of the Indies." "Twelfth Night" was played in the Middle Temple Hall, in 1601-2; and, according to Mr. Coote's inves-

tigations, "the new map" here referred to is one bound up with the first edition of Hakluyt's voyages, now in the British Museum.

A SECOND collection of "Americanisms" is announced, to be issued only for private circulation in a limited edition. The compiler is Mr. John S. Farmer, author of "Ex Oriente Lux." The character of the work may be gathered from the full title, which is as follows: "Americanisms—Old and New: a Dictionary of Words, Phrases, and Colloquialisms used in the United States, British America, the West Indies, etc., their Meanings, Derivation, and Applications, together with Anecdotal, Historical, and Explanatory Notes, and a Literary Introduction.

MISCELLANY.

THE JESUIT MISSIONS.—A recent issue of the *Etudes Religieuses* contains some interesting statistics of the number and distribution of the Jesuit missionaries abroad at the commencement of the present year. The numbers are those of the various orders of the priesthood, priests, coadjutors, and *scolastiques*; but in every case the number of priests is more than twice that of the other two orders put together. In the Balkan Peninsula there are 45 Jesuit missionaries; in Africa, and especially Egypt, Madagascar, and the Zambesi region, 223; in Asia, especially Armenia, Syria, and certain parts of India, and parts of China, 699. In China alone the number is 195, all of French nationality. In Oceanica, including the Philippines, the Malay Archipelago, Australia, and New Zealand, the number is 270; in America, including certain specified States of the Union, portions of Canada, British Honduras, Brazil, and Peru, 1130; the total number of Jesuits scattered over the globe in purely missionary work being 2377. These are of various nationalities, but the vast majority are French. In the distribution great attention is paid to nationality; thus in Illyria, Dalmatia, and Albania they are all Venetians; in Constantinople and Syria Sicilians; in Africa, Asia Minor, and China, French; while no French Jesuits are to be found in any part of the American Continent. In the Bombay and Bengal Presidencies they are Germans and Belgians, respectively, in the Philippines Spanish, in the Malay Archipelago Dutch, in Eastern Australia and New Zealand Irish, in the United States Germans, Neapolitans, and Piedmontese are found working in specified

and distinct districts, those laboring among the Indians of Canada are Canadians, in the British West India Colonies they are English, in Central America Spaniards, in South America Italians, Spaniards, and Germans, the Italians and Germans having all Brazil to themselves, doubtless because of the enormous Italian and German immigration to Brazil. It will be understood that the spheres of labor of the different orders, Jesuit Lazarists, Franciscans, etc., are carefully laid down at Rome, no two orders, as a rule, working in the same region; these spheres once fixed, the distribution within them is left to the head of the particular order, whatever it might be.

A NEW JERUSALEM.—The opening of the "silly" season in London coincides with the arrival of an American faddist, who is known in the United States as the originator of a movement for the redemption of Palestine. This gentleman, who has adopted the *nom de plume* of Dr. Sivartha, has, according to an American interviewer, worked out careful plans for the rebuilding of Jerusalem, with its temples, public buildings, gates and walls, in harmony with the prophetic description of the Bible. It would seem that Dr. Sivartha has no idea of establishing a Jewish State, for, although Jews at present form the greater portion of the population of the Holy City, under the new scheme the Jews proper will only form one-sixth of the population, the rest being English and American. As soon as a sufficient number of people are established in Jerusalem, Dr. Sivartha, whom the *Jewish Messenger* of New York styles a "crank," expects that the powers of Europe will unite in declaring Palestine independent and national. Dr. Sivartha intends to settle in Jerusalem, and to begin the work which he considers it his mission to fulfil. That he will be doomed to disappointment there is not much room for doubt. The regeneration of Palestine is not to be brought about by such plans as have been evolved from the brains of this enthusiast from the other side of the Atlantic. Dr. Sivartha will, however, not altogether cast his lot among strangers, for it is within our knowledge that for some years past a small American colony, consisting exclusively of Christians, has been established in the immediate vicinity of Jerusalem. The members of this little colony have voluntarily expatriated themselves and taken up their abode in Jerusalem, in the hope of being able to be present at the restoration of Palestine as an independent State.—*Jewish Chronicle*.

DRS. STARKEY & PALEN'S TREATMENT BY INHALATION. *NOT A DRUG.*



What we are justified in saying about it:

We keep right on, you see, saying cheerful things about Compound Oxygen. But then consider the evidence we have offered. Isn't that basis enough for a cheerful mood?

Besides, if you read this document to the end, you will admit readily enough that our enthusiasm is justified.

However, you do not want us to argue the matter; we understand that. So we stand aside for our patients, which is doing the fair thing. For instance, here are two aggravating scourges—asthma and hay fever. Observe what is said on these points:

"I speak to you the real sentiments of my heart, when I state that I sincerely believe that had it not been for the Compound Oxygen I would have been in my grave before this time.

"Gastonia, Gaston Co., N. C., May 25, 1886.

W. D. HANNA."

"I want to tell you how your Texas asthmatic is getting along. I am just as well at this date as I was when I gave you my testimonial in 1886. I do feel so thankful to you and to the Giver of all good for the blessed health I now enjoy.

"Grafton, Wise Co., Texas, May 7, 1888.

MRS. MARY HARGROVE."

"Two doctors of Baltimore examined me and said mine was a hopeless case of asthma. Now, almost two years after using only one Treatment, I think I can say truthfully my health is as perfect as it can be on earth.

"Reistertown, Md., February 29, 1888.

MRS. MARY R. IRELAND."

"More than ten years ago I began to have attacks of asthma. These attacks increased in frequency and severity from year to year, and were of the most distressing and intractable character. I then began to take your Treatment and in a very short time began to convalesce. My health now, at the age of fifty-three, is better than it has been for many years.

"Philadelphia, June, 1887.

MRS. I. N. GREGORY."

Next please observe what is said on the subject of hay fever:

"Mrs. Read and myself can heartily recommend Compound Oxygen for hay fever.

"New Hope, Bucks Co., Pa., September 9, 1884.

REV. GARRET READ."

"I have suffered severely from periodical attacks of hay fever for several years. Last summer I caught it at the usual time, but a week's use of Compound Oxygen broke it up.

"Iron Mountain, Mo., April 6, 1885.

ELLIS P. COYCE."

"Compound Oxygen did me more good as a sufferer from hay fever than anything I had ever tried.

"Napton, Saline Co., Mo., May 24, 1888.

REV. J. L. TICHENOR."

What could we say more to the point than that? The very thing you like best, if you are a sufferer; evidence from the original—indorsed by the name.

We could supply you with a thesis, but it is not our purpose to weary you. We want to convince you. So, in addition to the above, consider the following words of testimony to the efficacy of Compound Oxygen as a general vitalizer:

"The Compound Oxygen is still doing its blessed work for myself and daughter, bringing life and health where it only found sickness and despair.

"Earlville, Ill., May 5, 1888.

MRS. W. R. MANN."

"I have used the Compound Oxygen Home Treatment from Drs. Starkey & Palen as a revitalizer, and have experienced marked benefit from it.

"Sumter, S. C.

MR. N. G. OSTERN, Proprietor *Watchman and Southern*."

"My entire family are using the Compound Oxygen more or less, and I consider it to be a wonderful remedy for all chronic troubles.

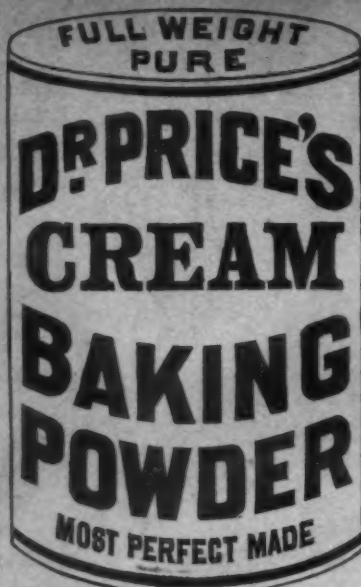
"Napoleon, Ohio, February 19, 1888.

MRS. L. L. ORWIG."

We publish a brochure of 200 pages, containing the full history of Compound Oxygen, and a record of cures in many interesting cases. It will be sent free of charge to any one addressing DRs. STARKEY & PALEN, 1529 Arch St., Phila., Pa.; 331 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal.; 58 Church St., Toronto, Canada.

KNABE PIANOS

FIFTY YEARS HAVE TESTED THE PUBLIC upon their excellence alone have obtained an UNPURCHASED PRE-EMINENCE, which establishes them as unequalled in TONE, TOUCH, WORKMANSHIP, AND DURABILITY.
Warehouses: 113 Fifth Avenue, New York; 204 & 206 Baltimore St., Baltimore.



Its superior excellence proven in millions of homes for more than a quarter of a century. It is used by the United States Government. Endorsed by the heads of the Great Universities as the Strongest, Purest, and most Healthful. Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder does not contain Ammonia, Lime or Alum. Sold only in cans.

PRICE BAKING POWDER CO.
NEW YORK. CHICAGO. ST. LOUIS.



GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.

BAKER'S

Vanilla Chocolate,

Like all our chocolates, is prepared with the greatest care, and consists of a superior quality of cocoa and sugar, flavored with pure vanilla bean. Served as a drink, or eaten dry as confectionery, it is a delicious article, and is highly recommended by tourists.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.



GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.

BAKER'S

Breakfast Cocoa.

Warranted absolutely pure Cocoa, from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

CALIGRAPH

MEDAL AWARDED!

GREATEST SPEED ON RECORD!!

126 words per minute, errors excluded.

T. W. Osborne, winner of international contest at Toronto, wrote on the Calligraph Writing Machine 630 words in five minutes, thus gaining for the Calligraph the championship of the world.

30,000
In
Daily Use.



For full and correct account of above test, address
THE AMERICAN WRITING MACHINE CO.,
HARTFORD, CONN.

New York Branch, 237 Broadway.

A REMARKABLE FLESH PRODUCER.

Scott's
EMULSION
OF Pure
Cod-Liver
Oil
AND
HYPOPHOSPHITES



ALMOST AS PALATABLE
AS MILK.

So disguised that the most delicate stomach can take it.
Remarkable as a
FLESH PRODUCER.
Persons gain rapidly
while taking it.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

Is acknowledged by Physicians to be the FINEST and BEST preparation of its class for the relief of CONSUMPTION, SCROFULA, GENERAL DEBILITY, WASTING DISEASES OF CHILDREN, and CHRONIC COUGHS.

ALL DRUGGISTS. Scott & Bowne, New York.

THE FINEST AND BEST.

THE GREAT REMEDY IN CONSUMPTION.

INVALUABLE IN SCROFULA AND WASTING DISEASES.